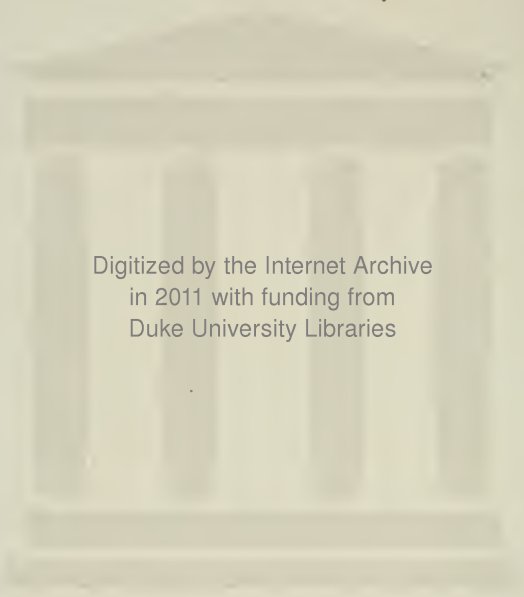
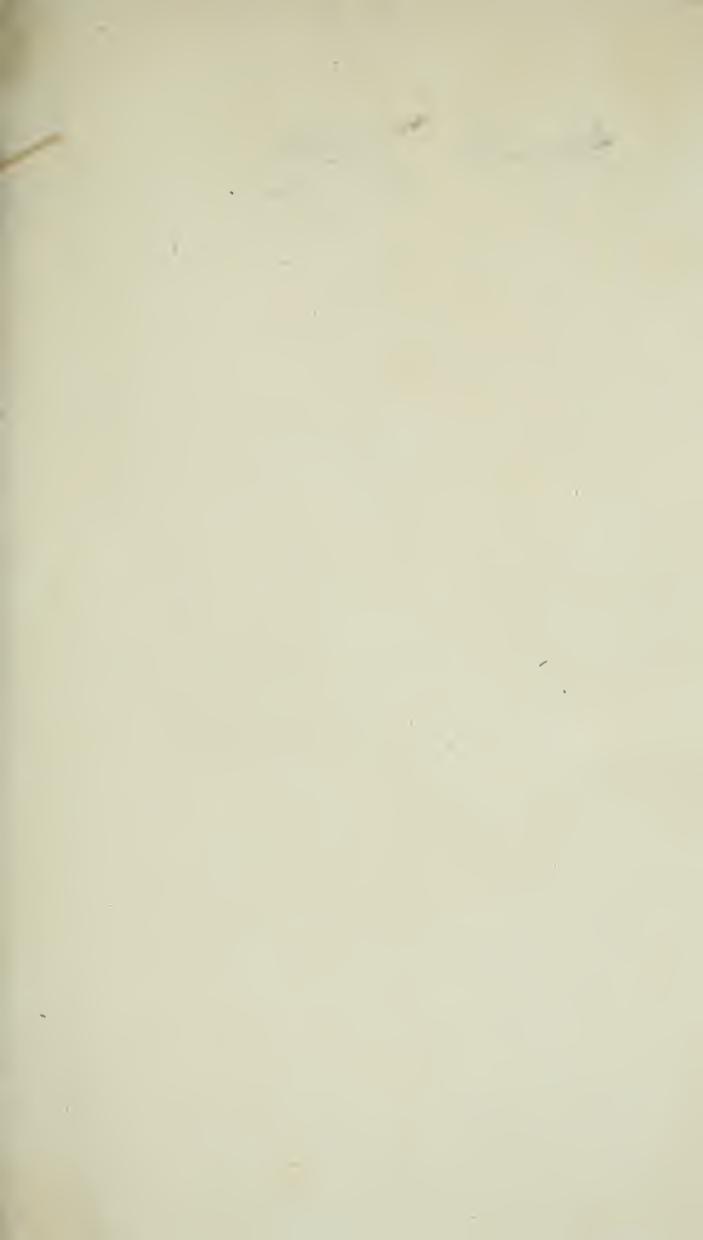






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Sophy Bell







M. Brown delin

Foot sculp.

Robin with the Pipkin came at last & filling both Porringers, approaches his parents; and said, dear Father, & Mother, there's some breakfast for you.

See page 1.

Published as the Act directs, July 25th 1787 by John Stockdale Piccadilly.

THE
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE
FRENCH OF M. BERQUIN;

COMPLETE
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

ORNAMENTED WITH FRONTISPIECES.

A NEW CORRECTED EDITION;
WITH ADDITIONS.

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C O N T E N T S

OF THE

T H I R D V O L U M E.

	<i>Page</i>
R OB-IN — — —	1
Amelia — — —	4
The Ruffles and Garters — — —	7
Abel — — —	9
Verfes addressed by Maurice to Lady Abberville	12
The Compliment of the New Year — — —	13
The Christmas-Box — — —	20
The Commodore's Return — — —	43
War and Peace — — —	64
Euphrasia — — —	74
The Prudent Officer — — —	77
The Prodigal doubly punished — — —	80
The Little Gamblers — — —	81
The Monkey — — —	106
The Alps — — —	107
The Breakfast — — —	115
The Three Cakes — — —	116
Oh the ugly Beauty ! out upon her ! — — —	120

Butterfly !

				<i>Page</i>
Butterfly ! pretty Butterfly !	—	—	—	122
The Sun and Moon	—	—	—	123
The Rose-Bush	—	—	—	126
The Nofegays	—	—	—	127
The Present	—	—	—	129
The Chimney-sweeper	—	—	—	132
The Cherries	—	—	—	133
The Little Prater	—	—	—	135
Hot Cockles	—	—	—	139
God's Bird	—	—	—	140
The Self-corrected Liar	—	—	—	142
Receipt to be always pleased	—	—	—	145
The Tulips	—	—	—	146
The Strawberries and Currants	—	—	—	148
Obligingness and Complaisance	—	—	—	149
The Linnet's Nest	—	—	—	153
The Defserter	—	—	—	156
The Bed of Death	—	—	—	180
Pascal	—	—	—	190
The Conjuring Bird	—	—	—	198

T H E

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

R O B I N.

ROBIN was about six years of age. He was not wicked, but his mother let him always have his way; and then his father was afraid that the poor child might cry his eyes out, if he wanted any thing, and should not get it. Being thus indulged, his whims grew every day more frequent, and they could not always be gratified; for his parents were extremely poor, and lived, as the expression is, from hand to mouth. He grew at last quite obstinate and quarrelsome, insisted upon having every thing that he saw, and when he could not get it, would grow sulky, tear his cloaths to show his spite, do nothing that he was bid to do, and often quite the contrary.

His parents were much grieved to see this behaviour in him, and judged it to proceed from a heart naturally perverse. Alas! cried his mother, I once hoped that our little Robin would in time console us under all our griefs, be the joy of our old age, and work for our support, when we were past our strength, reflecting that we had done so much to feed and bring him up: but, on the contrary, he is our greatest unhappiness. His principles are quite corrupt, said the father; every one will hate him utterly, and not a soul assist him in his need. He will commit some wicked action, and be punished for it by his country. He will live in shame and misery. God grant I may be dead before this comes to pass.

These mortifying thoughts would constantly be uppermost within them. They were now no longer cheerful at their daily toil, and had no appetite for their meals. Their sorrow had a visible effect upon their health; their strength soon failed them; and one morning, being more

depressed than usual, they had not sufficient spirits to get up. Not so the little Robin: he was up as usual, and called for his breakfast. Robin, said his mother, I am very ill, and cannot rise to get it for you. On which he sulked, she wept, and Hutchinson his father sighed. The little urchin waited yet some time; but seeing neither of them stir, resolved instantly what to do. He went to a neighbour's house for a light, as he designed to make a fire. A little girl came down to let him in; and seeing Robin, asked him what he wanted, with a tone of voice that seemed to say he was not welcome; for she did not like him in the least. I want to light my candle, answered Robin. Well, do so, returned the little girl, as I have let you in: but do not come here again. This way of talking Robin did not much like. He was very easily offended; so he went away and did not even light his candle.

After this he visited another neighbour, who came down; but seeing Robin through the casement, he would not so much as ask him what he wanted, but went up again. Refused admittance every where, he came home, put down the candle, and bethought himself of going to a good old woman's, who formerly used to treat him with sweet things. He went and asked her for some breakfast. Breakfast! answered Frances: why has not your mother let you have some? She is a-bed, said Robin. Well, your father then? He likewise is a-bed. They say, they are ill. And would you leave them then, and come to me for victuals? Get you gone! I have nothing for you. Had I more than what I want myself, I would give it to poor children who are fonder of their parents than you are, and make them happy, whereas you every day torment yours.

Robin came away in tears, and walked home very slowly. In the way, he recollected that he himself had frequently shammed illness; and supposed it not impossible that his parents might now be doing the same. For certainty, he got upon a little chair, held back the curtain, and beheld how pale they were. He saw that they had been crying too. This sight affected him. He put the curtains to again, sat down beside the bed, and held his hands up to his face. Unhappy that I am!
said

said he, suppose my parents were to die, what would become of me? I am refused admittance every where, and cannot obtain a bit of bread. I must then have been very wicked! my poor mother! how you have at all times loved me! and how have I grieved you! And my father, my dear father——Who can tell, alas! but they will die?

He sat a little longer thinking; and returning afterwards to the house where he had been refused entrance at first, begged for heaven's sake that they would let him have a little bread and milk, to make a breakfast for his parents. His affliction and the humble tone of voice with which he now addressed them, easily gained him a hearing. Look ye, said the good man of the cottage, since you ask me thus, I will not refuse you. Take the half of this brown loaf, with some of this milk, and warm it for your parents. It is but just that you should prepare their breakfast, while they are both working so hard for you. He durst not mention that they were ill, because he feared the same reproaches which Frances had bestowed upon him, though he merited them now much less: on which account his charitable benefactor did not go himself to see them; as he would have done, had he but known their situation, for he esteemed them greatly.

In the mean time, Robin brought away the bread and milk, came home, made up a fire, and putting on a pipkin, boiled the milk. It was no sooner ready, than he drew a little table towards the bed. His mother heard him move about the chamber. What can Robin be doing? said his mother. Nothing good, I fear, answered Hutchinson. She wished to know, endeavoured to sit up in bed; and looking through the curtains, which were very flimsy, saw the little table with two porringers, and Robin, who was cutting bread into them. Upon this, she jogged her husband. See, said she, I verily believe he is doing this for us; else, why two porringers upon the table? Would to God, said Hutchinson, he were! I am not hungry, but should like to be convinced that he is better than we have thought him.

Robin, with his pipkin came at last; and filling both the porringers approached his parents. Hold, said he,

dear father ; hold dear mother.—Here's some breakfast for you both.—And is it you that prepared it? said the father. Who could give you all this bread and milk? It was neighbour such-a-one, answered he. The father and the mother bade him put down both the porringers again. Their eyes grew bright with joy. Dear child ! come hither, cried they. You are not what we thought you to be ; you bring both of us to life again. So saying, they held out their arms : he bent to their embrace ; he wept, as they did likewise ; he desired forgiveness for the grief which he had occasioned them ; and promised that they should henceforth be rejoiced by his behaviour.

He was still in their arms, when Frances entered with her breakfast in her hand ; which she brought, in order to share it with her indisposed good neighbours. She was moved at such a piteous sight, shed tears of joy, and blessed the little Robin, who, on his side, tenderly embraced her also. They all breakfasted together, and had never in their lives before enjoyed so sweet a meal.

The happiness of such a day soon re-established this good father, and this loving mother, in their former state of health. The little boy also became very happy. He acquired the love of every one that knew him, was caressed with justice by his parents and the charitable Frances, who rejoiced to do them all the good in her power.

A M E L I A.

A MELIA when scarcely six years old, was very fond of her mamma, and wished continually to be with her. On a certain day, Amelia's mother wished to go to market, and the little girl entreated to accompany her thither. You will only be troublesome to me, child, said she. No, no ; I hope, I shall not be troublesome to you, said Amelia ; and pressed so much that her mama at last consented to give her leave.

They

They set out, therefore, both together. As it chanced, their house was in the country, and the paths proved very bad. Amelia frequently was forced to walk behind her mother, when the ruts would not permit them to have hold of one another. They were now come very near the town; and as it chanced, the road was crowded with a multitude of people passing every way. The little girl was often separated from her mother; but this gave her no uneasiness, as after two or three such accidents, she had rejoined her with ease, but the nearer they approached the market, the more she perceived the crowd to augment. This should necessarily have made her watchful of the way that her mother went; and yet, a sort of puppet-show which was exhibiting, had charms sufficient to detain her. She stopped short to gaze at Punchinello. In the midst, however, of her entertainment, she turned round, but could not see her mother; she ran on, called out, and scrambling up a bank, at once looked over all the people's heads: but it was in vain. She could not see her, could not hear her voice; and now the little maiden, being frightened, durst not mix among so great a crowd, that jostled one another. So she got into a corner, called out mammy! mammy! and burst into a flood of tears.

The people that went by, looked at her. *There is a little girl!* said one among them, *in a piteous taking! What is the matter with you?* asked another. *I have lost my mammy!* Oh, never mind it; answered he. *You will find her out again, I warrant you.* A third said, *Do not cry, my little girl. She will not come to you the sooner for that.* Thus said many, and they all went on about their business.

By good luck, at last, however, an old woman who sold eggs and butter, and was lame and therefore could not walk without a crutch, was going by, but seeing her in such distress, stopped short and pitied her. *And which way was your mother going, little dear,* said the woman, *when you lost her?* *She was going to the market,* said Amelia. *Well, be comforted,* replied the first; *and come along with me. I will take you to the market. You will find her there, no doubt.* Amelia gave her hand, that moment, to the good old woman, and soon reached the market. As they entered, she perceived her mother, gave a cry of joy, and up her mother came immediately. She took the little girl into her arms, and said, You frightened me exceedingly,

my dear, by wandering from me : and the child, that moment, fell a hugging her, and cried.

She told her of the puppet-show, and that she had stopped to look at it; how she called out after her, and how the good old market-woman, and she only, had taken pity of her and brought her through the crowd. Amelia's mother thanked her, bought what eggs and butter she had left, and gave her more than she asked. Amelia kissed her ten times over; and while going home, would talk of nothing but the good old market-woman.

When the first fine weather came, Amelia begged her mother to go see Dame Dunch, which was the market-woman's name: and she consented, took a loaf of bread, and half a pound of tea, with sugar in proportion. Dame Dunch's dwelling was a wooden one: it was not large, but very clean and comfortable. In the front, there was a little grass-plat, shaded on every side by fruit trees; upon which, Amelia danced till evening with a niece of the Dame's who was as kind and goodnatured as her aunt.

Amelia's mother always bought Dame Dunch's eggs and butter, but complained that she rated them at too low a price; while Dame Dunch would have it that she was paid too much. Amelia and her mother gave the good old woman all the assistance in their power; and when in *her* turn the old woman could be serviceable to Amelia or her mother, she would put on her cloth apron, take her crutch, and come quite out of breath, but very joyous.

Thus they did each other mutual service: but the good old woman had the greatest reason to rejoice, that she had taken pity on a little girl in trouble. In the act of helping her, she did not think that her good heart would gain her such a world of happy hours.

THE RUFFLES AND GARTERS.

Letitia, Serina.

Letitia. **W**HAT a charming day is Christmas Monday, when one has such handsome presents ! How I long to see it !

Serina. O ! do not speak about it, sister. The first five and twenty days of this dull gloomy month, appear much longer than the rest all put together. What fine things we are to have ! I dream about them every night, and wake a dozen times, when Christmas Monday is the first thing that takes up my thoughts.

Letitia. Do you recollect, last year, how all mama's acquaintance brought us play-things and sweet-meats. We had really so much, we knew not where to put them.

Serina. They were spread upon a large square table, and mama came out to call us with her charming voice. Come, come, said she, and take these presents. She embraced us, and shed tears. I never saw her half so happy as that day, when she beheld us jump about the room for joy.

Letitia. I think, indeed, she seemed much happier than ourselves.

Serina. One would have thought that she had received the Christmas-boxes.

Letitia. There must consequently be a pleasure, I suppose, in giving : so I will tell you what we ought to do, *Letitia.* We are very little, and of course have little that we can give. But still we have it in our power to get this pleasure.

Serina. How, pray, *Letitia*?

Letitia. Why, it wants a fortnight now, you know, of Christmas Monday : and we both have money in our pockets.

Serina. Yes ; I have upwards of a crown. What shall we do then ?

Letitia. You recollect, our fair comes on to-morrow. Well then, we must get up early, and work hard, and study diligently, and do every part of our business well, that in the afternoon we may have leave to go and see the

3 THE RUFFLES AND GARTERS.

fair. Now I have more a good deal than nine shillings. We will each take half our money, and go buy the prettiest things that we can see. We will bring them home all cleverly wrapped up, and early upon Christmas Monday, give them to our gardener's children.

Serina. Yes; but then, Letitia, the poor woman's children, who comes here to work occasionally, must have something likewise.

Letitia. Right; I did not think of them. O, how delighted they will be! I fancy the poor little children, in their joy, will say that they never had a Christmas-box before.

Serina. In that case, we shall be the first to cause them such a deal of pleasure.—O, my dear, dear sister! I must hug you for that thought!

Letitia. Yes, but stay a little. I have another in my head. This money which we design to spend—

Serina. Is ours; and we may lay it out as we think proper.

Letitia. Yes, that is true. But—

Serina. Well, but what?

Letitia. We had it from mama, you know; it was her present to us, as in general all our money is. Now sister, if we lay this money out in presents for the children, it will then be mama that has made these presents, and not we.

Serina. That is true indeed; and yet we have no other money.

Letitia. We can, notwithstanding, hit on some expedient for the purpose, I dare say. For in the first place, I can work indifferently at my needle, and you knit with tolerable ease.

Serina. Of what use will this be?

Letitia. You will not be long before you have knit a pair of garters for papa; and I have been this fortnight at a pair of ruffles, which he does not know. What then hinders, pray, but we may finish these two articles a day or two on this side Christmas Monday?

Serina. Well, and if we do, what then?

Letitia. Why then we can present the garters and the ruffles to papa, who will be glad to buy them of us, and pay thrice as much as they are worth.—

Serina.

Serina. Yes; I am sure of that. But still the fair will be to-morrow; and we cannot before then finish what you know is to procure the money that we would lay out at the fair.

Letitia. Nor is it necessary; for the money that we shall want, to make our purchase at the fair, we may borrow of ourselves; and afterwards repay it upwards of two days before we make our presents. Thus then we shall really have it in our power to say, that we alone gave Christmas-boxes to the poor children.

Serina. A good scheme indeed! Well, you are always the readiest at these matters, I confess; but then that is because you are the eldest.

Letitia. Bless me! How we shall both rejoice, in being able to afford them so much pleasure!

Serina. I could wish that to-morrow were the day.

Letitia. Never fear, it will soon come now; and we shall be happy even in the expectation of its coming.

A B E L.

LITTLE Abel was scarce turned of eight years old, when he had the misfortune to lose his mother. It afflicted him so much, that nothing could restore him to the gaiety so natural to young children. Mrs. Donaldson, his aunt, was forced to take him to her house, for fear his sadness should still aggravate her brother's inconsolable distress.

They went, however, frequently to see him; and at last, the time was come for going out of mourning. Abel therefore quitted his; and, though his heart was full of sorrow, he endeavoured to assume a lively countenance. His father was affected at this sensibility: but alas! it only occasioned him more sorrow, by causing him to reflect that he had for ever lost the mother of this amiable child; and this reflexion, every one remarked, was bringing him with sorrow to the grave.

It was a fortnight now, since Abel had been to see him as usual. His aunt always urged some pretext or other during that time, as often as he wished to go. The truth

is, Mr. Donaldson was dangerously ill. He durst not ask to see his child, from apprehension that the sight of his condition might too much affect him. These paternal struggles, joined with the former depression of his spirits, so exhausted him, that very soon there was no hope remaining of his cure. He died, in fact, upon the day before his birth-day.

On the morrow, Abel, having waked betimes, tormented Mrs. Donaldson so much for leave to go and wish his father joy, that she at last consented; but he saw his mourning was now to go on again.

And why this ugly black, said he, to-day, when we are going to papa?—Who is dead now, aunt?

His aunt was so afflicted, that she could not speak a word.

Well then, said Abel, if you will not tell me, I will enquire of my papa.

At this she could no longer refrain from weeping, but burst out into a flood of tears, and said, It is he, it is he himself that is dead.

What, my papa dead! answered he. O heaven! take pity on me. My mama first dead! and now papa! Unhappy as I am, and parentless! what will become of me? O my papa! mama!

These words were scarcely uttered, when he fell into a swoon; nor could his aunt, without much difficulty, bring him to himself again.

Poor child, said she, do not be thus afflicted. Your parents are still living.

Abel. Yes; but where?

Mrs. Donaldson. In heaven, with God. They are both happy in that place; and will at all times have an eye upon their child. If you are prudent, diligent, and upright, they will pray that God may bless you; and God certainly *will* bless you. This was the last prayer that your father uttered yesterday, when dying.

Abel. Yesterday! when I was thinking of the pleasure that I should have in seeing him this morning.—Yesterday! Then he is not buried yet? O aunt, pray let me see him! He would not send for me, fearing to afflict me; and perhaps I, on the contrary, should have afflicted him. But now, as I cannot possibly give him any pain, I would
once

once more beheld him, for the last, last time! Pray let me go and see him, my dear aunt!

Mrs. Donaldson. Well then, we will go together, if you promise to be calm. You see my tears, and how much I am grieved for having lost my brother. He was always doing me some good or other: I was poor, and had no maintenance but what his bounty gave me. Notwithstanding which, I yield myself, you see, to Providence that watches over us. Be calm, then, my dear child!

Abel. Yes, yes; I must indeed be calm. But pray, aunt, carry me to my papa, that I may see at least his coffin.

Mrs. Donaldson then took him by the hand and instantly went out: the day was very dark and even foggy. Abel wept as he went on.

When they were come before the house, the mutes were at the door, and Mr. Donaldson's late friends and neighbours were standing round his coffin. They wept bitterly, and praised the integrity of the deceased. Little Abel rushed into the house, and threw himself upon the coffin. For some time he could not speak a word; but at last raised his head a little, crying out, See how your little Abel weeps for having lost you! When mama died, you consoled me, and yet wept yourself; but now, who will console me for your loss! Oh! my papa! my good papa!

He could utter no more: his sorrow almost strangled him. His mouth was open, and his tongue seemed motionless. His eyes at one time fixed; and at another, rolling in their sockets, had no tears to shed. His aunt had need of all her strength to pluck him from the coffin. She conducted him to a neighbour's house, begging her to keep him till his father's burial was over; for she durst not think of carrying him to see it.

Very soon the bell was set a tolling. Abel heard it; and the woman to whose care he had been trusted having quitted the apartment for a moment, he availed himself of the opportunity, got out; and ran that instant to the church-yard, whither the funeral was gone. The minister had finished, and the grave was filling up;—when, all at once, a cry was heard of, *Bury me with my papa!* and Abel jumped into the grave.

The mourners were affected at it: Abel was drawn out all pale and speechless, and, in spite of his resistance, carried home.

He was for upwards of three days continually fainting; and his aunt could not bring him to be composed, even at intervals, except by speaking to him of his dear papa. At length his first excess of anguish was allayed: he wept no longer, but was very sorrowful.

A worthy merchant heard of this deplorable affair. He had not been without some knowledge of the father; therefore he repaired to Mrs. Donaldson, that he might see the little orphan. He was very much affected at his sadness, took him home and was a father to him. Abel soon considered himself as really the merchant's son, and every day gained greater ground in his affection. At the age of twenty, he conducted all the business of his benefactor with so much success, that in reality the merchant thought it his duty to assign him half the profits of it for the future; to which recompense he added his beloved daughter.—Abel hitherto had maintained his aunt out of the little perquisites belonging to him; and, by this event, he had the further happiness of making her quite easy for the remnant of her days. But never did his father's birth-day come about, but he was seized in some sort with a fever, on recalling to his memory what he once had suffered at that season; and to those sensations which then affected him did he impute the principles of honour and integrity that he ever afterwards cultivated during the whole of a long life.

VERSES *addressed by* MAURICE *to* LADY
ABBERVILLE. (*See Vol. II. p. 1*)

YOUR kindness, madam, ev'ry day renew'd
With cordial amity and tender grace,
Once made me dread, lest feeble gratitude
Should with your friendship hold unequal pace.

But no, dear lady! 'twas a groundless fear:
My heart, a debtor for its happiness,

As reason ripens, each succeeding year
Shall ask her aid its throbbings to express.

The joy which from this grateful task I feel,
If such your gen'rous acts to you convey,
Light shall old age upon your virtues steal,
And all your hours glide happily away!

THE COMPLIMENT OF THE NEW YEAR.

UPON a certain new-year's day, little Peregrine came into the parlour, just before breakfast was ready. He advanced, and with the greatest gravity saluting his papa, began as follows, in a solemn tone of voice:

“As formerly the Romans were accustomed every new-year's day to wish their friends all happiness; so *I*, thrice honoured father, come——So *I*, thrice honoured father, come——come——come——”

The little orator at this stopped short. It was in vain; he fretted, rubbed his forehead, and began to fumble in his pocket. The remainder of this excellent harangue was not forth coming. The poor little boy was vexed, and quite in agitation. Mr. Vesey saw and pitied his embarrassment, embraced him tenderly, and said as follows: “Truly a most elegant oration! You yourself, no doubt, composed it?”

Peregrine. No, papa; you are very good to think so, but I am not half learned enough for such a task. It was my brother that drew it up. You should have heard the whole. He told me that it was in periods; and the periods, he said, were rounded off into the bargain. Look ye, I will but run it over once, and you shall hear it then: or would you rather hear mama's? I have *that* perfectly, I am sure. It is extracted from the Grecian History.

Mr. Vesey. No, no, Peregrine, it is not necessary; and your mother and myself, without it, are as much indebted both to your affection and your brother's.

Peregrine. Oh, he was a fortnight, I assure you, at the work; and I employed a deal of time in learning them. What an unlucky thing that I should now forget, when I
most

most wanted to remember it! No longer ago than last night, believe me, I delivered the whole speech without the least hesitation, in the servant's room, and speaking to your wig-block, if it could but tell you.

Mr. Vesey. I was then at study in my closet, and to comfort you, must say, I heard it.

Peregrine, (brightening up.) Did you?—I am glad of that! and do not you think, papa, that I spoke it very well?

Mr. Vesey. Surprisingly, I must acknowledge.

Peregrine. Oh, but it was very fine!

Mr. Vesey. To say the truth, your brother has quite crammed it full of eloquence. And yet, I should have liked a single word or two much better from yourself.

Peregrine. But sure, papa, to say that I wish the person to whom I am speaking a happy new year, and nothing else, is far too common to give pleasure.

Mr. Vesey. Yes: but why then nothing else? as if, instead of offering such a naked compliment, you could not previously have thought within yourself, what I wished most of all to enjoy during the course of this new year.

Peregrine. Oh, that is not difficult. You wish, no doubt, to have your health, to see your family, your friends and fortune flourish, and to enjoy a deal of pleasure.

Mr. Vesey. Well; do not you wish me all this?

Peregrine. Yes, with all my heart.

Mr. Vesey. What hinders then, but you could have made me up yourself a charming compliment, without requiring the assistance of another?

Peregrine. Really, I did not think myself so learned; but it is always thus, when *you* instruct me; since I find out things which I did not think were in me. I can now make compliments to every one that I know. I need say nothing but what I have mentioned just this moment.

Mr. Vesey. It may suit, I must acknowledge, many people; but should certainly be different with respect to others.

Peregrine. Yes, I understand you pretty well, papa; but I do not know what the difference should be; so explain it to me, now we are alone.

Mr. Vesey. With all my heart. There are a multitude of what are called good things, that one may wish any person

person whatsoever to enjoy ; such as what you mentioned just now : there are others, that refer to different individuals according to their situations, age and duties. For example ; one may wish to a man who is happy already, the long continuation of his happiness ; to an unhappy man, the end of his affliction ; to a man in office, that God's providence may bless his labours for the public welfare, give him necessary penetration, with the gift of perseverance to continue in them, and establish the enjoyment of felicity among his countrymen, by way of recompence on his endeavours. To an old man one may wish a length of life exempt from every inconveniency ; to children, on the other hand, the preservation of their parents, progress in their studies, with a love of arts ; to parents, the completion of their hopes, in bringing up their children ; every species of prosperity to such as are our benefactors : and the long continuation of their kindness. It is our duty even to bethink us of our enemies, and to pray that God may show them the injustice of their conduct, and inspire them with a wish of meriting our friendship.

Peregrine. O papa, how much I thank you ! I have now a budget full of compliments for every one. I shall know what sort of wishes they will expect, and have no occasion for my brother's rounded periods, as he calls them : but why, as we should always have these wishes in our heart, pray tell me why the first day of the year, in preference to any other, should be pitched upon to publish them ?

Mr. Vesey. Because our life is, as it were, a ladder, every step of which is represented by a year. It is natural that our friends should flock together, and make merry with us, when our foot has got in safety on the step next to *that* which we lately trod, and to express their wish that we should climb the rest with equal safety. Do you understand me ?

Peregrine. O papa, quite clearly.

Mr. Vesey. It is however in my power to make this clearer still, by using what we call another figure.

Peregrine. Ah, let us have it, pray, papa.

Mr. Vesey. Do you remember, then, our going to the top of that fine church in London, called St. Paul's ?

Peregrine.

Peregrine. Oh! what a charming prospect from the golden gallery there! Why, you remember we could see all London and a great deal of the country from it!

Mr. Vesey. Greenwich hospital particularly struck your eye; and as you could not then have any notion of the distance, you proposed that we should the following week go there on foot to dinner.

Peregrine. Well, papa; and did I not, pray, walk the whole long journey like a man?

Mr. Vesey. Yes, well enough. I had no reason to find fault with your performance; but remember, I took care, at every mile-stone on the road, to make you sit and rest a little.

Peregrine. So you did indeed; and it was in my opinion, no bad idea at the first, to put up those figured stones beside the road. One knows at any time what distance one has walked, how much is still to come, and so regulates one's pace accordingly.

Mr. Vesey. In this you have yourself explained the advantages which arise from our dividing life into those equal portions that we call years: for every year is something like a mile-stone in the road of life.

Peregrine. I understand you. And the seasons are, perhaps, so many quarter-miles, which tell us that we shall very soon arrive at the next stone.

Mr. Vesey. Your observation is extremely just; and I am glad that this little journey is still fresh in your remembrance. If you take it in a proper point of view, it will exhibit a true picture of life. Remember, if you can, the different circumstances that took place while you were posting on to Greenwich; tell them in the order in which they fell out, as well as you are able, and I will make the application.

Peregrine. I should scarce remember the whole business better, had it happened yesterday. At first, as I was full of spirits and desired to let you see it, I set out upon a trot and made a number of trips; I do not well know how many. You advised me to go slowly, as the journey would be rather long. I followed your advice and had no reason to repent. Upon the way, I asked for information at the sight of every thing of which I did not know the meaning, and you were pleased to tell me. When we happened to go by a bit of grass, we sat down on it, and
you

you read a story-book that you had brought out in your pocket to divert me. Then we got upon our feet again; and as we went along, you told me many other things not only useful but diverting likewise. In this manner, though the weather was not altogether fine, though we had sometimes rain, and once a hail-storm to encounter, we arrived at Greenwich, I remember, very fresh and hearty, and made afterwards a charming dinner.

Mr. Vesey. Very faithfully related, Peregrine! but for some few circumstances, which, however, I am glad you have not introduced; as for example, your attention to a poor blind man whom you caught by the arm, if you remember, to prevent him from falling upon a heap of stones that lay before him, and on which he might have broke his legs; the assistance that you afforded a poor washer woman's boy, by picking up a handkerchief of linen which had fallen out of the cart; but particularly the alms that you gave to several people on the road.

Peregrine. Do you think, then, papa, that I forgot them? I know that we should not boast of any good, that we may have had the opportunity of doing.

Mr. Vesey. And on that account, I am greatly pleased in dwelling on it, as a recompence for so much modesty. It is just that I should repay you some small portion of the joy which you caused me.

Peregrine. Oh! I saw tears rolling in your eye, not once alone, nor twice, but often. I was so delighted! if you knew how much that sight made me forget my weariness! I walked much the better for it. But let me have the application that you just mentioned.

Mr. Vesey. It is as follows, Peregrine. Give me all the attention in your power.

Peregrine. Fear nothing. I will not lose a syllable, sir, of what you tell me, I assure you.

Mr. Vesey. The look, then, which you cast round you from the golden gallery, all over London, and a great deal, as you mentioned, of the country, is expressive of the first reflexions of a child upon the multitude about him. The long walk that you chose to Greenwich, is the journey which we propose to ourselves through life. The eagerness with which you wished to hurry on at setting out, without consulting your ability for running, and which cost you such repeated trips, is the natural impetuosity

impetuosity of youth which would excite us to the worst excesses, if a faithful and experienced friend were not to moderate it. The instruction that you derived, as we were walking on, from reading and conversing with me, and the actions of good-will and charity that you performed, took off from the fatigue of such a journey; and you finished it thereby with satisfaction to yourself, though there had fallen a deal of rain, and even hail. These circumstances, too, convey instruction; for in life there are no other means than the performance of our duty, to keep off disquietude and to cherish peace within us, notwithstanding those vicissitudes of fortune which would otherwise, perhaps, go near to overwhelm us: and the comfortable meal that we made at the conclusion of our journey is no other than an emblem of the recompence which God gives us when we die, to crown those virtuous actions that we have laboured to perform while in this world.

Peregrine. Yes, yes, papa; all this squares wonderfully well, and I shall have a deal of happiness, I see beforehand, in the year that is now begun.

Mr. Vesey. It rests with yourself alone to make the year quite happy; but once more, let us return to our excursion. Do you recollect when in going round, that we might see a little of the park, we came upon Blackheath? The heavens were then serene, and we could see behind us all the way that we had been walking.

Peregrine. Yes, indeed, papa! and I was proud of having walked so far!

Mr. Vesey. By *proud*, you mean rejoiced. Are you then equally rejoiced at present, while your reason which now dawns within you, pauses and casts back a look upon the way that you have already made in life? You entered it quite weak and naked, without any means of making, in the least degree, provision for your wants. It was your mother who gave you your first food, and it is I that have the forethought to subsist you. How do we desire you to repay us? We want nothing more, than that you should yourself endeavour to be happy, by becoming just and honest; by acquiring a due notion of your several duties; and by seriously intending to discharge them. Have you then fulfilled these few conditions, no less advantageous to yourself than easy? Have you first of all been grateful

to God's goodness, who has willed that you should be born of parents possessing wherewithal to bring you up in ease and honour? Have you always shewn those parents the obedience and respect that you owe them? Have you paid attention to the precepts of your teachers? Have you never given occasion for your brothers or your sisters to complain of envy or injustice in you? Have you always treated those who wait upon you, with a proper sort of condescension, and at no time claimed from their inferior situation, what it was their duty to refuse you? In a word, do you possess that love of justice, that equality of conduct, and that moderation which we, by our instruction and example, are at all times doing what we can to set before you?

Peregrine. Ah, papa, let us not look so much at what is past, but to the future. Every thing that I should have done, I promise by God's blessing to do hereafter.

Mr. Vesey. That is well said: embrace me, therefore, Peregrine. I accept your promise, and confine to its performance all the wishes that I need make, on my side, for your happiness, on this renewal of the year.

THE CHRISTMAS-BOX.

A DRAMA, in TWO ACTS.

C H A R A C T E R S.

MR. DAMER.

EDWARD,

VERONICA,

CHARLES,

ARCHIBALD,

CLEMENT,

} *his Children.**Edward's Friend.**an Orphan.**a Servant.*SCENE. *An apartment in the house of Mr. Damer.*

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

*Charles, Archibald.**Archibald.* S O early with us, Master Charles?*Charles.* Yes, Archibald; and what is more, I want to speak with you.*Archibald.* With me, sir? What can occasion me the honour of your visit?*Charles.* What except the pleasure, Archibald, of seeing you? The truth however is, that I am come to know what Christmas-boxes you have had.*Archibald.* What Christmas-boxes, do you ask me? If my mother, sister and myself have but the necessary things of life, we are content.*Charles.* But Mr. Damer, surely, lets you want for nothing.*Archibald.* It is true, indeed, we are his debtors for whatever we possess, and he continues in our favour the respect, as I may call it, that he had for my poor father; and his son, too, has a friendship for us. Do you see, sir, this new suit of clothes upon me? it is Edward's present. It was bought for him, but his papa permitted him to give it me, by way of Christmas-box. He has prevailed.

vailed too on Miss Veronica to present my sister with a few of her cast clothes; and we were last night very happy in receiving them.

Charles I suppose so; but if you talk of Christmas-boxes, it is he that has received some fine ones no doubt!

Archibald. Certainly, his father is so rich! and yet, I know not if his pleasure was as great as ours. Fine things are no novelties to him. And what we may receive, whenever we think proper, never gives us so much joy as what *they* feel to whom their benefactors unexpectedly make presents.

Charles. I agree with you in this: but cannot you tell me what Edward has received? No doubt he has shown you all his presents.

Archibald. Yes, yes, that he has indeed: but how shall I remember the whole catalogue? Let me reflect a little. In the first place, he has had some books, a case of mathematical instruments, a microscope, silk stockings, and a set of silver buttons for a suit of clothes, compleat.

Charles. But those are not the things that I mean. What I want to know about, friend Archibald, are the sweetmeats and nice things, that generally are presented, at this season of the year, to children of our age.

Archibald. Oh! his papa has given him no such things: he says that sweetmeats do but rot the teeth; and as for play-things, certainly Edward is too big, to wish for such matters. It is only from his aunt that he received trifles of this sort. She, indeed, has given him some of what you mention.

Charles. Ay, ay! and what for instance?

Archibald. How can I remember them? There is in the first place, a great cake; a quantity of candied orange peel; some capillaire; and sweetmeats; half-a-dozen companies of French and English soldiers, cast in lead, and in their uniforms; a draft-board; fish and counters; and about a dozen china figures made in Derbyshire. But rather go and speak to him yourself. He will show you every thing that he has received. Why do you put these several questions to me?

Charles. Oh! I know what I am doing. I had my reasons for interrogating you, before I went up stairs into Edward's room.

Archibald.

Archibald. And what, pray, are those reasons? May I know?

Charles. I had determined never to reveal them: but, provided you will but be secret—

Archibald. I am no prater.

Charles. Then give me your promise.

Archibald. There is my hand.

Charles. Well then, I will tell you, as a secret that I would have you keep, Edward is finely taken in!

Archibald. Edward finely taken in! my friend? I cannot endure such language.

Charles. Then I will tell you nothing. I am still master of my secret; you know that.

Archibald. How, Charles! And can you wrong, then, my dear friend Edward at this rate?

Charles. O! be assured, I shall not wrong him personally: but I speak of an affair in which we both have come to an agreement.

Archibald. But, if taken in, he is deceived.

Charles. No, no: he has deceived himself entirely.

Archibald. I do not understand a word of this enigma.

Charles. I will explain the matter to you. We had previously agreed to go equal sharers in our Christmas-boxes, whatsoever they might be, respecting every thing that in its nature was divisible.

Archibald. Well, pray, and can he lose by such a bargain? His papa is not so rich as yours. Your Christmas-boxes therefore must, at least in point of value, equal his, and very probably exceed them.

Charles. It is true, indeed, I have received a very handsome Christmas-box. This watch, for instance; but a watch, you know, cannot be divided.

Archibald. On your honour, you have had no other present?

Charles. Nothing, I assure you, but a cake and two small boxes of preserves. My father says, as Mr. Damer does, that sweetmeats hurt one. While mama was living it was quite another thing, for then I had such delicacies in abundance; and Edward knows as much, who saw my last year's Christmas-boxes. It was this that induced him to make such a bargain with me; and last week too, we confirmed it on our word. You see, then—

Archibald. Yes, I see too clearly, that Edward is to be your dupe. He will have only half a cake and some preserves for what he is to give you up. It is true, his aunt has sent him more than he can eat. But is it true then, Master Charles, that you had nothing else? I must confess, I find it very difficult to credit your assertion.

Charles. Difficult to credit my assertion! Shall I swear, then, to the truth of what I say?

Archibald. Swear! Fye! Should a little gentleman, as you are, think of swearing in this matter? It is entirely your affair; and if you are deceiving my good friend Edward, you will lose much more than he, Charles.

Charles. But, Archibald, do you know that I do not approve of such remonstrances? It is Edward's business to reflect on the affair. Suppose Edward had received no Christmas-box?

Archibald. There was no fear of that. His friends are generous, and Edward's conduct pleases them. Your Christmas-box is such a trifle! It would be quite unhand-some in you, to expect that Edward should have all the disadvantage on his side; and therefore we must go and tell him.

Charles. Oh! that is done already. Late last night I sent him half the cake that I received, and part of my preserves. I have likewise written him a little letter on the subject.

Archibald. What then, you will persist in your demand upon him?

Charles. And pray what would you do, in my situation? You that talk so much!

Archibald. I would have nothing from him, having nothing upon my side to bestow; and therefore quit him of his promise.

Charles. Oh! your humble servant! Keep your counsel to yourself. Our bargain is a wager; and when people think of laying wagers, it is that they may win. Next year it shall be as he pleases; but at present, if he does not give me half of every thing that he has received, his cake, his orange-peel, his sweetmeats, soldiers, fish and counters, china ware, and any thing else that you may have forgot to mention, I will follow him through all the streets, courts, lanes, and every thoroughfare in London, and proclaim him for a cheat. Yes, tell him that from
me,

me, friend Archibald; and, that such as we should keep our promise, after we have sworn to one another.

Archibald. After you have sworn! Fie, fie upon your oaths! I am very poor; and yet, if you would give me all the Christmas-boxes that ever you received, not excepting even your fine watch, I would not swear in such a trifling matter. It should be a very solemn business only that would make me take an oath.

Charles. Why, Archibald, you are a downright simpleton. Without this swearing, how should any one be bound to keep his promise?

Archibald. Do you ask that seriously? His very promise should compel him to observe it, and the word of honest people be as sacred as an oath. If you judge otherwise, I do not know what I am to think of you.

Charles. It is your idea, then, that Edward will be faithful to his promise?

Archibald. My idea? Should he break it, insignificant as I must own myself, I would never look upon him as long as I have breath. But no, he will not break it; and to keep his word, will have no manner of occasion for an oath.

Charles. That we shall see. However, tell him every thing that I have said, that he may act accordingly.

Archibald. I need tell him nothing. He does not want a monitor to do his duty.

Charles. And pray add, I wish him joy that he is so finely taken in.

Archibald. What then, you would insult, as well as—

Charles. No: but I divert myself at his expence, as he would do at mine. Let him alone! Another time, if he thinks proper, he may be revenged.

Archibald. No, no; this is the only business of the kind that ever he will transact with you.

Charles. As he pleases. I have wherewithal, by this day's lucky business, to console myself. (*He goes out.*)

Archibald, (alone.) I could not have imagined Charles so mercenary. If, in truth, he has no more than what he tells me from his father, why then did he not break off the bargain, when he found it likely to press so hard upon his friend? What avarice! and what meanness likewise! It is Edward's fault, however, and will hardly ruin him. But here he comes.

THE CHRISTMAS-BOX.

SCENE III.

Archibald, Edward.

Edward, (with a paper.) Ah! dear Archibald, I deserve, and richly, to be hooted for my folly!—Read this letter.

Archibald. I have learned what it contains. But pray how came you to make such a bargain? Certainly you should have first asked leave of your papa and aunt, since what your parents and relations give you should not be disposed of without their consent.

Edward. That is true; but it is done.

Archibald. And you must keep your word. But wherefore give it then?

Edward. Because last year, and the preceding, Charles had better Christmas-boxes than myself; and I supposed—

Archibald. Ah, ah! I understand the matter. You designed to dupe him then; therefore you are punished with justice.

Edward. Had I been contented with my own!

Archibald. Well, no complaints, Edward. Is not your half still sufficient for you?

Edward. So you fancy——

Archibald. Do not go on. Edward means to ask me if he ought to keep his word.

Edward. But are you certain that every thing was fair and open on the part of Charles?

Archibald. I think him honest, since he told me so himself; and it is my practice to think well of every one, till he has once deceived me.

Edward. But how happens it that his father should have been so sparing towards him? Every former Christmas he has had a store of presents.

Archibald. They were his mama's; and now she is dead, his father thinks as yours does, and instead of childish toys, has bought him a fine watch.

Edward. Yes, yes; I know it. He will conceal what ought to be divided, of his presents, and yet I must give him up half mine.

Archibald. Should he behave so, he would be a knave.

Edward. And should I, in that case, be bound to keep my promise with him?

Archibald. What is this question, my good friend Edward? Just as if you were to ask me, whether, if he proves a cheat, you might not be so likewise.

Edward. But, unless I tell him, he will never know what I have had.

Archibald. And can you hide this knowledge from yourself?

Edward. But I have hardly had, from my papa, more things that can be shared, than he. The rest, you know, were from my aunt.

Archibald. Did you except what any one but your papa might give you, in your bargain?

Edward. Oh! no, no.

Archibald. Then your objection is answered.

Edward, (vexed.) What shall I do then?

Archibald. I have told you that, already. You have but one way to take in this affair.

Edward. If I think fit to take it, to be sure I may; but what can force me, if I do not?

Archibald. Your honour. Should you be so shameful as to break your word, then Charles will certainly expose your conduct, and with justice.

Edward. Oh! I do not mind that a rush. I will answer him at any time. But how, pray, will he be convinced that I have broke my word?

Archibald. He knows, already, every thing that you have received. I told him.

Edward. What, and can you have betrayed me, Archibald?—I will preserve no future friendship with you.

Archibald. I should die with grief, if I had willingly betrayed you, dear Edward; I can very easily excuse my conduct, by declaring, that before I knew of your agreement, Charles contrived to take me by surprize. But if it were not so, and he had called upon me to speak truth, I must have done it. To be honest, one should no more lie than break one's word.

Edward. You take his part against me! and shall I be still your friend? No, no!

Archibald. As you please. I know what it must cost me if I lose your friendship, which is much more precious to me than even all the gifts that your family have heaped upon me; but at every risque, I have no other counsel

for you : and although you should not rest my friend, nothing shall keep me, while I live, from being yours.

Edward. A good friend, truly, to look on while I am robbed !

Archibald. And pray who robs you but yourself ? Why should you thus have entered into an agreement, at the risque of losing ?

Edward. But I might have gained.

Archibald. And then would you have claimed your bargain from Charles ?

Edward. Would I ?—What a question !

Archibald. Why then would you not fulfil it on your part, and show that you can be just, when the conditions are so easy ?

Edward. Are so easy ? What ! the loss of half my property ?

Archibald. Have you not the other half still left ? Well then, imagine yourself to have received no more ; but think particularly how much reputation such an action will procure you in men's eyes, when they observe that you put no value upon what the generality of children so fondly prize, but can scorn them when your word is to be kept. As many as are told of your fidelity will love you. Granting Charles designs to trick you, I am sure, he will never have the courage afterwards to look you in the face ; whereas, upon the other hand, you will walk before him with your head up, sure of the esteem of all good people. Yes, my dear Edward, let us always deal uprightly, whatsoever price it costs us. Ah ! if I were rich, you should not have to mourn your loss a moment upon this occasion. I would give you every thing in my possession to make you amends.

Edward, (embracing him.) Oh ! how much, my dearest Archibald, is your behaviour to be praised ? while I must hate myself for mine. Yes, I confess it, I was mercenary and unjust, but will be so no longer. I will look with scorn upon the baubles that had charms enough, as I imagined, to corrupt me : so let Charles directly have his share, and you yourself shall halve them ; give him what you please. I only desire that you would not scorn me for indulging such mean thoughts : i will be henceforth worthy your esteem and friendship.

Archibald. And you are so. You were never worthier of it than at present. I was well acquainted with your heart, and knew what measures you would take. This conquest of yourself will cause you much more satisfaction than the trifles that you give up: when some few days are passed, they would have lost their charms, and you would certainly have given the whole away at once, to any child that should have wanted them.

Edward. Yes, yes: you know me very well. What therefore can I do, to show you my regard and gratitude for having saved my honour?

Archibald, (embracing him.) Still love me, Edward.

Edward. Always, always: but it is proper that I should now go fetch my presents, and make haste to share them. I am quite uneasy till they are gone, and fear I shall repent of what I am about to do, if I do not soon dispatch it.

Archibald. You would soon repent of that repentance, should it happen: I am certain of it. (*Edward goes out.*)

Archibald, (alone.) No; were all his presents mine, I should not be so pleased as I am now, in thus saving Edward's reputation. And, in fact, how happy must he be himself, in having kept his word at the expence of what he thought so precious! Doubtless this sacrifice costs him dear: well then, it will be on that account more glorious. I was certain of his principles. He needed nothing but a little explanation of the matter, to behave with honour.

S C E N E III.

Archibald, Edward.

Edward, (bringing in a large two-handled basket.) Come and help me, Archibald, that I may not let the basket fall; for every thing within it, now, I look upon as sacred. I have left the cake in the beaufet, for fear of breaking it: but when it is wanted, I will go fetch it. Here is the candied orange-peel, however: (*he opens the parcel and gives it to Archibald.*) This, I take it, is about the middle. Take this side for Charles, and let me have the other in the box.

Archibald. No, no; it will be better far to halve it in his presence; he may otherwise imagine that you have eat
some

some of it. So let us see the rest of the confectionary.—First, four bags of sweetmeats.—Two for each.—Two bottles, next, of capillaire.—One Charles's, and the other yours.—How many fish and counters are there here?

Edward. Two hundred fish, and twenty counters.

Archibald, (after having counted out half of each.) These are his. The bag cannot be divided. You must therefore take it with the other fish and counters.

Edward. And these soldiers. How delighted we should both have been, in ranging them against each other, when the winter evenings were come on.

Archibald. We should, indeed; but I am more delighted as it is. The English soldiers shall be yours. Their uniform is red, and therefore much more lively than the white.—A draft-board, and a microscope.

Edward. Ah! luckily, they cannot be divided!

Archibald. In reality they cannot; but together they may make two lots, and each of you take one: for Charles, when he appears, may fall a quibbling with us; and I recommend you to keep clear no less of his suspicions, than his open accusations. Give him up the draft-board, and keep you the microscope. You may employ it, to obtain the knowledge of a thousand beauteous objects, that escape our eye-sight.

Edward. Ah! here comes what I shall be the most grieved to give up!—These sweet china figures.

Archibald. You could not have put all together on your chimney-piece. Can you inform me what they represent?

Edward. The Muses and the Seasons.

Archibald. Then give him the Seasons. You may justly take the best in your division, and the Muses cannot, with propriety, be parted. But Edward, not to settle things by halves, let me advise you to throw in the other fish and counters with the bag. His *Seasons* will be taken as valuable as your *Muses*. (*He puts all the fish and counters into Charles's heap.*) There they are.

Edward. You make me do whatever you think fit.

Archibald. What I would do myself, if I were in your place. But what comes here?—Ha! ha! a set of copper-plates!—I did not mention these to Charles.

Edward, (overjoyed.) You don't say so!

Archibald. But what of that? It is just the same as if he knew it. Let me count the number: one, two, three;

(*he counts two dozen, reading over their inscriptions, and dividing them accordingly.*) These, (*taking up one parcel,*) it seems, are the reigning kings of Europe; and these other, (*counting,*) one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, great men, that flourished once in England.

Edward. Well, which parcel shall we chuse?

Archibald, (*shewing him two plates, selected from the second parcel.*) Here; here is our choice: this portrait is that Howard of whom you have heard your father so often speak with rapture: and here is Gay, whose Fables always give you so much pleasure. Keep, by all means, such a good companion. (*He puts the kings into Charles's lot, and Howard, with the other six, into Edward's*) That is the whole.

Edward, (*with a sigh.*) Yes, yes.

Archibald. But why that sigh?

Edward. Because you make me give him up so many charming things.

Archibald. Not I, my dear Edward: *you* make yourself do this. It was your resolution; and is still so, is it not?

Edward. Yes, yes. I have nothing else to beg, dear Archibald, but that Charles may have his share immediately. The sight of so much that I must give away grieves me.

Archibald. Think no more about it. You have done your duty. I will go speak to Charles, and bring him hither. If, as you imagine, he has cheated you, I wish—I cannot well tell you, how much harm I wish him. (*He goes out.*)

Edward, (*alone.*) Yes, yes, how much harm you wish him! In addition to my loss of all these charming things, the harm to me is, that he will laugh at my simplicity in making such a bargain. When he sent me, late last night, my miserable portion of his presents, doubtless he began that moment to enjoy his triumph. (*He approaches the table, and surveys the things upon it with a look of sorrow.*) I must part then with so much! and part with it to one that meant to trick me! I cannot help preferring, now, whatever is not in my share. These bags of sweetmeats seem much bigger than my two. That draft-board likewise, that I thought to play on, when my friends should come and see me, seems much prettier now than before. And those soldiers! they would have made me up an army.

All

All this, but just now, was mine, and I must give it up, and give it up for nothing too!—for nothing! (*He reflects within himself a little.*) Is my word then nothing? and my honour, is that nothing? If—but don't I hear a step? Yes, yes, it is Charles; or now I look again, not he, but Veronica.

S C E N E IV.

Edward, Veronica.

Veronica, (looking eagerly at every thing upon the table.) What are you about, Edward? What is the meaning of all this? Do you intend me one of these two shares? I can hardly think so; yet I should look upon it as quite loving in you—

Edward. Ah! my dearest sister, I would give you half my Christmas-box with pleasure; but it is not in my power, as half of what you see, is mine no longer to dispose of as I please.

Veronica. Is yours no longer?—Why so, Edward?—But oh, now I understand you!—This is some new trick of Archibald's. He is always wheedling you for something, which he tells you others want, and what he can pinch out of you this way, he is sure to keep himself.

Edward. Do not speak, dear sister, in this manner of that worthy boy. I would give every thing in my possession to have his principles.

Veronica. Well then, why are you no longer master of your own?

Edward. You will say, I am justly punished for my gripingness; for I must yield to Charles one part of the presents made me by my aunt and my papa.

Veronica. Instead of giving me that half! and why!

Edward. Because we bargained to divide our Christmas-boxes. I have had a deal this year, and he unfortunately nothing.

Veronica. Then I would give him nothing: that is but just.

Edward. But we have pledged our honour to each other. He has kept his word, and I must keep mine also, or be looked on as a thief.

Veronica. Ay, ay, you have got this notion from your Archibald. I am mad to think that you let yourself be governed by a chit who lives on our assistance.

Edward. But pray, sister, though the notion should be Archibald's, is it not a just one?

Veronica. Is it not a just one! Never. Look ye, I would lay a wager that he is now agreed with Charles to share whatever he can thus persuade you to give up.

Edward. Do you think so seriously? But no; you do him wrong: he is too generous to do that.

Veronica. It is you, Edward, that are too weak! or you might think that he would much more naturally take your part than any other's, if he were not interested.

Edward. I profess myself his friend, and he is interested that I should not be a cheat.

Veronica. Good!—Ha! ha! ha! And so then, that you may not be a cheat, you will willingly be cheated by another?

Edward. Better than cheat him myself.

Veronica. And in a manner so ridiculous!—Ha! ha! How finely they are laughing at you!

Edward. What, is Archibald laughing at me?

Veronica. If he helps to cheat you.

Edward. But I have pledged my word. The shares are made as you may see, and Charles is coming.

Veronica. Well; and let him go away. I shall be glad to see you catch them, when they think you caught.

Edward. You would have me then disgrace myself, that I may save these baubles.

Veronica. But suppose you could save them with honour?

Edward. Ay, pray how?

Veronica. Why, papa, or rather aunt, for she may be more easy of persuasion, must be told the whole affair, and they will forbid your parting with their presents.—I myself will take the business on me.

Edward. No, no, sister; if you love me—

Veronica. You are determined to be pillaged. Be it so, then. I have no objection in the least, since I shall not be the loser by it: on the other hand, I shall enjoy the opportunity of laughing at your cost. And yet, on second thoughts, I will run and tell papa, if it be only to obtain you a good scolding, since you will not follow my advice.

Edward.

Edward. But, sister—hear me!—Pray come back a little!—What! you won't?—You cannot imagine how much you will displease me! (*He follows and endeavours to bring her back, but she refuses.*)

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Edward, (returning after a few minutes absence.) I could not possibly prevail upon her to come back; but she would go and tell papa.—In fact, she is in the right.—If my papa and aunt forbid me, I keep every thing, and do not break my word. I wonder that this idea did not sooner strike me. It is indeed unjust in some degree; and there is a voice within me that condemns it. I should not have entered into this agreement, without thinking of each separate circumstance, and guarding properly against them. I wish Archibald were but here, to fix me one way or another. I am at a loss for his counsel. When he comes, I hope it will be alone. Ah! here he is; and as I wished to have it, no one is with him.

S C E N E II.

Edward, Archibald.

Archibald. Charles will very soon be here. He is gone to ask his father's leave for coming. Be of courage, dear Edward; nor let Charles suspect that these play-things are of any value to you. I begin to think he does not deal with you upon the square in this transaction. I spoke to him rather seriously; and by his answers, he appeared embarrassed.

Edward. Oh, I am sure he means to trick me; notwithstanding which, I must be satisfied.

Archibald. And have you not great cause for satisfaction? You have done your duty.

Edward. Well, I will try to conquer my reluctance in this point, and put on a good face before him; but would any one conceive what Veronica told me not ten minutes since? That I should beg papa or aunt to lay their orders

on me, who would certainly forbid my giving any thing away; and thus I should preserve my Christmas-box and reputation?

Archibald. And your peace of mind;—would you preserve that likewise?

Edward. No, indeed. I even thought, while she was speaking, how disgraceful such an application would be to me.

Archibald. Why then hesitate a moment longer? O, my dear Edward! let us never stifle those first whisperings of integrity and generosity that may be heard within us. You will soon experience how much inward satisfaction flows from listening to them. Have we any real need of these poor gimcracks here, to make us happy? Oh! when you have parted with them, I will be more industrious to procure you other sources of amusement. If my friendship is of any value to you, be assured I shall esteem you ten times more, if you consult your honour in this matter.

Edward. Yes. I will do so, dear Archibald, and be proud of yielding to your counsel, as in every other matter, so in this too. I will follow it, however Veronica may persuade me to do otherwise. These *gimcracks*—as you call them. Out upon such childishnesses! for to prove how truly I despise them, look, I will add my two remaining sweet-meat bags to Charles's.—There—they shall be mine no longer.

Archibald. Bravely done, Edward! You are like a general who returns in triumph, after having won a battle.

Edward. Always have an eye upon me; and if you observe—

Archibald. I know what you would say; but softly, here comes Charles.

SCENE III.

Edward, Archibald, Charles.

Charles, (somewhat embarrassed.) Good morrow, dear Edward; I am told, you want to speak with me.—It grieves me, notwithstanding—

Edward. What grieves you, pray?

Charles. That my Christmas-box has been so trifling; and—

Edward,

Edward. Oh, never mind it, if that be all.

Archibald. Edward is but so much the more pleased, that he can compensate for what you want; and I could wish that you knew with how much pleasure he fulfils his promise now; but he himself can tell you what he thinks on this occasion.

Edward. Yes. What I am now to do, I do with all my heart. (*He takes Charles by the hand, and brings him to the table.*) So look ye; here are all my presents: we first halved them pretty nearly; after which I added something to your share, that you might have no reason to complain.

Archibald. Two articles, the microscope and draft-board could not be divided. By the terms of your agreement, therefore, your friend might have kept them both; but he has honourably chosen to give up the draft-board; and accordingly I put it to your share.

Edward. I am sorry Charles, that these china figures could not be divided equally. I have kept the *Muses*: but because the *Seasons* were less valuable, I have added to them all the fish and counters in this bag, which were my own. You may still, however, make choice of which lot you please.

Charles. No, no, my friend. I am quite content already.

Edward. But not I. There is besides all this, a cake below, of which the half is mine. I make a present to you of the whole, and run to fetch it.

Charles, (calling him back.) No, not now, Edward.

Archibald, (stopping Charles.) Let him, let him, Charles. —(*To Edward.*) Yes, go my friend. (*Edward goes out.*) Well, I am sure, you will own Edward thinks quite nobly, since you see his promise is so sacred to him. Any other in his situation might have been afflicted at the disadvantage of the bargain made between you; but Edward goes beyond the agreement, and is happy in thus exceeding your expectations.

Charles, (confused.) True: you make me blush, dear Archibald. And I cannot tell how it is—

Archibald. You have no need to blush, as if it were a fault in you, that you received no greater presents from your father.

Charles, (turning away.) Poor Edward!

Archibald. Should you pity him, he would have reason to complain : whereas at present he has none. It would have been the shame of tricking you, and nothing else, that must have rendered him unhappy. Look at what you have, and be rejoiced, as he is.

Edward, (coming in with the cake.) Hold ; here is what I give you : half, as I have already said, is over and above the bargain.

Charles, (putting back the cake with one hand, and with the other concealing his face.) No, Edward ; it is too much.

Edward. Take it, take it, Charles : but do not imagine that I am doing thus, through shame, for having wished to keep back any of my presents from you. Archibald, I am sure, will witness for me as to that.

Archibald, (looking stedfastly at Charles.) That I will ; and in the face of the whole world. (*Charles wipes his eyes.*)

Edward. But sure you are crying, Mr. Charles ? What ails you ?

Charles. Nothing, nothing—Only that you see me here, a pitiful, mean, sorry fellow, and that I have cheated you.

Edward. You cheated me ? that cannot be ! have we not been acquainted with each other from our infancy ? And are we not both children of good friends and neighbours ?

Charles. Yes ; and that very circumstance Edward, aggravates my guilt. I do not deserve that you should think so generously of me. (*He takes Edward by the hand.*) It is however in my power to prove that I am not totally unworthy of your friendship. In reality, I have received no playthings, or the like, this Christmas from my father, but—(*searching his pockets*) here are three new guineas that I requested him to give me in their stead. You see then, I was only a deceiver, while you acted towards me with such generosity : but I repent, and give you up the half. In fact it is your own, but if you have any pity in you, pardon me my knavery and be still my friend.

Edward, (embracing him.) Yes, always while I live.—How you rejoice me ! Not however with your money, as I shall not take it.

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

Archibald, Charles, Edward, Veronica.

Veronica. Archibald must come immediately to my papa.

Archibald. O my dear young lady, cannot he stay a little? I shall lose the pleasure—

Veronica. Yes—of squeezing something from my brother! but you have heard the message; so come with me. What! you would have papa wait for you! (*She gets hold of his hand, and pulls him along.*)

Edward. Sister! sister! only a few minutes.

Veronica, (mocking him.) Brother! brother! No; I will have him with me. (*She goes out with Archibald.*)

Edward, (taking hold of Charles's hand.) O my dear friend Charles, how I rejoice while I am speaking! I could have no right to hope for such sincerity of conduct from you.

Charles. How! When you bestow upon me half your things, without expecting any in return from me.

Edward. No; no: you must not thus applaud my generosity. You cannot imagine how reluctantly at first I parted with this half; and had it not been for the exhortation that Archibald gave me to so good a work, I should not have kept my word after all.

Charles. And to him I am indebted likewise for the satisfaction of not having quite compleated my unworthy tricking scheme. He set the baseness of it in so full a light before me! And when afterward I entered here, and found with how much generosity you had proceeded in your distribution—

Edward. In my distribution! It is Archibald that has all the merit of it. I cannot tell what happy art he has; but to deprive myself of what I had beforehand so much cherished, was a pleasure to me. Yet there is something in your share that I added of myself.

Charles. But you shall keep the whole: for I will have nothing of it, and am happy to get rid of such a burthen. I should never have presumed to look you in the face. I could not think how much one suffers by becoming a dishonest man.

Edward. And how was I tormented also? But at present I experience how much pleasure flows from generosity.

rosity. All this is due to Archibald. So necessitous, and yet so upright! Sure he could not claim a recompence for telling you my Christmas-boxes?

Charles. He, my dear Edward! What can cause you such a thought?

Edward. My sister, in her jealousy, would fain have had me think so.

Charles. Ah, if you had heard how handsomely he spoke about you, and espoused your interests in our conversation! I had need of all my art and cunning to get from him what you had received. And therefore, henceforth he shall have what he has merited so well, my friendship: and I will give him the remaining half of my three guineas.

Edward. No, no, Charles; leave me to recompense him as I well know how: and keep your money, with the half that is yours, of my Christmas-boxes.

Charles. What? I keep it? Never. Look ye; rather let us give him every thing that we should have shared between us. We have well deserved to lose, and he to have it.

Edward. Yes, with all my heart. And do you know what you must do? We have it in our power to please him very much. I will order all these things upon the table to be carried to his mother's; so that he may see them there, the first time he goes home.

Charles. Good! good! provided by the bye, he does not return too soon, and interrupt us.

Edward. I will go fetch the servant. In the mean time pack them up as quick as you are able, in the basket. I shall be back again immediately. (*He goes out.*)

Charles, (alone, filling the basket.) Oh, the good, good Archibald! I cannot help thinking with myself how happy we shall make him! and what is more too, I shall have my part therein. I would not give it up for all these pretty things. Who could have persuaded me yesterday, that I should enjoy more satisfaction in bestowing on another what had been so much the object of my wishes than in keeping it myself? I wish I were papa, to recompense him as he merits. Thanks to his persuasion, I am now convinced that to be just gives much more happiness than to possess great riches.

Edward,

Edward, (returning with Clement.) Come in, Clement. *(He bolts the door.)* What we want you for is this ; to take the basket here before you on your shoulder, and convey it to where Archibald's mother lives, for Archibald.

Clement. Oh, with all my heart, sir ; we are every one of us fond of that young man !

Edward, (to Charles.) I hope, you have almost finished.

Charles. In a moment. I have got in every thing except the china figures, which I will put at top, that they may not be broke.

Edward. A good thought ; but make haste, for fear of his return.

Charles. There, that is the last.

Edward, (to Clement.) Now, Clement, you have nothing else to do than carry it this moment where you know. Do not loiter by the way, and take especial care of breaking any thing.

Charles. Stay : here is the guinea and a half that I said I would give him. I will just wrap them up, and put them with the fish and counters.

Archibald, (at the door without.) Open, open : it is Archibald.

Edward. Bless us ! what are we to do ? *(coming towards the door.)* A moment, friend, and we'll admit you.

Charles. Hark ye, Clement, here is the money : slip it some how or other, as you go, into the basket.

Edward, (to Clement.) He will suspect us ; so take up the basket, and withdraw into a corner of the room, here just behind the door, till he has passed you.

Charles. Yes, close up against the wall ; and afterwards slip out without his seeing you.

Clement. I understand you.

Archibald, (as before.) Well, Edward, am I not to enter ? Your papa is coming.

Edward, (to Charles.) I may open now ?

Charles. Yes, yes ; all is done. *(The servant goes behind the door.)*

Edward, (opening to Archibald, who comes in.) I ask your pardon, my good friend, for keeping you so long without : but we were busy. *(He takes his hand, and places him in such a manner, that he cannot see the servant without turning round.)*

Archibald.

Archibald. Busy, pray? And at what? (*He turns and sees Charles making signs to the servant.*) Why all these signs?—(*Perceiving the servant with the basket.*) Ah, ha!—what has Clement got there in the basket? (*He goes up to Clement, and attempts to look into the basket.*)

Clement, (preventing him.) Softly, softly.—It is a secret.

Archibald. How! a secret?

Clement. You will know what it is when you get home:

Archibald, (keeping him from going out.) No: I will know this moment! Is it possible that I can have guessed! and would my dear friends then affront me so?

Edward. Affront you? It is a poor acknowledgment with which we pay those services that you have so lately done us. (*He offers him the basket.*) Yes, dear Archibald, all these things are yours.

Charles, (presenting him the money likewise, which the servant has returned him.) And this gold also. (*Archibald puts his hand aside. Charles throws the money, thus refused, into the basket, which Edward still offers to Archibald.*)

Archibald. What are you about? no, never, never.

Edward. I will have it so.

Charles. And I entreat it as a favour of you. Be my friend, as you have shown yourself Edward's.

Clement. If I durst but add my prayer to that of these two gentlemen! You will occasion them more pain than they deserve to suffer, by refusing their request. I wish I had it in my power to offer you my present, as they have. It would indeed be little, but come wholly from my heart; for all the family, and every one that knows us, loves you.

Archibald. O, my dearest Edward! my kind Charles! (*he embraces them.*) and you, my good Clement! you draw tears of joy and admiration from me; but your generous bosoms carry you too far. I have not merited what you are doing for me, and shall therefore never take it.

Edward. You would wish to mortify me then? And cruelly refuse my friendship?

S C E N E

SCENE the last.

Archibald, Charles, Edward, Clement, Mr. Damer.

Mr. Damer, (having entered some little time before unnoticed, and stood still to be a witness of the conversation; but advancing now, as if he had heard nothing.) Well; shall I always find you sparring thus at one another?

Edward. O papa, let your authority determine our dispute; for Archibald treats us very harshly. He has made me faithful to my promise—

Charles. He has brought me to preserve my honour.

Edward. And now scorns us, when we would be grateful.

Archibald, (throwing himself into Mr. Damer's arms.) O, my worthy patron! and my second father! save me, save me from their generosity. I was so happy just this moment, as to vindicate my conduct from the accusation thrown thereon, and shall I now belie it? No: I should, in that case, justly be suspected of a mercenary disposition. Let them not corrupt me, I beseech you.

Mr. Damer. How you charm me, my dear children. No, good Archibald, these their presents, are a very nothing, when compared with so much delicacy and disinterestedness. I will put an end to such an honourable contest. *(To Charles and Edward.)* Keep you each your own: I will take it on me to evince your grateful natures.

Edward. O, papa! of how much pleasure you deprive my heart!

Charles. And how you punish me; as, very likely, my behaviour merits: but you are witness on the other hand to my repentance. Condescend then to prevail on Archibald—

Archibald, (to Mr. Damer.) No; for heaven's sake, sir, do not listen to him.

Mr. Damer. I do listen to him; and will have you be compliant upon this occasion. It would look too much like pride, should you refuse him: and besides, it would be cruel to deprive him of the pleasure arising from a generous action. Take this money then, and send it to your mother, who first taught you such a noble way of thinking.

Archibald.

Archibald. You compel me to accept it, sir, and therefore I obey. Oh, how rejoiced she will be to have it; but at least, sir, let Edward keep his presents.

Mr. Damer. Well then, let him; but to share them with his friend. I will buy the whole again with these three guineas.

Archibald. Ah my kind; good benefactor! put some limits to your generosity. I do not know well what I am doing. So much beyond all measure is my joy. My poor dear mother! it is a long while now since she has been so rich as I shall make her!—O, my good, good friends! (*He embraces Charles, and afterwards Edward, without power of speaking to them.*)

Mr. Damer. I owe you likewise a reward, Edward, for complying thus with Archibald's noble counsels.

Edward. How, can you reward me so much to my satisfaction, papa, as by what you have so recently done for him?

Mr. Damer. That is a very nothing. Hitherto he has been only the companion of your pleasures, but shall henceforth be the partner of your studies: I will make no difference between you in respect to education.

THE COMMODORE'S RETURN.

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

C H A R A C T E R S.

COMMODORE FREEPORT.

MRS. FREEPORT.

MELISSA,

CONSTANTINE,

ARABELLA,

MATILDA,

} - - their Children.

LIEUT. BOARDHAM, - betrothed to Melissa.

MR. ASCHAM, - - - Tutor to the Children.

THOMAS, - - - the Gardener.

FANNY, - - - his Wife.

COLIN, - - - their Son.

MATTHEWS, - } an old Farmer, Tenant to
the Commodore.*Young Men and Maids of the Village.*SCENE. *The garden of Commodore Freeport's country seat,
close by the sea side.*

S C E N E I.

*Thomas, Colin.**(While Thomas is raking one of the walks, Colin runs in trembling and out of breath, as in a fright: he throws his arms round his father and clings fast to him.)*Thomas. **W**ELL, what now, you little blockhead?
what now? Where are you running in
such a flutter?Colin. Ah! father, father, I am frightened out of my
wits. I'm dead.Thomas. It is very lucky that you are able to tell me so.
But what is the matter?

Colin. A ghost! a ghost!

Thomas. What in broad day-light? I believe, thou art
gibing thy father. Well, what is it like? a beast or a
man?

Colin. It is—it is like a man.

Thomas. Silly oaf! why then it is a man. Has it a
mouth, and eyes, and hands, and feet?*Colin,*

44 THE COMMODORE'S RETURN.

Colin. Oh, yes, a mouth, and eyes, and hands, and feet, like one of us, and yet it is not like *we* for all that.

Thomas. What nonsense is all this?

Colin. Oh! if you had but seen it! Bless the mask! it is the ghost of a Turk.

Thomas, (a little frightened.) The ghost of a Turk?

Colin. Yes, indeed, father. You shewed me some Turks when we were in London, well, it is the same for all the world. A long gown down to his heels, a yellow thing like a lady's muff upon his head, a long carving knife by his side, a great black beard, and a dead man's face over his own. *(A noise is heard behind the hedge row.)* Oh! there it is, father; there is the ghost, the Turk. Help; murder. *(He runs out.)*

Thomas, (alarmed.) Colin, Colin! won't you come back. *(Colin instead of returning, runs away precipitately. Thomas goes to follow him, but his rake falling trips him up, and while he is entangled with it, Colin escapes.)* A little coward, to leave me here all alone! And then, if what he said were true. I do not like meddling with your Turks, not I. By the mass, I will not stay here to meet with him. *(While he stoops to take up his rake, Commodore Freeport, dressed in a long red gown with a turban and a mask, comes softly up to him and plucks him by the skirt. Thomas turning about, perceives him, and attempts to run away; but finding himself held fast, he roars out)* Help! murder! A ghost! A Turk!

S C E N E II.

Commodore Freeport, Thomas.

Com. Fr. (putting his hand on Thomas's mouth to silence him.) Why, Thomas, do not act the child. Don't you know me?

Thomas, (without looking at him.) Avaunt! none but Satan knows you. I am none of your acquaintance.

Com. Fr. Oh! I see what deceives you. *(He takes off his mask.)* Look at me now.

Thomas, (hiding his face with his hands.) What, I look at your terrible visage? No, let me go, or I shall cry out ten times louder.

Com.

THE COMMODORE'S RETURN. 45

Com. Fr. (*trying to part his hands.*) What, are you afraid of me?

Thomas. Say no more. You want to roast me. Oh! how hot you are!

Com. Fr. (*letting go his hands.*) Why, Thomas, are you mad? Do not shake so man. Can't you recollect my voice?

Thomas. It is a main hollow ghostly voice; that is certain.

Com. Fr. Only look at me between your fingers.

Thomas. Well—well—I will—but get a little farther off.

Com. Fr. (*drawing back.*) There, now are you satisfied?

Thomas, (*drawing back too.*) Are you a good way off? Stop a while. (*Separates his hands a little, and looks at him.*) Eh! what! the Commodore? Is it you, sir?

Com. Fr. Why yes, Thomas, it is I, your master.

Thomas, (*showing his face a little more.*) Are you sure though that it is not his ghost?

Com. Fr. Nay, Thomas, I can hardly take you for the same man. I did not think you had been so chicken-hearted.

Thomas, (*letting fall his hands, and looking still at the Commodore.*) Oh! yes, now I see it is you. (*Taking off his hat, and advancing towards him.*) Dear master, I beg pardon for not knowing you at first. It was my son, a little blockhead, that put all these frights into my head. (*Beginning to swagger.*) A ghost, truly! Aye, just as if I believed in ghosts!—But, after all, your honour has got a huge ugly cap there. For my part, I think, it is dangerous jesting with such outlandish gear. Suppose one was to remain a Turk all one's life. I remember as well as if it was yesterday, my mother's telling me a hundred times how she saw one that had heard of a thing that happened in a family as long ago as any one could—Oh! it is all very true that I am telling you, I assure you.

Com. Fr. Well, come, you shall tell me your story another time. Is there nobody within hearing?

Thom. Nobody, sir, for that silly boy of mine will hardly venture back. He is afraid! Ha, ha, ha! Yet only mind, master, if you had been a ghost, he would have let you twist his father's neck off.

Com.

46. THE COMMODORE'S RETURN.

Com. Fr. Are my wife and children all here? Is the Tutor with them?

Thomas. Oh! certainly, sir. They staid in the country on purpose to prepare a revel against your return, as they knew that you would come strait hither from Portsmouth. How happy they will all be! But what a blockhead am I not to go and tell them the news, and then spread it all through the neighbourhood! (*Going.*) There will be rare doings!

Com. Fr. (*stopping him.*) Avaft! avast! it is the very thing that I do not wish you to do at present.

Thomas. How! Won't your honour make one at the revel? It is all on account of your honour's return, and the whole neighbourhood will take part in the rejoicing.

Com. Fr. They are very kind.

Thomas. By the mass, they have good reason. There is not a set of tenants in England happier under their landlord than your honour's are; and they love you accordingly. All the bells should have been ringing before now. I wonder what the ringers are about.

Com. Fr. Thomas, have a little patience. I shall shew myself in proper time.

Thomas. Proper time, sir? Alack, it is easy talking; but for my simple part, I shall be out of patience if you are long about it.

Com. Fr. And I shall be out of patience if you are not a little more discreet. Do not deprive me of the satisfaction that I promised myself at my return! Would you, by way of welcoming me home, oblige me to discharge you?

Thomas. Nay, that is enough; now I am dumb. Yet I must say, sir, it was ill done of your honour to leave us in uncertainty so long. We thought you were either drowned or taken prisoner. You cannot think, sir, how dull it made us. O, dear master! if we had lost you, and been obliged to put on mourning, instead of keeping a revel! The very thought makes my blood run cold. We would rather the war should have lasted ten years longer.

Com. Fr. I thank thee, Thomas, for this language of unaffected friendship. It presages, I hope, a reception still more tender from my family.

Thomas. Then, sir, why do not you come to them directly?

Com.

Com. Fr. No, no. I tell you, my design is to double the pleasure of my return by an agreeable surprize. Only let me speak with my children's tutor.

Thomas. With Mr. Ascham?

Com. Fr. Yes, I wrote to him from Portsmouth to prepare him. You and he shall be the only persons in the secret. But hift! I hear somebody coming down this next walk. (*He goes to hide himself behind the hedge-row.*) Snug's the word, Thomas! Be discreet!

S C E N E III.

Thomas, (alone.)

Discreet, quotha? Aye, it is easy to be discreet when one has nothing to talk of; but when one knows as much as I know—This secret, I feel, begins to swell me already. (*Turning, he perceives Mr. Ascham.*) Thank my stars! they send me at least somebody to talk to.

S C E N E IV.

Thomas, Mr. Ascham.

Thomas, (running towards him.) Joy, joy, Mr. Ascham! The fleet is come; the Commodore is come; you are come; and I am come. (*Flings up his hat for joy.*)

Mr. Asch. What, is Mr. Freeport here?

Thomas, (with an air of importance.) Do you think he is not, sir, when I tell you so? I am in the whole plot, as well as you.

S C E N E V.

Commodore Freeport, Mr. Ascham, Thomas.

Com. Fr. My secret was well trusted. I see, Thomas, I need only depend upon you at all times. (*He takes Mr. Ascham's hand.*) My dear Ascham, I am glad to see you once more!

Mr. Ascham. Sir, this will be a day of festivity for us.

Com. Fr. Provided that Thomas do not disconcert all my plan with his silly joy and his chattering.

Thomas,

48 THE COMMODORE'S RETURN.

Thomas. Nay, look ye there! did not your honour tell me that Mr. Ascham was in the secret? Did I blab the least word to any body in the world?

Mr. Asch. True; because you saw nobody but me.

Com. Fr. Let us not lose a moment. Thomas, you must hide me in the green-house, until the moment of making my appearance.

Thomas. That I will, and welcome; and you will find it in good order, I'll warrant.

Com. Fr. That is not all; but you must plant your son on the watch, to let me know when any body approaches.

Thomas. But if Madam herself should take a walk towards the green-house, or some of the young folks, I could hardly hinder them from going in.

Mr. Ascham. Pshaw! a man of your sense will easily find an excuse to prevent them.

Thomas. Why aye, sir, as you say——

Com. Fr. Do not forget to let us have some good fruit, Thomas.

Thomas. Oh! sir, never fear! I'll warrant your honour shall shew the finest melons and pine-apples, and every fruit of the season, at your table to-day, that is to be seen in this county.

SCENE VI.

Commodore Freeport, Mr. Ascham.

Com. Fr. Do you imagine, Ascham, that my wife suspects nothing of our preparations?

Mr. Ascham. It would have been impossible for me to conceal them from her; I chose therefore to make them in concert with her, while she supposed that she should surprize you agreeably with this revel at your return. I told her that your cruize might perhaps continue longer. She was happy; therefore, to amuse the wearisomeness of your absence, by occupations that would shew you how her mind was employed during that time.

Com. Fr. Thus I shall be the giver of the entertainment with which she proposes to receive me. My dear Ascham, your contrivance charms me!

Mr. Ascham. I hope you will be pleased with our performance. Indeed every one was eager to contribute to
your

your pleasure. I have already instructed a few young men and maids amongst your tenants, and they know their parts to admiration.

Com. Fr. And I have brought my future son in law, Lieut. Boardham, who behaved so gallantly, you remember, during the war. What recommended him to my notice, was his attacking a pirate sloop in the East-Indies with no more than an armed boat, and taking her. These Turkish dresses were part of her spoils, and we put them on for this frolic, the better to disguise ourselves. Oh! I forgot to mention too, that I have brought a band of music from Portsmouth. I left them to refresh themselves at a public house close by our park: here, within a stone's throw of us.

Mr. Ascham. So much the better; for we were but indifferently provided in that respect.

Com. Fr. I should be sorry that any thing were wanting to our festivity. I would not have a single tenant of mine unconcerned in it. I hope and flatter myself that they have reason to rejoice in my prosperity. It has always been my endeavour to make those happy whom Providence has placed immediately under me, both on board and ashore; for he but half serves his country, Ascham, who fights her battles with success abroad, but returns to be detested for injustice and oppression by his poor dependants at home.

Mr. Ascham. Excellent sentiments! Commodore, you are deservedly beloved by your tenants, I can answer for so much without flattery; and that your public service has been approved, your reputation and your Sovereign's favour sufficiently testify.

Com. Fr. (taking him by the hand.) These, my friend, are the sources from which every man of spirit should seek to derive his happiness and satisfaction. (*Colin is seen approaching by the hedge row.*)

S C E N E VII.

Commodore Freeport, Mr. Ascham, Colin (carrying a basket of flowers on his arm.)

Colin. This ghost of a Turk cannot be very ill-natured. How friendly he talks with Mr. Ascham. He is shaking hands with him.

Mr. Ascham. Don't I hear somebody?

Com. Fr. Yes. I must go and hide. (*He turns to go behind the hedge-row, and meets Colin full in the face, who trembles and stares at him awhile, but at length cries out in a transport of joy.*) Oh! law: it is his honour; it is the Commodore!

Com. Fr. Come hither, my little godson! (*Colin throws down his basket, and runs eagerly up to him, jumping for joy.*) Softly, my man; softly! I do not wish any body to know that I am arrived. Do not you tell, for the world!

Colin. What, sir, neither to madam, nor the children?

Mr. Ascham. It is from them particularly that you must conceal it.

S C E N E VIII.

Commodore Freeport, Mr. Ascham, Thomas, Colin.

Thomas, (enters without seeing Colin.) Now every thing is ready for your honour.

Colin. Well, I am sure! It was not I that told my father, however.

Thomas, (perceiving Colin.) Plague on it, we are all ruined! This monkey will go and blab. I was thinking of sending him on a message a mile or two off.

Mr. Ascham, (patting Colin on the head.) Nay, I dare say he will be as discreet as yourself. Won't you, my little friend?

Colin. Oh! never fear, sir: I can keep a secret as well as another. It won't be the first time, neither.

Thomas. No! when was the first time, then?

Colin. I 'fegs, t'other day, when you threshed me to make me tell whether I had stolen the apples off our tree at home. Did I tell you it was I?

Thomas. It was you then that stole my apples, was it? Stop a moment! (*Colin runs behind Commodore Freeport.*) Oh! you shall pay for them!

Mr. Ascham. Agreed, if he says a word about the Commodore.

Com. Fr. And if he holds his tongue, a guinea for his reward.

Thomas. Do you hear that, Colin? a guinea!

Colin. Tut! I would have held my tongue for nothing, out of regard to my godfather.

Com.

THE COMMODORE'S RETURN. 51

Com. Fr. There is a good boy. Well, now for our concealment.

Thomas. And you, Colin, stand here. If any body comes up this walk, as it leads no where but to the greenhouse, run thither immediately, and let his honour know. But if you open your lips, ware the apples, I'll cut your ears off with the Commodore's cutlafs there. (*They go out.*)

S C E N E IX.

Colin, (gathering up his flowers, and making a nosegay.)

If they know nothing, unless from me, they will not know much. But the poor children, Miss Arabella, Master Constantine, and Miss Matilda; it grieves me to think they should not know that their papa is here. Suppose I were just to whisper it to Miss Matilda: she is very fond of me, and though she is the youngest of them all, she is the drollest little body.—Ah, but she would tell it to Miss Arabella, and Miss Arabella to Master Constantine, and Master Constantine to Gatty, and Gatty to Miss Melissa, and Miss Melissa to her mama; and then every body would be in the secret. There would be a guinea lost, and my ears cut off. Oh! it is better pretend to be dumb. In the first place, if I do not speak I shall tell nobody any secrets, that is plain. (*Clapping with his hand on his mouth,*) There, you are locked up till to-morrow morning!

S C E N E X.

Constantine, Arabella, Matilda, Colin.

Constantine, (clapping Colin gently on the shoulder.) Good morrow, little Colly.

Arabella, (curtsying to him with affected solemnity.) Mr. Colin's most obedient humble servant!

Matilda, (taking him by the hand in a friendly manner.) How do you do, my little man? (*Colin bows to her, and gives her a nosegay.*)

Constantine. You are all alone? (*Colin answers him with a nod.*)

52 THE COMMODORE'S RETURN.

Matilda. Mama wants to speak with your father.—Where is he? (*Colin points the way by which Thomas went out.*)

Arabella. Are you making game of us? Have you lost your tongue? (*Colin looks about him without answering.*)

Constantine. Well, but speak.

Arabella, (slapping him on the hands.) Hah! I'll teach you another sort of drollery.

Matilda, (holding Arabella.) Softly, sister! Do not hurt my little Colin. (*Colin looks kindly at Matilda.*)

Constantine. Let him speak, or I'll——What is he dumb?

Arabella. Or deaf?

Matilda. Perhaps something may have happened to him. Is any thing the matter, my little man? (*Colin makes signs in the negative*)

Upon this the other two children fall upon him, shaking him, pulling him, pinching him and tickling him, crying out all at once, You must speak! you must speak! you must speak! or we will know the reason why!

Matilda. Have done, or I shall join him against you.

Arabella. A fine champion, truly, he would have to defend him!

Matilda, (to Constantine.) Brother, you are the eldest; make her have done, pray do. I will talk to him gently, and perhaps I may get a word or two from him.

Constantine, (haughtily.) No, I insist, he shall obey me when I order him.

Matilda. Let me try what I can do. (*To Colin.*) Colin, my good little Colin, answer me, if it be only one word. (*Colin smiles; but makes signs that he is not to speak.*) Do you know now that I shall be angry with you too.—But no. Arabella, go and fetch his father, mama wants him you know.

Arabella. Yes, yes, I'll tell Thomas of it. He will make him speak, perhaps. (*As she is going, Colin stands full in her way to stop her, shaking his head.*)

Constantine, (with an air of authority.) What does he dare to stop my sister? Let me manage him.

Matilda, (holding Constantine.) Why, you see, he does her no harm—Well, Colin, go yourself and fetch your father; tell him that mama wants him; will you? (*Colin nods consent, and goes out. The children follow him with their eyes.*)

SCENE

S C E N E XI.

*Constantine, Arabella, Matilda.**Arab.* He can hear at least if he cannot speak.*Matilda.* I knew I could make him do whatever I had a mind.*Const.* He did well to get away. But I will make him pay for not obeying me.*Matilda.* (*seeing Thomas approach.*) Oh! here comes Thomas. We will know what is the matter with my little friend.

S C E N E XII.

*Constantine, Arabella, Matilda, Thomas.**(All the Children run up to Thomas, and jump about him.)**Thomas.* Good morrow, maller Constantine. Good morrow young ladies. How do you do to day?*Matilda.* Oh very well, very well; but tell us what is the matter with your son, poor little Colin?*Thomas.* The matter with him? A good appetite; that is always with him I think.*Matilda.* Then he is not sick?*Thomas.* He sick?*Constantine.* Then he is very obstinate.*Arabella.* The little monkey made game of us.*Matilda.* Ah! how you talk!*Thomas.* What, mis; made game of you?*Matilda.* I was afraid he was struck dumb.*Thomas.* He dumb?*Arabella.* We pinched him, and tickled him, but not a word.*Thomas.* Is it possible? why he bawled loud enough to deafen me here this morning, and frighten me too. I might have been afraid at least, if I had not a good heart.*Constantine.* As for us, he did not vouchsafe to honour us with a single word.*Thomas.* (*smiling.*) No? a little knave! only mind his cunning! He has ten times more wit than his father.*Matilda.* Wit? how, in not speaking?*Thomas.* Where could he have hit upon such a thought?

Arabella. What do you mean?

Thomas. And then, people will talk that the world is growing worse and worse. By the mass, children have at this time of day more sense than all their family.

Arabella. For my part I believe they are both out of their senses. The one did not speak at all, and the other speaks without answering us.

Thomas. Oh! he knew very well what he did not say, and I know very well what I do say.

Arabella. That is more than we do.

Thomas. Well, there is no harm done. But where is Madam? Colin told me that she asked for me.

Constantine. He told you!

Matilda. Then he can speak.

Constantine. Oh! if he can speak, I'll make him speak.

Arabella. Let us go and find him.

Thomas. Aye, aye, go. He has walked into the park. You will hardly come up with him. He has a pair of legs if he has not a tongue. (*Constantine and Arabella go out.*)

S C E N E XIII.

Matilda, Thomas.

Matilda. O dear Thomas, pray tell Colin to speak a little, if it were only for my sake. I do so like to talk with him!

Thomas. Yes, yes, let me manage. I'll talk to him, and he shall talk to you, and we'll all talk to one another very soon. Oh! what talk we shall have!

Matilda. That is charming! I will run after my brother and sister, and hinder them from teasing him.

S C E N E XIV.

Thomas, (alone.)

I think I did right to send him a pretty way off. These young ones would have mawled him so, that he must have told his secret at last. But did any one ever see such a cunning fetch? Not to talk for fear of blabbing! One could not have hit upon a more cunning scheme. But here comes Madam with Miss Melissa. Now for it, friend Thomas, take

take care of yourself. One man against two women ; and hampered with a secret besides ! It is hard odds.

S C E N E XV.

Mrs. Freeport, Melissa, Thomas.

Mrs. Fr. Well, Thomas, I must come to seek you myself? I sent the children for you an hour ago.

Thomas. Madam, I was this moment coming to you.

Mrs. Fr. I wanted to speak with you about this Revel. Mr. Ascham has just now mentioned that it would be proper to have as it were a general rehearsal of it. Perhaps it is to divert my uneasiness, but he assures me that it cannot possibly be long before my husband returns. This idea, which seems to hasten his return, still more—

Thomas. He is perhaps not so far off as people think. What would you say, Madam—(*turning aside.*) Hilt ! what were you going to say, Thomas ?

Mrs. Fr. Have you heard any news of him ?

Thomas. News, Madam ? By the mass what I know is truer than news. (*aside.*) Where the plague is my tongue running ?

Mrs. Fr. What would you say, Thomas ? Explain yourself.

Thomas. The matter is this —Lookye, you understand—When I come from market, I put the best leg foremost to get home ; not that I have so fine a woman to my wife, Madam, as you are, neither ! nor so fine a daughter as Miss Melissa here. (*aside.*) Plague on it ! I'll turn it off some way. (*to them.*) Just so for all the world, in a manner, as a body may say, the Commodore is galloping home here as fast as he can. That is a clear case, I defer it to you else.

Mrs. Fr. Ah ! when will that happy moment come, that I may welcome him to my expecting arms ?

Thomas. Who knows how soon ? I will bestir myself however, perhaps that will hasten him. I wish every pall of my rake were a lash to his horse's sides. I would not let the young Lieutenant lag behind neither, Miss Melissa. (*Melissa smiles.*)

Mrs. Fr. Well, it is very obliging of you Thomas.

Thomas. Why, Madam, the truth is, I am sorry to see you melancholy.

melancholy. You are like flowers *impelled* with the dew, as the song says. But hang tears, the sun will come and dry up all sorrow presently. Joy! joy! Madam, here comes Mr. Ascham, he seems full of joy.

S C E N E XVI.

Mrs. Freeport, Melissa, Mr. Ascham, Thomas.

Mr. Ascham. All goes right, Madam. I have sent to assemble the young men and maids of the hamlet, who are to figure in our pageant. We are almost ready to begin. I was very well pleased yesterday to see them all so orderly, and so perfect in their parts, and I hope the general rehearsal to day will amuse you, if you do us the honour to be present at it.

Mrs. F. I shall certainly not deprive myself of so agreeable an entertainment. I should otherwise pay an ill compliment to the obliging exertions of your zeal and friendship for our family.

Mr. Ascham. Madam, I could not receive a more flattering reward. But indeed my cares were already repaid, in the thought of seconding your wishes, and anticipating those of your husband.

Mrs. Fr. How I please myself with the idea of his surprise and satisfaction!

Thomas. He won't perhaps be the most surprized in the company neither. (*Mr. Ascham looks sternly at Thomas.*)

Mrs. Fr. What do you mean by that, Thomas?

Thomas, (embarrassed.) Why, Madam, with regard—with regard to that there—I think you will be as much surprized to see him return fresh and hearty; full of health, honour and joy. Miss Melissa too, will perhaps be surprized to see her young intended. I'll lay my spade to one of your pins, that she will blush like a rose. Marry, we shall all be surprized, for so good a master as his honour, is not a sight to be seen with indifference.

Mr. Ascham. I think, Madam, it would affect you in a pleasing manner, to see the impatience with which all the neighbourhood waits his arrival. At every step I meet some one or other who enquires eagerly for him. I figure to myself a numerous family enquiring for their father, their brother, their son, their husband. What will be their joy when they see him returned?

Mr. Fr.

Mrs. Fr. I can imagine their transports by my own. But when will he return! I shall shudder with apprehension until I behold him safe.

Mr. Ascham. What can give rise to your terrors? This is not the season when thirst of glory might expose him to danger.

Melissa. Ah! mama, do you remember those dismal days when we could not take up the newspaper without trembling? when we dreaded to see his name in every list of killed and wounded?

Mr. Ascham. At present therefore indulge the sweets of hope. The tranquility of peace leaves us no subject of inquietude.

Mrs. Fr. Ah! sweet Peace, many a mother, many a wife blessed its return.

Thomas. Aye and many a gardener. Ah! if you had seen a little of the world, Madam, as I have. You would not think that I served during the German war. Yes I served—in a garden. There came some of those cursed Hussars. In an hour's time there was not a single hedge left standing in all that part of the country. Then the statues in our garden, your Apollos, your Jupiters, and your Mercuries, those they soon turned topsy-turvy. I should not have cared a straw for them; but my poor melons! my poor asparagus! it grieved me to the heart to see them demolished. And yet I was not the head gardener neither. Now that I am gardener in chief, only think if that was to happen. I should throw myself head foremost into the draw-well. But come, a fig for those madcaps. It is peace timenow; huzza! Come, Mr. Ascham, we will go and settle this business.

SCENE XVII.

Mrs. Freeport, Melissa.

Mrs. Fr. Honest Thomas's cheerfulness has enlivened me a little. I find myself now much more at ease. I feel nothing now but the pleasing throb of hope. Yes Melissa, my heart tells me, we shall soon see them once more.

Melissa. Alas, mama, I rise every day to indulge this flattering idea, and every day it vanishes.

Mrs. Fr. Our murmurs against heaven are always unjust. How did I curse the cruel war, that snatched my husband from me. Well, peace was made, he returned covered with laurels, and admired by his countrymen, whose commerce he protected at sea. Shall we grudge another short absence in the service of his country? He will come home when his presence is most necessary for the education of his children. He will bring with him the person whom your choice and ours has destined to be your husband. Ah! my dear, how many women in the world envy our lot!

Melissa. True, mama; but for my part, your kindness hitherto has rendered me so happy, that I cannot support the least alteration in my happiness.

Mrs. Fr. Come to my arms my dear child, and resume your natural gaiety, it becomes you so well. Do not let us poison, by an appearance of sorrow, the satisfaction which these good people are going to feel, while they make us the witnesses of their joy.

S C E N E X^{III}.

Mrs. Freeport, Melissa, Constantine, Arabella, Matilda, Matthews.

Matilda, (running up to her mother.) Mama, mama! we are bringing you the good farmer Matthews.

Arabella, (following her.) Here he is, here he is! *(Farmer Matthews enters, supporting himself with a stick in one hand, and leaning the other upon Constantine. When he perceives Mrs. Freeport, he endeavours to double his pace and totters. Mrs. Freeport and Melissa advance towards him.)*

Constantine. Lean heavier on my shoulder, do; you won't hurt me.

Melissa. Softly, Mr. Matthews.

Mrs. Fr. Take care you don't fall.

Matthews. They came to assemble my children, and all the young people of the hamlet. Is the Commodore returned then? I should never forgive myself if he was.

Mrs. Fr. No, Mr. Matthews, we are still expecting him.

Matthews. Ah! so much the better. Which way does he come? tell me. I have a good head still, but my legs
fail

fail me. I should set out long before the rest, to be up with them at the same time.

Mrs. Fr. How, would you go to meet him, weak as you are?

Matthews, (*with vivacity*.) Would I? He has all his life-time hastened to meet my necessities, dost think then, madam, that I would sit still and wait his coming? I would sooner be carried by my children.

Melissa. No, Mr. Matthews. I am sure, my papa would be angry if you exposed yourself to so much fatigue.

Matthews. Why, madam, it is for my own sake as well as his. The sight of him is necessary to me. He is like the sun that cheers my declining life.

Mrs. Fr. But friend Matthews, at your age—

Matthews. My age is the cause why I have more obligation to him than the young ones. I know the Commodore, madam, longer than you do. Many a time have I set him a riding upon this very stick. He was not so big as master Constantine here, when he began to be my benefactor. I was poor then, and he had no more than his pocket-money. Well, he found means to relieve me out of many difficulties even with that. It was in vain that I told him only half of my distress. He could guess more than I could hide from him. As soon as he came to his estate, he made me a present of the cottage that I inhabit, and let me some lands which are round about it, but on so favourable a lease that I soon got above the world. Thanks to his friendship, I have been able to bring up all my children, and to settle them easily in the world, which as I have done through his means, I count them as much his family as mine, and love them the better on that score.

Mrs. Fr. You know his friendship for you continues still. There are few of his letters in which he does not mention you.

Matthews, (*overjoyed*.) Is it possible! But I believe it, and it is no more than he ought. For why? he has done good to a great many of his tenants; he has rebuilt their cottages when thrown down by storms, or burnt; he has helped them in bad seasons; he has forgiven them their rent. Let them bless him, let them love him, let them revere him; but I should be main vexed if I thought, that

next to his family, any body loved him better than I do. I mean the same to you, madam; and to you also, miss.

The Children, (jumping about him.) And us too, Mr. Matthews, don't you?

Matthews. I must needs love you, my dear little ones, that are my benefactor's children. And yet sometimes you make me angry.

Matilda. We make you angry?

Matthews. Yes, you make yourselves too uneasy about me sometimes. It looks as if I were so old, so very old.

Matilda. Oh! no, you are quite hearty still. Hold, I will dress you up like a beau. Here is my nosegay; I will stick it in your button-hole.

Arabella. I have a fine ribbon here. Give me your hat, and I will fix a cockade in it.

Constantine, (standing on tiptoes to reach his ear.) The next time you come to the hall, I'll have a glass of our best wine for you.

Matthews. O, sweet little creatures! you are all heart, like your father. Come and let me kiss you. Madam, will you give me leave—

Mrs. Fr. Nay, it gives me the highest pleasure. Nothing can be more agreeable to my eyes than to see my children in the arms of an old man. It is the picture of innocence and virtue. *(The children throw themselves into Matthews's arms, who embraces and kisses them. Musick is heard.)*

Matthews, (starting up briskly.) What do I hear? Can it be the Commodore?

Melissa. Ah! would to heaven it were.

Mrs. Fr. No, farmer, it is the young folks of the hamlet coming to amuse us with a rehearsal of their entertainment.

Matthews. Oh! then I'll see it. I figured in these merry-makings formerly; but now I could scarcely hobble to keep in sight of them. Give me leave to go and place myself at the foot of this tree. This very tree I planted when I was a child. We were then much about the same age: at present it is a good deal younger than I am.

Mrs. Fr. No, Mr. Matthews; you shall sit down beside me.

Melissa. Yes, between us both.

Matthews

THE COMMODORE'S RETURN 61

Matthews. I, madam? it is too great an honour. Before all the folks too!

Mrs. Fr. I hope the folks will learn by our example to respect age and honesty. Come, farmer. (*Mrs. Freeport and Melissa lead him towards a green bank, and make him sit down betwixt them. Arabella and Matilda settle his coat skirts, and Constantine assists him to take a firm hold of his stick in order to support himself.*)

Matthews. I wish my joy may let me live till I see the Commodore. (*The young men and maids enter on different sides, and join in the middle. After walking in procession round the stage two and two, they file off before the bank on which Mrs. Freeport is seated with Matthews and the children.*)

R E C I T A T I V E,

By a young VILLAGER.

LET the soft pipe's melodious swell
In lively notes our jocund purpose tell!

Let the sprightly tabor sound,
To welcome home the brave
From perils of the distant wave,
Safe return'd to English ground.

A I R.

FIRST STRAIN, a VILLAGE MAIDEN.

Full long the stern commands of War
Have sent our chiefs and warriors far
From Albion's plenteous shore:
Now white-rob'd Peace hath smooch'd the main,
And homeward led the hardy train,
To taste her joys once more.

SECOND STRAIN, a HUSBANDMAN.

Commerce and Peace, with bloodless toil,
Unite to cull the wealthy spoil
Of Nature's boundless reign:
No more the lily and the rose
Shall marshal hosts of banner'd foes,
By land, or on the main.

THIRD

THIRD STRAIN, a VILLAGE MAIDEN.

Our ships from port to port shall sail,
 (While wealth descends in ev'ry gale,)
 And plow the ocean o'er;
 And free as air the wave shall be
 To waft my Sailor home to me,
 With his brave Commodore.

C H O R U S.

Welcome, thrice welcome, be the brave,
 From perils of the distant wave,
 Return'd to British ground!
 Let pipe and tabor's mingled swell,
 Our brave Commander's welcome tell
 To list'ning hills around.

(The Chorus being ended, the young men and maids join two and two, and walk back in procession round Mrs. Freeport, &c. saluting her, and scattering flowers as they pass.)

Mrs. Fr. My dear friends, how your joy affects me! What would I not give at this moment to share it with my worthy husband!

Matilda. Ah! mama, if he was here? Eh, Mr. Matthews?

Matthews. I do believe I should forget my rheumatism, and dance for joy.

(Military music is heard. The curtain rises, and discovers Commodore Freeport and Lieutenant Boardham in Turkish dresses, but unmasked. Beside them stands Mr. Ascham, with Thomas, Fanny, and Colin. The rear of the garden appears illuminated. Groups of peasants are seen mixed with sailors in jackets and trousers. The children stare as struck with astonishment. Constantine approaches first, looks stedfastly at the Commodore for a while, then knowing him, he cries out,) Oh! it is my papa!

Arabella and Matilda, *(following him.)* It is! it is!

(Mrs. Freeport, Melissa and Matthews, rise from the bank, and hesitating a moment, run up to Commodore Freeport and Lieutenant Boardham, whose Turkish habits drop off, and show them in their naval uniform. Commodore Freeport springs

springs forward, and embraces Mrs. Freeport and Melissa by turns.)

Mrs. Fr. My dear husband!

Melissa. My father!

The Children, (pulling him by the skirt.) O papa! O papa! it is our turn now.

Com. Fr. I would I could embrace you all at once. Dear wife, and my dear little ones!

Mrs. Fr. We are too good for loving you still, after the trick you have played us. But whence comes this disguise?

Com. Fr. (presenting Lieut. Boardham.) There, there is the gentleman that you are to scold for this whole adventure. I give him up to your vengeance. (*Lieut. Boardham salutes Mrs. Freeport and Melissa.*) It was a smart action of his that first put us in possession of these clothes; so that he is the original cause of our frolic. I had a mind to shew him to you in his eastern spoils.

Lieut. Boardham. I hope, every action of my life will make me still more worthy of this lady's favour. (*He kisses Melissa's hand.*)

Com. Fr. (turning towards Matthews.) But don't I see my good old friend here? (*He steps up to Matthews, and takes him by the hand.*)

Matthews. I could not speak, I was so intoxicated with joy. Now I have seen you, my noble landlord, I can die content.

Com. Fr. No, my dear friend! you shall live. This day shall make you younger by ten years. (*To Mrs. Freeport,*) My dear, I thank you for the distinction that you have shewn him. There is not in all this country an honester man, and our family will never have a more worthy friend.—(*He turns towards the other country people.*) And you, my friends, my children, how rejoiced I am to see you once more! I am fixed amongst you now, probably, for some years. Let us all study to make each other mutually happy. I shall look upon your happiness as a proof of your gratitude.

All the Country People. Long live our noble landlord! Long live our brave Commodore!

Com. Fr. And you too, my friends, long may you live happy, and for that purpose let us be joyous. I have received

ceived your entertainment, I will return you mine. We shall not want for refreshment. Every thing is prepared.

Mr. Ascham. We thought, Madam, to surprize the Commodore, but he is more alert than we are.

Thomas. I hope you will allow, Sir, that nobody could be more discreet than I was.

Colin. Then what do you say of me, father?

Matilda. Ah! you have found your tongue now at last.

Fanny. You may all say what you will, but I think mine has been the hardest part to-day; for I have only this word to say, and I am the last speaker of all.

(A general dance, Commodore Freeport joins in it with all his family, to the sound of military music, which is relieved at intervals by the pipe and tabor. After the dance all adjourn to tables, which are spread with refreshments of all sorts, in another part of the garden.)

WAR AND PEACE.

Commodore Freeport, still agitated with the pleasing sensations that he experienced during the course of the day, could not close his eyes till long after midnight, when at length a grateful slumber stole upon him, and soft dreams composed his agitated bosom. In the morning, the first objects that he beheld about him were his children, who had placed themselves around his bed in expectation of his waking. He received their sweet caresses, clasped them tenderly himself, and putting on his clothes as quickly as he could, went down into the garden with them.

The serenity then reigning round about, the pleasure of revisiting those places which his own hands had cultivated in times past, and of being once again restored in safety to his family, when such an interval of separation had elapsed, and even the recollection of the dangers to which he had often been exposed, every thing inspired him with unspeakable affection; and his children, sensible of this, employed the opportunity to ask him question after question.

He

He gave a relation of every thing worth knowing, that had happened to him in his many and perilous voyages, of the storms that had attacked his ships, and the hazardous expeditions in which he was concerned. He described to them the solitary uninhabited regions visited by his people, and, on the other hand, the populous nations that he had seen, together with their customs, characters, and manners.

During his recital, he was careful to remark what sort of feelings it excited in their hearts, and what was the expression of those feelings on their countenances. At the slightest mention of the dangers that he had encountered, he felt the little girls, by instinct as it were, press tenderly to him: they sighed, and now and then let fall a tear; while Constantine, his son, was animated, and seemed ready, or at least his features spoke him ready, to encounter the same degree of danger. In particular, at the recital of any warlike action, you might see his breath heave, and his eyes sparkle like fire.

Papa, cried he at length, if I were but as big as you, how I should like to go to war, that, in my turn, I might appear as brave a man as you.

Com. Fr. But, Constantine, you know not what a cruel wish you indulge now.

Constant. Why, papa! do not you mean me for a soldier?

Com. Fr. Yes, I do, indeed.

Constant. And is not the profession of a soldier necessary?

Com. Fr. Too much so, I must confess. It is with a kingdom just the same as with a human body. Both are subject to interior maladies, and outward accidents. The physician watches the body carefully, to prevent complaints within it, which might happen through the fermentation of sharp humours, or to save it from those ills that it might sustain from hurtful objects. Just so, likewise, does the soldier watch the state, of which he is a member, to suppress seditions that might rise within it, and repel the invasion of ambitious nations dwelling round about it.

Constant. But, papa, if the profession of a soldier be so necessary, ought not I to wish for opportunities of exercising it?

Com

Com. Fr. What would you think of that physician, who, impressed with a desire of practising his art, should wish a dangerous malady, a plague for instance, or something like it, to befall his fellow-creatures?

Constant. O, papa, how wicked!

Com. Fr. What then must I think of him, who, to gratify a principle of pride, or ambition, should desire to see the greatest scourge that can attend on human nature lay waste his country?

Arabella. Ah! Constantine, think of that, and let us see what you will answer!

Constant. And yet war, papa, is quite delightful, and particularly if one were a king.

Com. Fr. In what, then, do you think it so delightful?

Constant. In the first place, because then a king may make himself more powerful.

Com. Fr. Be it granted, kings may have recourse to war with justice. But when they wish to have more power, do you imagine that in prudence they should do so; that is, go to war? Suppose within yourselves, dear children, that the lands about my estate here were as many little empires, and their owners, Mr. Marchmont and the rest, as many kings within them.

Arabella. Ay, like those of France and England. Do you understand?

Constant. Don't be uneasy, sister, upon my account. I understand extremely well. Pray, dear papa, go on!

Com. Fr. If I prevail upon my tenants to take arms, and if they can obtain possession of a field belonging, as I said just now, to Mr. Marchmont, is it not pretty likely that Mr. Marchmont will give his tenants arms, and beg them to defend that field, which they must know is his; and very possibly encourage them to seize on something that belongs to me?

Matilda. Yes, that is quite natural.

Com. Fr. If so, then I am plunged into a sea of trouble, and must always be upon the watch, that I may rob my neighbour, or prevent his robbing me. Of which the consequence is this: if I prosper, I must reasonably fear that my neighbours will conspire together to impede my further violences; and divide my spoils, if I am beaten.

Constant.

Constant. Ay, papa; but then, the glory that you would gain, by letting all the neighbours see how brave you are!

Com. Fr. I understand you; and to gain this glory, which at best is but imaginary, I shall go and hazard the repose and life of those whom I ought to regard as my children! But it is very possible that my neighbour may be braver by a deal than I; what then shall I have gained by this fantastic wish of glory?

Constant. As I take it, you should previously provide yourself with such a force, as to be sure of conquest.

Com. Fr. I might still reply, by hinting that my neighbour certainly would take the same advantages, might possibly be more successful, and so make my enterprising disposition cost me dear at last. But for the sake of argument, Constantine, I will suppose that fortune favours me, and my estate is much enlarged: alas! this very circumstance, in all probability, may become my ruin.

Constant. How, papa? Methinks you would become the richer for it. With a greater quantity of land, you would have much more money coming in.

Com. Fr. Ah, Constantine! it is not on the size of an estate that its worth depends, but on the care which one takes to cultivate it.

Arabella. Certainly; for only think of Wilsdon-heath, where Mr. Bramble lives. Why, no one in his senses would give up the fourth part of such an orchard as we have for all that heath.

Matilda. I easily believe you. Wilsdon-heath produces only furze and thorns, while our orchard bears a deal of fruit.

Constant. But what would hinder you from cultivating all the land that you might have taken from your neighbour?

Com. Fr. If I have before-hand lost in the dispute a number of my tenants, and a portion of the rest are still employed in arms, who then will cultivate my fields? I shall notwithstanding, in the interval, be obliged to feed those men who have forsaken agriculture, and who, instead of following it, are occupied in laying waste the ground on which they tread. Now, to feed them, I must put fresh burdens upon those that still remain employed in cultivating my estate, and make them pay me larger rents.

If I impose upon them, they will leave their farms, and chuse more kind and peaceful landlords than myself. Of course, I shall have none about me but armed tenants, who, if ever they conceive themselves ill treated, will be likely to conspire against me.

Constant. I have read, indeed, such things in history: my tutor very lately, I remember, pointed one out to me.

Com. Fr. Let us now, on the other hand, suppose, Constantine, that instead of vexing any of the nations round me; for I drop the idea of a landlord and speak as if I were the king of England and alluded to the king of France; suppose, I say, that instead of vexing any of the king of France's subjects, I should do my utmost to attach them to me by a commerce advantageous both to them and my own people, and by being scrupulously careful to prevent whatever might occasion, for the time to come; division and dispute between us; and should give encouragement, within my own dominions, to the arts of agriculture, so that every one of my subjects might enjoy, if he thought fit, the sweets of peace, and that serenity which always flows from justice; should I not be happier, through the happiness of every one about me, than from any boast of having conquered? And in that case, would not my dominion be established on a much more solid base than if I had enlarged its limits, when the consequence must be, that every part becomes much weaker?

Constant. But papa, do not you remember that you compared, just now, a kingdom to a human body? If a human body then, like mine, grows stronger every day as it grows bigger, sure a kingdom must become more powerful in proportion as its size increases.

Com. Fr. So it would do, I confess, if that increase were carried forward, as it is in nature, by a slow and gradual rate, and not in consequence of sudden revolutions.

Constant. Pray, explain this last particular.

Com. Fr. I will make it clearly understood, by what I saw take place between a little boy and girl, on board the ship in which I came to England.

Constant. What you saw take place between a little boy and girl? I cannot conceive how any thing like that can be of use in settling this affair!

Com. Fr. One evening, their mama gave each of them a piece of cake. The girl was less a great deal than her brother

brother, and had notwithstanding very near as large a piece. The boy remarked that circumstance, and snatched her share away. Now, what do you imagine led him to this action of injustice?

Constant. I suppose, he thought it wrong that his sister, being less than he, should have a piece almost as large.

Matilda. Oh! what a mighty man!

Com. Fr. Exactly such is the pretext assigned in general by all conquerors. But what happened to the little boy? When he had finished eating, he grew sick. The aliments that we swallow, being meant to strengthen us, it is very natural to fancy that the more we take the stronger we shall be: so also it is not unnatural for a child to fancy that a prince, whose territories are increased, should find his power increased in proportion. But in reality, it is with a kingdom just as with our stomach. Being overcharged, it must be out of order. If the little boy had been contented with the piece that he had received, (for you must know he was an ailing child, and therefore had not so much as his sister who was very hearty,) it would have digested properly and strengthened him; whereas, by eating more than he could bear, it had the effect upon him which I have just now mentioned. If his sister, following the example that he had set her, had proceeded upon this to take away his bit of cake by force, as little as she was, he would not have had sufficient strength to save it from her.

Constant. But, perhaps, he would have thought of the injustice that he had done, and yielded it without a struggle?

Com. Fr. That is a generosity of which the common sort of conquerors are not capable to one another. If they were but so in favour of their subjects only, how could they reflect upon the multitude of victims which they must sacrifice upon the altar of their vengeance or ambition, the first time they combat with the people whom they have made their enemies, and not be struck with horror at the thought? I should imagine it would be well, if kings, upon the point of undertaking any war, should have a picture hung before them, setting forth the horrors of that war, so that their fancies might be incessantly affected with the idea of it; and at midnight, when all nature otherwise is still about them, might hear the groans of wounded

wounded men reproaching them as the occasion of those pains which they suffer, the despairing cries of wives and mothers loading them with curses, and the clamours of a people famishing for want of bread. Their souls are sometimes wrought on, by unjust sollicitations, to grant criminals their life; and yet they sign, without remorse, what shall condemn to death even thousands of their unoffending subjects. A good king employs whole years in meditating on a project that may finally prove beneficial to some portion of his state, to population, trade, or agriculture. Twenty years shall pass away before the project is perfected; while a warlike, that is, cruel king shall, by the resolution of a moment, half exterminate his people, put a stop to agriculture, tie up the industrious hands of artizans, deprive the poor of their subsistence by depriving them of daily work, reduce whole families to dissolution, and at last entirely overthrow his realm!

Constant. And yet, papa, I have often heard that great fortunes are made by hundreds, in the time of war.

Com. Fr. And this is an addition to the evils which it foment; for, not to speak of those antipathies which the inequality of wealth produces in the hearts of such as are each other's neighbours, those enormous fortunes cherish a degree of luxury that cannot but corrupt men's manners to the last excess. The pomp with which it is surrounded, the enjoyment which it procures, the shameful deference or respect which men dare not, if they would, refuse it, stimulate the generality of those who are upon an equal footing in regard to rank with the luxurious, but less wealthy, to affect it with the same indecency, that they may either satisfy their pride or keep up their respectability. They waste their real wealth in keeping up their luxury, that they may gain possession of that shadowy wealth which they fancy they *shall* get. Intimidated by the dread of their approaching ruin, if they do not hasten to prevent it by unlawful methods, they embark in dangerous enterprises, and expose not only their own property, but whatever may be entrusted in their hands by others whom the hope of a fallacious profit will inveigle to be partners in their schemes. Their ruin is at last announced; but the example will not terrify cupidity which always hopes to prosper more than others, by employing subtler artifices: and as soon as probity is given up, then
mutual

mutual trust is banished, and a nation's commerce perishes through the excess of that abundance which it created.

Constant. But if any land grows rich by peace, should we not always have sufficient cause to fear the same misfortune?

Com. Fr. Not at all. It is only suddenly made fortunes that intoxicate the minds of their possessors, and excite them to abuse their wealth. Fortunes gradually gained, or in the ordinary course of commerce, are in consequence of many years consumed in toil. Men hardly ever dissipate the treasure which they have laboured hard to acquire, but lay it by, to serve them in the wearisome condition of old age: besides, their fortunes are, in that case, much more equable, and every one is rich, while no one overflows with wealth. The country, having far less wants in that serenity with which commerce blesses it, is not under the necessity of grinding the laborious husbandman; but, on the contrary, is able to encourage him in furnishing the trading part of the community with those supplies of corn and other fruits of the earth which it requires.—An empire strengthened thus by trade and agriculture, may give laws to other empires, even on account of its tranquillity. Its neighbours fear it, and instead of making inroads on a people who must be too powerful for them, seek alliance with that people. This alliance draws mankind together, roots out national antipathies, and kindles sentiments of unity and concord in their stead. The prince has only to prevent abuses in the state. A perfect legislation causes justice and strict order to prevail among his people, and they pass from individuals to whole states. Trade, arts, and sciences, may be compared to bridges that extend from one to the other, and on which not only Peace, but Plenty, constantly walk to and fro, that they may keep inviolate the happiness of those whom they have united.

Constant. I conceive your meaning pretty clearly: yet, in case there be no war, then soldiers are unnecessary, and my regiment must be broke before I join it?

Com. Fr. Not so fast, Constantine; for an undefended state would be exposed, by reason of its riches, to a multitude of enemies. It should keep up a regulated force in peace, if it would have one in the time of war. But then, instead of looking on an unconcerned spectator;
while

while the military quench their spirit in debauchery and sloth, it should assign them labours to keep up their strength, and make them useful to the state. They should be stationed on the public roads, and such as are employed at present on them never quit the plow and sickle: an additional connexion would, in that case, forcibly unite them to their country, in that natural propensity which men feel to value what their industry in some sort has created, and the pride with which they are at all times ready to defend it. The superior officer, who should direct their labours, would not, we must own, observe his name recorded in the papers of the day, and no where else, for trifling enterprises, such as history descends not to perpetuate; but would himself engrave it on a pillar, raised upon the spot where once ascended a high hill that he should have levelled, on the side of a canal or post that he should have dug, or at the opening of a bridge that he should have built. The traveller then would come from the remotest part of Europe to consider the magnificence and boldness of his toil, his countrymen would bless the benefits accruing from it, and a generation not then born, would in future time rise up, and wonder at its durability. The colour of his coat no longer would excite one thought of bloodshed, but of gratitude, so justly due to benefits, and of respect invariably paid to the ingenious. His leisure moments would be spent in the extension of those sciences which he had formerly studied, and in suggesting plans of policy, resulting from his observations made in different countries. Retiring in the end, to pass away the residue of life on his estate with honour, in the recollection of those benefits which he had communicated to his country, his activity would flourish still in agriculture. I even dare propose myself as an example. I am inclined to think that I have been serviceable to my king in India; but shall much more boast of benefiting for the time to come my native land, by cultivating the inheritance which a father left me, and by giving you, my children, a becoming education. I shall do my utmost to atone for any involuntary violence that I may have done humanity, by being henceforth a protector of the needy round about me; and I hope I shall not die without the conscious satisfaction which a good citizen enjoys, in having carefully discharged his duty.

Constant.

Constant. What you say, papa, appears to me quite reasonable. Then why do not all men think as you do?

Com. Fr. Why, Constantine, but because they have unfortunately been brought up in prejudices, and not had sufficient resolution to correct them? Hitherto, philosophers have spoken to none but those whose understandings could not see the truth and beauty of those principles which I have happily been taught. Nor is there any hope that men, now come to years of reason and reflexion, should be taught to see them! so that those philosophers must get new pupils. In infancy the future man must be prepared. By giving him betimes a tincture of integrity, beneficence and generosity, he will obtain, in his maturity, the habit of displaying them in every action of his life; and place his glory in contributing, as far as he is able, to that general revolution so much to be wished for in behalf of virtue. A young prince possessed of these exalted notions, and persuaded that the rising generation have them too, might rationally hope to govern a new sort of people, who would certainly afford a model to all other lands. Congratulate yourselves, dear children, on the circumstance of being born in those auspicious times, when children are, not only here, but universally throughout all Europe, the peculiar objects whose felicity philosophers are studying to promote; and not they only, but even women—women, notwithstanding narrow-mindedness delights at all times to disparage, as it does, their understanding. Perhaps for you, and your contemporaries, is reserved the happiness of seeing the last traces of injustice and barbarity effaced among mankind. Thrice happy I, myself, if giving now these first ideas of a system of morality, so simple but sublime, I take but one step forward in the business of establishing this system in your hearts. You will do all that you can to second my endeavours, by communicating my instruction to your future children.

E U P H R A S I A.

Euphrasia. WELL, Miss Obstinate! you won't (to her doll) then, I suppose, do what I bid you? you'll be always with your neck as stiff as if you were a sentry in St. James's park. Hold up your head! and look at me! See how I put my neck.—There.—Don't you think that's charming! O, you're mighty dull this morning. Take care, Miss, however, and don't put me in a passion; or depend upon it I shall be as angry with you, as mama was yesterday with me, for beating Pompey.

Mrs. Stepney. (having heard a few of these last words.) Why, you seem quite serious! Has your doll failed in her behaviour towards you?

Euphrasia. I am showing her what airs and graces would become her; and she wont even hear me.

Mrs. Stepney. I confess, it cannot but displease one, that such salutary counsel should be thrown away. However, you were speaking, I believe, of being angry.

Euphrasia. O, no, no, mama: I was only finding fault;—but very likely you heard every thing that I said?

Mrs. Stepney. Suppose me not to have heard a syllable; now let me know what you were saying to her. Is it possible that you can object to my knowing your little secrets?

Euphrasia. No, mama, I cannot. On the contrary, I am sensible that young ladies should have no secrets between them and their mama.

Mrs. Stepney. Well said, my little heart! and therefore tell me word for word, as well as you are able, every thing that you said to your doll.

Euphrasia. Well then, mama, she would not hold her head a little thus, upon one side, and I was telling her that if she refused to follow my directions, I would be as angry with her, as you were with me last night for beating Pompey.

Mrs. Stepney. You suppose then that I was angry with you?

Euphrasia. I imagined, when I saw you looking at me, it was not as you were used to do; and therefore I supposed so.

Mrs.

Mrs. Stepney. No: it was not anger, it was sadness. In the first place, I was sorry that you could have a heart to hurt your dog; and in the next place, I was apprehensive lest Pompey might avenge himself, if you went on to strike him without mercy: if you recollect, I told you so; and as you seemed to be so much offended at my admonitions, I was fearful that you would show yourself quite disobedient in the end: on which account I was so much afflicted, that I could not but shed tears. You saw me do so; and therefore you supposed me in a passion.—In a passion!—out upon the word! I should have been then as faulty in respect to you, as you were in respect to Pompey.

Euphrasia. But you are not angry, mama, at what I told my doll?

Mrs. Stepney. Well; not a word of being angry: but respecting certain airs of coquetry that you wished to teach your doll, and of which you even gave a pattern yourself—I should be glad to touch on that a little.

Euphrasia. They set me off, as I thought, to advantage; for Miss Humphreville, not long since, told me so.

Mrs. Stepney. I think, I ought to know better than Miss Humphreville; and I assure you, I am not at all of her opinion.

Euphrasia. Yet I practised something of that kind, mama, before my looking-glass last night, and thought it became me mightily.

Mrs. Stepney. You imagine then, that such twists and monkey tricks are worth the native grace of childhood! it is plain, you do not know to what they tend.

Euphrasia. To what, pray? Tell me.

Mrs. Stepney. Why to nothing less, Euphrasia, than to make you give into the habit of an odious affectation, and be as hypocritical in heart as in carriage.

Euphrasia. Bless me! is that true, mama? I am very glad then, that I was drawn into this conversation on the subject; as without it, I should certainly have run the risque of falling into such a vice, without intending it.

Mrs. Stepney. And I, Euphrasia, full of confidence in your ingenuous candor, should probably not have per-

ceived it, till the malady had made so great a progress, as to render difficult the application of a proper remedy. You see, then, of what consequence it is to pay no manner of attention to the instruction which children, hardly more experienced than yourself, may give ; but rather to consult *me* always, when you want advice.

Euphrasia. Yes, yes, mama ; I promise you, I will, since you will give me good instruction. How should I feel hereafter, were you to charge me with this vice of affectation, as you know you have done with respect to other faults, in company ? They have always been trifling faults ; and yet, to be reproved in public for them shamed me : but for affectation—Oh, I verily believe, to be accused of that would kill me with confusion.

Mrs. Stepney. I have sometimes been obliged to take this method of public accusation, that the lesson I designed you, might impress itself more deeply ; but believe me, we may strike a plan out that will save you, for the time to come, all such humiliation.

Euphrasia. Ah, mama, how good you are ! I shall be glad to have it.

Mrs. Stepney. Then the plan is, to obey me at the slightest nod that I give, when any thing is to be done, or left undone. You will do well to think within yourself, and find out, if you can, the reason of my prohibition or command ; but if you cannot find it out, be obedient nevertheless, and the first time that we are alone, come then and ask me. I shall very willingly explain my reason.

Euphrasia. Ah, mama, your plan is indeed a very clever one ; and I shall save myself a deal of care by following it.

Persuaded of the wisdom of this plan, Euphrasia never ventured for the future upon any the least doubtful action without first consulting her mama. She came at last to understand the slightest token from her, and could tell what was proper for her to do, in circumstances of embarrassment. The tender admonition of the mother, and her own reflexions, gradually gave her an experience far above her age ; and all who knew her were as much surprized as captivated with the prudence of her conduct and the ripeness of her understanding. At the age of
twelve

twelve she was possessed of all the happiness to be enjoyed on earth, the inward satisfaction of her own approving heart, the attachment of her friends, and the affection of her parents.

THE PRUDENT OFFICER.

COLONEL Ormsby, who by his merit had attained to that high rank, observed with great concern that the officers belonging to his regiment gave their time and faculties entirely up to play. Intent upon their reformation, he invited them one day to dine with him; and having brought the conversation round to such a point that gaming might be naturally introduced, he gave them the subjoined short narrative of his own life.

I was no sooner come from college, than my parents bought me an Ensigncy, then vacant in the regiment which I have now the honour to command. The love that I had contracted in my infancy for study, made them hope to see me equally desirous of discharging the duties of my new condition, and of attaining the reputation at which in the confidence of their hope they destined me one day to arrive. For some few months, I acted so as not to disappoint their expectations; but soon after, the pernicious model set before me by my brother officers, together with their persuasions, having drawn me in to make one with them at their meetings, the insatiate demon *Play* obtained such strong possession of my heart, that every duty which hindered me from gratifying this new passion, soon became intolerable. I could hardly bring myself to quit the gaming table for an hour, however I might stand in need of rest. In sleep, I dreamed of heaps of gold and silver. I was always shuffling cards, and a continual noise of dice was in my ear.

The natural necessity of eating was become my punishment: I swallowed up my meat in haste, that I might be as little absent from my gambling partners as I could.

The beauteous mornings of the spring, the charming evenings of the summer, the voluptuous calmness of Autumnal weather, every thing in short, most capable of pleasing the imagination when it contemplates nature, was to me entirely lost; even friendship had no further place within me. I was only in the company of gamblers. The idea of my parents was grown painful to me; and if ever I reflected upon God, it was in blasphemies poured out against his holy name.

At first, I must acknowledge, fortune was particularly favourable to me; which had so bewildered and debased my understanding, as to make me often spread my winnings on the ground and lie upon them, that all those who knew me might assert with truth, and in the literal sense of the expression, that I was used to roll on gold.

For three whole years my life passed on in these unworthy occupations. It is impossible for me, at present, to remember them without blushing at the stain which they have reflected on my honour: and if possible, I would efface them now, by giving up a half of the remaining days that I have to live. But how shall I presume to mention an excess more frightful still, of which no worthy conduct will remove the blot, even after twenty years all passed in probity and honour? Judge, my friends, how anxious I must be to render my deplorable example useful to you, by the pain which I am content to suffer, when I thus submit to so humiliating a confession.

I was once upon a time commanded to go out with a recruiting party; but, alas! resigned the business of it to my serjeant, while I followed my unhappy passion. Two days afterwards he brought me twenty men to have their bounty money paid them. I had lost the night before, not only every thing that I possessed in the world myself, but likewise the whole sum delivered me for this recruiting service. Think then, gentlemen, what must have been my sorrow and despair in such a situation! I dispatched that moment an express to where our regiment lay in quarters; and ingenuously confessing my misconduct, begged a brother officer to lend me what I wanted.

How! replied that officer, give up so great a sum of money to a professed gambler? No; if I must either lose
my

my property, or give up my connection with a man whose conduct makes his friendship infamous, I chuse to keep my property.

Immediately on reading this insulting answer, I was utterly beside myself; and still remember, as what happened yesterday, the dreadful images which all at once came crowding into my imagination: on the one hand, the distress and indignation of my father, the dishonour that I was fixing on my family, as well as on every one that knew me, and the dread of being broke with infamy; on the other hand, the brilliant prospect of that promotion which I might have obtained, by an honourable conduct in my post: nor did I afterwards recover the possession of my understanding, but to think of perpetrating a new crime, that I might be delivered from that ignominy which my first would bring upon me. I was ready to go through with such a desperate resolution, when I saw the very officer come into my apartment, whose reply had hurried me, as I have said just now, into this state of madness.

In the first emotion of my rage, I fell upon him like a fiend; but he disarmed me very quickly; and while I but little thought of what was to ensue, embraced me, and began as follows. "I replied a little harshly to your letter, as I meant, by such an answer, that you should see the horror of that situation into which your rashness has precipitated you; and I perceive what effect it has upon you. Now therefore that you repent, my property, my life, and every thing that I have, you may command, as you think proper."

"Here," continued he, and threw his purse upon the table, "here is what will serve to pay your new recruits: and the remainder may supply you at the gaming-table, if you mean to return thither."

Return to the gaming-table! Never, never, answered I; and clasped him to my heart.

Since which, I have precisely kept my word. From that day forward I determined to have done with all expensive pleasures, and apply my savings to the purpose of repaying what my generous friend had lent me. I employed my leisure time in study. My attention to the service recommended me to my superiors; and to such a happy

80 THE PRODIGAL DOUBLY PUNISHED.

lution in the course of my affairs I am indebted for the honour of my present station in the army.

This recital made so powerful an impression on his officers, that every game of hazard ceased among them, and a noble emulation to arrive at useful knowledge quenched that low ambition of winning money which was their ruling passion before. Such was the good consequence resulting from their prudent colonel's lesson.

THE PRODIGAL DOUBLY PUNISHED.

A Worthy private gentleman, observing with concern his only son upon the point of taking to a spendthrift way of living, let him do as he thought proper; and it was not long before the son had run himself behind hand to a great amount. I will pay whatever debt you may contract, said the father to him, as my honour is much dearer to me than my money; but take notice of what follows: You love joyous living, and I love the poor. I have given away in charity a great deal less than I was used to do before I thought of your establishment. I will think no longer of it; a libertine should never marry; so indulge yourself as much as you think proper, but on this condition: I declare, that when, at any time, you spend beyond the money which I allow you to keep yourself as a gentleman, some hospital, or other charitable institution, shall receive from me as much as you require to satisfy your debts; and I will begin this very day. Accordingly the money was that moment ordered to a certain charity; and thus the youth, on being doubly punished for his prodigality, was quickly cured of a disease which otherwise would have insured his ruin.

THE LITTLE GAMBLERS.

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. FLETCHER.

HONORIA, - - his Daughter.

AUGUSTINE, - - his Son.

JONATHAN, - - Augustine's Neighbour.

ALBERT, - - - his Friend.

RICH, }

VYSE, }

CRIB, } - - Gamblers.

The SCENE is in the garden of Mr. Fletcher; during the first act, in one part, after which it changes to another part.

SCENE I.

Jonathan, Albert.

Albert. WHAT have you to do at Augustine's, then?

Jonathan. I want to have a little conversation with him, Albert; and you know him likewise.

Albert. Yes, by sight. You have not always been so intimate, I fancy, as you are at present.

Jonathan. Not before my father took a lodging here, adjoining his apartments. We see one another often now; and last night were together for an hour or two, at cards.

Albert. I think, of late, you talk of nothing else but cards; and I have seen you frequently along with Rich and Vyse, of whom I cannot say any good.

Jonathan. You know them but too well; and would to heaven that I had never seen them!

Albert. Is it so? But you may break off their acquaintance when you please.

Jonathan. That is not, at present, in my power. Would you betray me, if I told you something?

Albert. We have long been friends ; and would you fear to trust me, Jonathan ?

Jonathan. O my dear good Albert ! they have made me miserable, and engaged me to do things for which my father would renounce me if he knew them. I have not a moment's peace.

Albert. Alas ! what are they ?

Jonathan. Yesterday they got me to go with them to a place where one *Crib* waited for them. We sat down to play, and I lost all I had.

Albert. They cheated you, no doubt. But still there is no great mischief done ; for never play again, and then your loss will be a gain.

Jonathan. But this is not the whole. As I had no more money, and still wanted to win back my loss, I still played on, and in the end they got possession of my watch, my coat and waistcoat buttons, buckles, and, in short, of every thing that I had worth selling. I owe *Crib* a guinea likewise, and he will tell my father, if I cannot find means to pay him to-day.

Albert. There is but one thing that you can do. Confess the whole directly to your father. I am sure, he will pardon you on your repentance.

Jonathan. Never ! never !

Albert. What will you do, then ?

Jonathan. I dare not tell you.

Albert. Let me know it.

Jonathan. I communicated my distress to Rich and Vyse, and they advised a scheme to extricate me.

Albert. A fine scheme, no doubt !

Jonathan. It is not certainly the fairest, as you will say ; but what am I at liberty to do ? I have already introduced them to young Augustine. He has money.

Albert. Well ; you do not intend to rob him, surely ?

Jonathan. Heaven forbid ! They only mean to serve him just as *Crib* served me ; and then we are to share the winnings, so that I may pay my debt.

Albert. And so, because you have been pillaged yourself, you would assist them to defraud your friend too ? But how know you that Augustine will not win ?

Jonathan. Oh ! no : he plays quite fair.

Albert. And you like a sharper ?

Jonathan. Like a sharper ?

Albert.

Albert. No ; I am sensible that you play as fair as Augustine, and therefore you lost. Now, as I hope you always mean to play so, how can you be sure of winning ?

Jonathan. I do not know how it is ; but they inform me that they have certain ways by which they are sure of winning.

Albert. Ways ! They are knavish tricks, and would you use them ? I am not rich, and yet I would not mend my fortune by your certain ways. I am even sorry that you have told me your intention.

Jonathan. My dear Albert, have compassion on me, and I promise——

Albert. Promise ! What can bring me to assist in your deception ?

Jonathan. No ; I mean to say, that if I am but so lucky as to pay this odious Crib, I will break off all connexion with him and his friends ; and never touch a card again. If I should break this promise, you shall be at liberty to tell my father every thing. (*Albert shakes his head.*) Yes, every thing. And then, it will not rest with me to cheat : I cannot if I would, and Crib has taken that upon himself. I shall but play my cards : they have promised that I shall be no loser, but divide the profit with them.

Albert. Well ; I will make a party with you.

Jonathan. I desire no better, and will instantly invite young Augustine for the afternoon. His father is at present in the country, and will not come back perhaps these three weeks.

Albert. Quite convenient ! But take notice, if yourself should cheat him——

Jonathan. Do not talk so. I wish I had not told you the affair.

Albert. And so do I. I should not then be answerable for it.

Jonathan. Answerable ?

Albert. To my conscience, surely. I can see a worthy youth on the point of being cheated.

Jonathan. But you will not cheat him.

Albert. Jonathan, if you saw a thief pick even a stranger's pocket, ought you to keep silence ?

Jonathan. Augustine will but lose two, three, or possibly four guineas ; and be cured of playing.

Albert. Just as you are cured. But here comes Augustine, I see.

SCENE II.

Jonathan, Albert, Augustine.

Augustine. Good morrow to you both.

Albert. Good morrow, Augustine.

Jonathan. What, you have not been down yet into the garden, when it is such fine weather?

Albert. Mr. Augustine does not like to run about as you do, and can entertain himself in his apartment.

Augustine. Yes; but I have been already walking in the garden, and even breakfasted with Honoria and my father in the grove.

Jonathan, (Surprized.) Is he returned so soon? I fancy, you are not well pleased at that.

Augustine. Not well pleased! when he has been three weeks away?

Jonathan. I love my parents well enough; and yet, if they should take it in their heads to travel, it would not vex me.

Augustine. And, for my part, I could wish my father never out of sight, he is so extremely kind!

Jonathan. And mine so harsh, I must not think of pleasure when he is near me.

Albert. Who can tell what pleasures you expect!

Augustine. I thought you were in want of nothing on that head. Since we have lodged together, I have almost every day observed you at the door; and when I have met you in the garden, never could I see you under any thing appearing like restraint.

Jonathan. No, no; I have always met you on days when my father dined abroad, and that is the only time that I have to use as I think proper; therefore I do turn it to account. But now your father is come home, I take it, we shall not see you quite so often in an evening?

Augustine. Why not, Jonathan? He refuses me no pleasure that I can ask. However, I must say, I find no company like his; and he, too, has frequently said that he thinks my company and Honoria's quite delightful.

Jonathan. What a charming father! So then he permits you to go out both when and where you like?

Augustus.

Augustine. He does, because I always tell him where I am going.

Albert. And because he knows that you never go but where you tell him?

Jonathan. What then do you do for entertainment, when you are both together?

Augustine. In the summer evenings, frequently we take a walk.

Jonathan. In winter?

Augustine. We sit down before the fire, and talk of fifty curious matters; or I study geography, and take a lesson in the mathematics. Sometimes too, with Honoria and a friend or two, we act a little drama of some kind or other. You cannot think how that amuses us!

Jonathan. But sure such different studies are enough to crack your brain!

Augustine. On the contrary, they come of course, as if they were an amusement.

Jonathan. A game at cards I should suppose much more amusing. Do you ever play?

Augustine. Yes, truly; and my father frequently makes one.

Jonathan. And do you play for money?

Augustine. Doubtless; but a trifle, just enough to interest one in the game; and particularly, as by that, my father says, one learns to lose with temper.

Albert. That is quite right; one ought to husband, as they say, one's purse,

Augustine. Oh! do not imagine that I want money. I have more than I can use.

Jonathan. How much?

Augustine. A crown a week.

Jonathan. A good allowance, truly! And all that to purchase trifles?

Augustine. Yes, such trifles as my father would not like to have me trouble him about; and that, I must acknowledge, makes me much more careful.

Albert. I believe so. One can hardly chuse but know the worth of things, when one must pay for them one's self.

Augustine. True, Albert. And besides, one naturally saves in that case, as I myself have found it; so that what
with

THE LITTLE GAMBLERS.

with presents and some other matters, I have now five guineas in my pocket, without reckoning silver.

Jonathan. Such a deal! And how can you employ it?

Augustine. Have I nothing then to buy? However, I can dispose of it otherwise. I pay to have our footman's daughter put to school; and every Monday morning send a trifle to a writing-master that I had once, and who is now grown blind: these, both together, make up something; and I keep the rest for ordinary uses, and among them, for play.

Jonathan. At which you are tolerably lucky. You remember, you won half a crown of me the other night, at *One-and-thirty*.

Augustine. I was sorry, as I always am, to win of friends.

Jonathan. Then you shall have an opportunity at night of losing, if you think fit. Are you engaged?

Augustine. No; I shall stay at home. My father is to draw out a petition for a widow woman, who would get into an alms-house.

Jonathan. That is well: and mine goes out at five. Come then to me, and I will endeavour to amuse you. We shall have Rich, Vyse, and Crib.

Augustine. I will run and ask my father's leave. Shall you be here when I return?

Jonathan. No, I must go and give them notice of the party; but your answer Mr. Albert will bring to me.

S C E N E III.

Albert, Augustine.

Augustine. Will you go in with me, Mr. Albert? I am sure, my father will be very glad to see you: he has often told me what a great esteem he has conceived this long while for you.

Albert. I am very happy in his partiality. The esteem of such a gentleman is highly honourable; but at present I am rather indisposed, and shall remain, with your permission, in the garden.

Augustine. Do; a turn or two will settle you, and I shall not be absent long.

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

Albert, (musing.)

I do not know what to do in this affair! Poor Jonathan is afflicted! I should like to extricate him; but then to let the worthy Augustine be cheated! No, the accomplice is not better than the robber; and to favour roguery is just as bad as doing it. I will go therefore and tell the whole. But, softly! here comes Honoria. Let me first of all do every thing in my power to assist her in preserving Augustine from the danger, and yet not betray my friend.

S C E N E V.

Albert, Honoria.

Honoria. What, you here, Mr. Albert, and alone? I thought I saw my brother talking with you.

Albert. He has just now left me.

Honoria. I should wish him never to leave you, if his company were but agreeable to you: I should not be uneasy then.

Albert. You do me honour, miss; but surely Mr. Augustine is too sensible to give you any pain.

Honoria. I have no pain while he keeps company with such as you: but shall I come directly to the point? I do not think any good of those companions of Jonathan's; and he wants by all means to mix with them.

Albert. I have not yet perceived that their company has hurt him.

Honoria. True; but my poor brother, I must say, is innocent, and somewhat credulous: he judges every one to be like himself. What would become of him, if those whom he thinks his friends were what they should not be? I have remarked, that you do not much approve of Jonathan's intimates.

Albert. To say the truth, my dear young lady, I should rather wish that Jonathan would be satisfied with Augustine's friendship. There is one advantage, notwithstanding, that his father watches over him, as yours does over Augustine; and instructs him what to do.

Honoria.

Honorio. The mischief often is remarked too late ; it is easier to prevent than cure it.

Albert. I am sure, you love your brother tenderly, and therefore hear me ; but tell nobody that I mentioned what I am going now to say. Young Jonathan has prevailed upon him, just before you entered, to make one with him and his three intimates. They mean to play, no doubt ; but do your utmost to divert your brother from partaking with them. I designed to wait here for his answer, but do not think it proper that I should carry it. I make no doubt but he will bring it presently. Pray do not judge amiss of me that I retire ; and think of the advice which my duty, as a friend to Augustine, bade me give you.

S C E N E VI.

Honorio, (alone.)

As a friend ! This looks a little serious ! Ah, my poor dear brother ! should it chance that you, who are at present all the joy and consolation of my father, were to change, and be the cause of his affliction for the time to come !

S C E N E VII.

Augustine, Honorio.

Augustine. My father's friends are willing, I can see, to take the earliest opportunity of paying him their compliments on his arrival, just as if he had been absent for a twelvemonth. I could hardly thrust a word in.

Honorio. You had something then of consequence to tell him.

Augustine. Of the greatest consequence to me. I want to pass the evening with my friends.

Honorio. With Mr. Jonathan, no doubt ?

Augustine. Yes.

Honorio. I thought so. You might easily have guessed, however, that such a friend as Jonathan does not please me.

Augustine. Truly, Jonathan is greatly to be pitied, being so unfortunate as not to have a place in your
good

good graces! And what should he be, to merit such an honour?

Honorina. He should be—just such a one as you are.

Augustine. Do you mean to joke?

Honorina. No: I am very serious, I assure you; and consider you a very amiable young man without a fault, unless indeed it be the want of due politeness to your sister.

Augustine. And why so? because that sister is a little critic, and pretends to greater understanding than her brother.

Honorina. Truly, I had quite forgot to mention modesty, when I was drawing up your panegyric.

Augustine. But what means this prating? and pray tell me, why these intimations with regard to Jonathan! Do you know him?

Honorina. I would know him by his actions.

Augustine. Are you always with him, to remark them?

Honorina. I can guess them from the company that he keeps.

Augustine. I understand you perfectly: his company displeases you, because I am one of his acquaintance.

Honorina. Surely, brother, he must have acquaintances of longer standing than yourself; and I speak of them as I would of good for nothing fellows.

Augustine. Good for nothing fellows?

Honorina. Yes, that play, and practise each dishonourable trick to win their adversary's money, and then spend it more dishonourably still.

Augustine. Oh! what two great crimes! they play when they are together; and they spend their winnings as they please. We do the same, I fancy. And besides, you say, they play to win; but they have often lost to me.

Honorina. Yes, yes; they have lost their copper, and have won your silver.

Augustine. Well, and if they have, the loss was mine, not yours. But this is just like what my sister is. She would be sorry if she could not vex me in my pleasures, notwithstanding I do every thing to heighten hers.

Honorina, (taking him by the hand.) No, brother; every pleasure that you can have, is also mine; but for the world, I would not have your pleasures hurt you, and deprive

deprive me of the satisfaction which I receive from loving you.

Augustine. I know indeed that you love me; but am hurt to find you fancy me incapable to guide myself.

Honorina. And yet you would not be the first that—but here comes my father.

S C E N E VIII.

Honorina, Augustine, Mr. Fletcher.

Mr. Fletcher. My dear children, I have just now been enjoying a delightful satisfaction!

Honorina. That of being visited on your return by your acquaintance, I suppose you mean? But certainly your friends must cherish you, when we who are restrained by your authority, rejoice as much as they can do.

Augustine. Yes, truly; for without you we can find no pleasure.

Mr. Fletcher. And yet you must learn to do without me; since, according to the ordinary course of nature, I shall certainly go first.

Honorina. O sir, would you afflict us at a time when we thought of nothing but rejoicing?

Augustine. Yes, sir, you will live, and long we hope, for our advantage! But let us talk no more on such a gloomy subject.—I have a little favour to request.

Mr. Fletcher. Well, come, let us hear it.

Augustine. Master Jonathan—you are acquainted with his father—Well, he has invited me to spend the evening with him.

Mr. Fletcher. You have a new acquaintance then. I am glad that you pick up such good company so near you.

Honorina. You hear that? good company!

Augustine. I think him so; I have already sat down with him several times, and he has introduced me also to some friends of his.

Honorina. Good company, too, I suppose.

Augustine. Yes, for sure I must know them better than you.

Mr. Fletcher. When I used the words *good company*, I meant discreet and well bred.

Augustine.

Augustine. Yes, sir, extremely so.

Honoriam. And how are you to know that they are such, as you have only seen them once or twice?

Augustine. But have I not been hours together with them?

Mr. Fletcher. How did your acquaintance begin?

Honoriam. At play.

Augustine. And why not so? My father lets me play.

Mr. Fletcher. It is true, for recreation, and for such a sum as being gained will not induce the immoderate love of money, or if lost, not put one out of temper; and this likewise at a time when nothing can be done more profitable.

Honoriam. But I thought, sir, something might be always done more profitable?

Augustine. Yes, (I speak of myself, for instance,) if I could but nail my thoughts continually to some book or other.

Mr. Fletcher. Honoriam's remark is not amiss. One may employ a leisure evening better than at play, no doubt, if people would be always rational, or even innocently mirthful; but as scandal sometimes will go round, or folly; in such case, you know, I bid you play, and often take a part myself.

Honoriam. And these I doubt not, brother, are the reasons why you play?

Augustine. I do not see any right that you have to catechize me.

Mr. Fletcher. But why take offence at what she says through friendship?

Augustine. Rather, sir, from a desire to hurt me in your thoughts.

Mr. Fletcher. Can you conceive such notions of your sister?

Honoriam, (with a tone of tenderness.) Brother!

Augustine, (with the same tone.) Honoriam, pardon me: I am in the wrong to tax you thus: but grant, however, your insinuations unavoidably must hurt me.

Mr. Fletcher. Her suspicions may have some foundation that does not reflect upon you: we need not fear, I think, our dispositions towards each other, so united as we are. (Honoriam and Augustine take their father by the hand.)

Honoriam. O sir, how good you are!

Augustine:

Augustine. You lay by all a father's rights, and are our friend.

Mr. Fletcher. If I were any other than your friend, I should not be compleatly qualified to bring you up. I might perhaps connive at your neglecting outward ceremonies of respect; but not your failure in that confidence which I expect from your affection. You should not have a secret that you would keep hid from me, as whenever you may chance to be in danger, my experience may preserve you from it. Let me therefore ask you, Honoria, what are the objections that you have formed against your brother's new acquaintances?

Honoria. They are always taken up with cards.

Augustine. Who told you so?

Honoria. No matter from whom I have my information: the thing is, whether it be true?

Mr. Fletcher. I have already told you what I think of playing: every thing depends upon the game that you play.

Augustine. Oh! it needs no great attention: it is the game of *one and thirty*.

Mr. Fletcher. I confess, I do not approve it much.

Augustine. Why not? There can be nothing in the world so innocent. Whoever is *one and thirty*, or the nearest to it, wins.

Mr. Fletcher. And do you know that it is what we call a game of chance?

Augustine. Because one has a chance to win or lose? and must not this be said of every game?

Mr. Fletcher. With this material difference, that at *one and thirty*, chance alone decides; whereas, in many others, skill is to be shown. In short, one wants but fingers, and no head for games of chance: and in my thought, such games are utterly unworthy of a thinking man.

Honoria. They cannot even amuse one.

Augustine. Do not say so, dear sister. There is a deal of pleasure in expecting such or such a card as one may want.

Mr. Fletcher. Because the love of money makes it so. And as this love of money operates very powerfully, it is a strong temptation for ten thousand rogues to follow, gaming as a trade; and therefore unsuspecting people generally are their dupes.

Augustine.

Augustine. Do you believe so, sir? but how?

Honorio. I fancy, they must have some art or other, to arrange the pack in such a way, as to obtain what cards they want.

Mr. Fletcher. Yes, that is in reality their secret. I cannot tell their method; but am certain, that they do employ some method, and have seen deplorable examples of it in my travels.

Augustine. Oh! pray tell us what examples?

Mr. Fletcher. With a deal of pleasure. When at Spa, I was acquainted with a young gentleman, who lost one night above twelve thousand pounds, which was his all.

Honorio. His all! poor youth! and what did he do to live?

Augustine. He must have been beside himself.

Mr. Fletcher. Despair obtained possession of his features, when he saw his fortune thus irretrievably lost. He looked so frightful, that I was forced to turn away my sight; he gnashed his teeth, plucked up his hair by handfuls, and beat violently on his breast: he gasped and panted like a dying man, and left the room quite mad.

Augustine. And pray, sir, among those who won his money, was there no one who would give it back, as I should certainly have done?

Mr. Fletcher. They kept their seats; and still continued playing on: or if they turned off their attention from the cards, it was to look upon him with contempt.

Honorio. The wicked wretches!

Mr. Fletcher. But the worst part of the story is as follows: That this poor young man destroyed himself before the morning.

Honorio. Oh! how shocking!

Augustine. Dreadful! and from henceforth, sir, I will never touch a card, I promise you. I'll run and tell this Jonathan.

Mr. Fletcher. Softly, softly: you are always much too hasty in your resolutions. One should never wholly give a pleasure up, because, when carried to excess, it may be hurtful. I have often told you, that a game at cards, when friends are met together, is amusing, innocent, and even useful.

Honorio. Useful, sir?

Mr. Fletcher. Yes, useful; as it teaches us to bear our fortune; and not to triumph when we win, or be dejected at our little losses.

Augustine. Heaven be praised, I am not so fond of money as to hurt another by my insults in good fortune; or to shew that I am hurt myself, by being vexed when I am unlucky; but to shun what possibly might happen, it will be better for me not to visit either Jonathan or his friends.

Mr. Fletcher. You would only prove your weakness, if this should be your final resolution; for at least you have it in your power, when with them, to refrain from playing.

Augustine. Oh, I know them: they would absolutely make me play.

Mr. Fletcher. Well, play as much as they would have you, since by that means you will gain a better knowledge of them. But instead of going to this Jonathan, or his friends, invite them hither. You may also tell them that Honoria perhaps will make one.

Honoria. But, sir——

Mr. Fletcher. Yes, yes; I have a reason.

Honoria. But suppose they win my money?

Mr. Fletcher. You shall have it all from me again. And tell them, Augustine, that you expect a friend, whom you will prevail on to sit down and play amongst them.

Augustine. But you know, sir, I expect no friend.

Mr. Fletcher. When I inform you of a friend that you have at home, who will be with you, cannot you guess what friend I mean?

Honoria. Sly! Why sure you understand papa? he means himself.

Mr. Fletcher. Yes, Augustine; for you recollect, just now you said that I *was* your friend.

Augustine. Oh yes; they will play indeed, if you are of the party!

Mr. Fletcher. Therefore you shall not inform them who the friend is that you expect. As soon as I have finished my petition, I will return and join you. I shall see what is proper to be done. 'Till then, play with them, and at any game they chuse.

Augustine. So then you would have me run to Jonathan and his friends?

Mr.

Mr. Fletcher. Yes, yes: and do not forget to desire Albert's company. I shall be glad to see him. All his masters praise him wonderfully, and you yourself have frequently been lavish in his commendations.

Honorio. He merits every tittle of it.

Augustine. One word more, sir; shall we meet here in the garden?

Mr. Fletcher. As your please. The weather is so fine, you may step here into the summer-house, it will hold all your company.

SCENE IX.

Mr. Fletcher, Honorio:

Honorio. I fear, sir, your presence will be much more necessary here than mine.

Mr. Fletcher. You fear?

Honorio. Yes, sir; for I have told you, Master Albert was not long since with me. From some words which he dropped, I have reason to believe that my brother's company have laid a plot to cheat him of his money.

Mr. Fletcher. All the better, if he finds himself their victim. I will hide myself behind the summer-house there, just by that partition, and hear every word of their discourse. They will enter here, and cannot possibly discover me: but in the interim take you care; and if you see their roguery, seem as if you did not.

Honorio. I shall find it hard, sir, to dissemble. It will be painful to me, should I see my brother prove the object of their ridicule, and fall a victim to his open nature.

Mr. Fletcher. By himself alone can he be fully undeceived; and in that case I shall with less difficulty persuade him to be attentive for the future in the choice of his connexions, and so cure him likewise of his love for gaming, which, I must acknowledge, he seems ready to adopt as a habit.

Honorio. How, sir, can he have a thought of going thus to cards? He ought to know himself. He is so credulous, that every sharper must suppose him proper for his purpose! and so warm, that at the first ill luck he falls into a passion!

Mr. Fletcher. Yes, that is just his character. I did not think you so observant, Honoria.

Honoria. One should be in truth observant of another's conduct, if one means to serve him. And—

Mr. Fletcher. A knock; it must be Jonathan's friends: they do not desire to lose a moment. I now leave you. I will go round about and gain my station. (*He goes out.*)

S C E N E X.

Honoria, (alone.) How I long to know the issue of all this! Alas! dear brother! who can tell but your future happiness in life depends on the decision of the present afternoon.

S C E N E XI.

Honoria, Augustine, Jonathan, Albert, Rich, Vyse, Crib.

Jonathan, (to Honoria.) I was afraid, Miss Honoria, as I mentioned to your brother, that our company might incommode you: but he would not—

Augustine. Incommode her! I am in hopes that she will keep us company.

Honoria. With all my heart, if you think proper, gentlemen.

Vyse, (with constraint.) You do us honour, madam.

Crib, (whispering Jonathan.) This is quite unlucky! In politeness we must play whatever game she likes. You should not have consented to come here.

Augustine. Perhaps I shall be able, gentlemen, to introduce a friend of mine to your acquaintance likewise.

Rich. Shall you?

Augustine. Yes, and not without a pocket full of gold.

Jonathan, (aside.) That is well.

Honoria. We will stay here in the garden, if you please.

Albert. We cannot do better. We shall have the pleasure of a charming walk.

Rich. Do you design to walk?

Albert. What else?

Vyse. Why, play.

Albert. But I do not understand your play; and if I did, I shall not wish to lose my money.

Crib.

Crib. With to lose it! just as if it were certain that you would lose it!

Albert. Sir, with you particularly. You are too skilful by a deal for me.

Augustine. If I should win, I promise, I will return you every farthing.

Jonathan. And I too.

Rich and Vyse. And we.

Albert. You would make a fool of me. To lose my money, and receive it back, or on the other hand, win yours, and keep it, is not what I do: so do not concern yourselves on my account. I will see you play, or else walk up and down the garden hereabouts.

Honoriam. My father, gentlemen, cannot have the honour to receive you, (*Rich and his company seem rejoiced,*) but has bid me entertain you. Augustine will get ready some refreshments, and I will run and fetch the cards.

Crib. That is needless: I have a pack about me.

Augustine. How! about you?

Crib. Yes: I study them.

Honoriam. And have you fish too?

Crib. I shall beg you to get us them, unless we are to stake our money.

Jonathan, (aside to Crib.) You remember, I have no money?—(*aloud.*) No, no: we shall hardly know what we are about. And so, miss, if you will be so kind—

Honoriam. Enough, I will bring the bag. Come, brother.

SCENE XII.

Jonathan, Albert, Rich, Vyse, Crib.

Vyse, (going into the summer-house with Jonathan, Rich, and Crib, while Albert walks about.) I am sorry we are here.

Rich. What matters, since the father is not here?

Crib. You should not have consented to the place of meeting, Jonathan.

Jonathan. Here, or in my room, what difference does that make?

Rich. Well then, when Augustine has lost every thing, we will carry off his money, and go play where we think proper.

Vyse. We shall empty, very likely, the young lady's pocket also.

Crib. Yes; that is what I look for: let us take care, however. We will put in our fish at two-pence each, for half a dozen deals or so; and when the game grows warm, and they have won a little, we will then make them double.

Jonathan. You remember your promise, Crib?

Crib. Do not you be uneasy. We know one another. All our loss shall be in counters, and we will have no reckoning when the game is over. I will dispose the cards in such a way, that we must lose at first, and that will draw them on.

Jonathan. But, Crib, you know, you fleeced me quite the other day; and I have now but sixpence in my pocket. How am I to pay my loss?

Crib. Your loss! we shall be sure to win, if we attend to what we do.

Vyse. I should be glad if Augustine's friend would come: he will be another pigeon that we shall pluck.

Rich. Yes, yes! I know of none so easy to be duped as these same bookish fellows.

Crib. We had best begin, that they may find us busy when they come. (*He takes his cards out.*) Stay; I will put them so that you may lose. (*He shuffles them.*) Now you shall see. (*He gives three cards to Jonathan, Rich, and Vyse; lays down as many for himself, and then addresses Jonathan.*) Do you stand?

Jonathan. No: beg.

Crib. There.

Jonathan, (*looking at the cards.*) Out!

Crib, (*to Vyse.*) And you?

Vyse. One card, but not a high one.

Crib. Much good may it do you!—there.

Vyse. Out too!

Crib, (*to Rich.*) Now you are to be out. You beg, I suppose?

Rich. No; as Vyse and Jonathan are both out, I stand.

Crib. And so will I. How many are you?

Vyse. Twenty-five.

Crib. And I just thirty. I have won: And yet I might have lost by doing the reverse of what I did; as you shall see the two first games that we play, when Augustine and

the lady comes, who having won, will then have no objection to play higher.

Jonathan. But how can you be sure of winning when you please?

Crib. You have already paid for your instruction, and I will let you know the secret. I tell every thing to friends, when I have pocketed their money. With my art you will win of others what you have lost of me, and so be quits.

Jonathan. Well, let me know.

Crib. You see, (*showing the cards,*) the ten and court cards are a very little longer than the rest, and all the smaller ones, as high as five, not reckoning in the aces, somewhat broader; by which means I can at pleasure bring the picture cards, &c. to the top in shuffling, and the five, and those below it, to the bottom. I contrive to give you two of those on the top; and afterward, the other from the bottom: so that at the most you have but five and twenty, and will therefore generally beg. Well then, you have it from the top, and must infallibly be out.

Jonathan. I understand you.

Crib. This is all my lesson, and you have it upon easy terms; ask Rich and Vyse else, who so profitably follow my instructions. But I see the lady coming in, so push about the deal.

S C E N E XIII.

Jonathan, Rich, Vyse, Crib, Honoria.

Honoria, (*putting down a box upon the table, with a pack of cards and fish and counters in it.*) You do not lose any time, I see.

Crib. I was but showing Mr. Jonathan a new game.

Jonathan. You will sit down with us? We shall have that honour?

Honoria. If I knew the game that you play—

Vyse. It is a very easy game. It is only *One and thirty*.

Rich. Had you never seen it played, you will know enough to beat us at it by the second deal.

Honoria. I know a little of it. It would perhaps be better for me not to play with those that know it so com-

pletely as you gentlemen ; however, if it gives you pleasure——

Jonathan. Oh yes, miss, the greatest in the world.

Vyse. And even should you win, too, all our money.

Honoriam, (*with a smile.*) Yes, that is my intention.

Rich. You will be scarce the richer for it in the end ; we play but for a trifle.

Jonathan, (*with impatience.*) Well ! and what are we about ? We pass away the time in talking.

Crib. We must wait for Master Augustine : it is but just that we should amuse him ; we are his guests.

S C E N E XIV.

Jonathan, Rich, Vyse, Crib, Honoriam, Augustine.

Augustine. Here, here I am. The servant will be with us very shortly. I have ordered some refreshment.

Jonathan. Come, sir, we are waiting for you.

Augustine. Thank you.

Vyse. Let us give out the fish.

Rich. There are six of us : to every one two dozen, and ten counters ; that is, ten dozen more.

Jonathan. But how much every fish ?

Crib. Just what the lady pleases.

Honoriam. Oh, it is rather as you like.

Augustine. Our fish were two-pence each, when last we played together ; five staked every deal by each, and half a dozen the bon-ace.

Honoriam. Well, be it so.

Crib. Then here goes to begin. (*Crib takes the cards and deals. The lady and her brother win by Crib's contrivance three times running.*)

Honoriam. Hey ! hey ! if we go on in this way, I think, I shall soon fulfil my prophecy.

Crib. While we play so low as two-pence, we shall never ruin one another.

Vyse. Well then, shall we make it four-pence ?

Augustine. Oh, with all my heart. I have so much money, you cannot break me easily. (*He shakes his purse, at which Crib and his companions look with pleasure.*)

Honoriam. And I can risque as much, I fancy, as my brother.

Crib. We must first then pay our debts, that we may have our full account of fish and counters.—Let me see, (*after having counted.*) I have lost one counter, and six fish; that is, eighteen fish; and eighteen twice is six and thirty—just three shillings: there they are.

Rich. I have all my counters, but am master of no more than two poor fish; that is two and twenty lost, or three and eight-pence. There:

Vyse. I am come off much the worst. Two counters gone, and twice as many fish; which come to four and eight-pence.—I put down a crown, and take up four-pence.

Augustine. Well, and you, Master Jonathan?

Jonathan. I have lost least. No more than fifteen fish, or half-a-crown. I will change a guinea, when we rise, to pay it.

Honoriam. Good! So now I will see my winnings. One, two, three—Three counters, and three fish. That is six and six-pence just: of which I take four shillings, and the two and six-pence, Master Jonathan, you shall owe me.

Augustine. So that all the rest is to pay my four and forty fish.—It is comical enough, however, that we should be the only winners!

Rich. Oh, I always lose, for my part.

Jonathan. So now the fish are four-pence?

Augustine. Yes, that is settled.

Crib. (*Shuffling the cards.*) Come, I will deal.

SCENE THE LAST.

Jonathan, Rich, Vyse, Crib, Honoriam, Augustine, Albert, (who came in a little while before,) Mr. Fletcher.

Mr. Fletcher, (to Jonathan and his friends, who seem confounded.) Pray do not disturb yourselves.

Augustine. Sit down: my father does not come to interrupt us. I informed you that I might have a friend to introduce, and he will play with us. Won't you, sir?

Honoriam. O yes: pray play; we shall be very glad to get your money, and these gentlemen, I know, will like to share it too.

Mr. Fletcher. With all my heart. So every one sit down. (*To Jonathan and his friends, who seem quite overwhelmed.*)

overwhelmed.) But what is the matter, gentlemen? Are you afraid to play with me? I can assure you, I am no sharper. *(They sit down at last.)* You *(to Crib)* were dealing when I entered; so continue pray; but first let us see, have you a pack complete? *(Crib wants to drop the cards, but Mr. Fletcher secures, and looks them over.)* It is droll enough to have the court-cards all together thus! but, Honoria, why not give us cleaner cards? Pray hand me over those—

Honoria. It was not my fault, sir, as this gentleman *(pointing to Crib)* had brought them in his pocket; and the play was going on when I came in with ours.

Mr. Fletcher, (to Albert.) What, you here, Master Albert! I am very glad to see you; but pray, do not you play?

Albert. I would rather be a looker on: you know I have nothing, sir, to throw away.

Mr. Fletcher. You are in the right to think so, and your prudence merits praise. *(To Crib.)* But come, sir; here are better cards, *(Crib takes them with a trembling hand,)* at least a little cleaner: what is your game? Pray tell me.

Augustine. One and thirty.

Mr. Fletcher. And for what?

Honoria. No more than four-pence a fish. I have won all this! four shillings; and two and six-pence owing me by Mr. Jonathan, who wants change.

Mr. Fletcher, (aside.) Wants change! I smell a rat! *(to Honoria.)* So much as four-pence! that is a little too much; but no matter, if we have all of us enough to pay our losings. So let us see your money. Mr. Jonathan, I begin with you; *(Jonathan is confused.)* What ails you? Are you taken ill?

Jonathan. Ye-e-es, sir—Let me—

Mr. Fletcher. What is all this? one flammers, and the other seems confounded! *(to Crib.)* You, sir, too, are disconcerted?

Augustine. What is the matter with them?

Mr. Fletcher. It is high time that I should explain the reason of this strange behaviour. Augustine, you observe the effects of a guilty conscience. Happily they are not yet so totally abandoned as to hide their villainy beneath a brazen front, and bully in their own defence.

Augustine.

Augustine. What say you, sir? Sure you are mistaken: It is my sister, as she told you, and myself, that are the only winners.

Crib, (taking courage.) Have we failed to pay our losings, every one, but Master Jonathan?

Jonathan. No: but why? because you have cheated me already out of all my money.

Mr. Fletcher. I was right in thinking that they would unmask themselves: And, Augustine, you may see what villains you have chosen for your companions.

Augustine. Oh, I cannot think so, sir.

Mr. Fletcher. Well then, Mr. Jonathan, do you speak; you seem least hardened. Tell me, was there not a plot among you to defraud my children?

Jonathan. Yes indeed, sir; but for my part, I assure you, I was forced into it. All my wish was to get back a part of what I had lost before. If you but knew how much this wicked fellow has squeezed from me, for the other two are nothing to him, you would say that he should be sent to prison.

Mr. Fletcher. You have well deserved your loss, by mixing with such company: but tell me how much you have lost?

Jonathan. Two guineas, and a few odd shillings with them all together; and my watch, coat buttons, buckles, and a guinea more in money afterwards, in private with the tallest: but the guinea I still owe him; and he threatened, if I did not prevail on Master Augustine to sit down and play this evening, that he would tell my father.

Albert. This, sir, I can say in Jonathan's favour, that he gave me just the same account this morning, and was grieved at what he thought himself compelled to do. The grand criminal is Crib, the tallest; the two others in comparison—

Mr. Fletcher. I comprehend what you would say; and therefore, (*to Rich and Vyse,*) little rascals, get you gone this instant. Perhaps it is not as yet too late that I should think of rescuing you from infamy; and therefore I will inform your parents of your conduct.

Rich and Vyse, (dropping on their knees.) Pardon us this once, sir, we beseech you; and we will never come within your doors again.

Mr. Fletcher. No; I shall take care that you never do; but then it is not enough that my children should be safe in future from your roguery, I owe the same good service to all fathers. What perversity! at such an age not only to be gamblers, but vile cheats! the hatefullest of human beings! However, out of pity to your youth, and from the hope which I have of your amendment, I will do no more than tell your parents; but if ever I am told that you still continue your detestable employment, I will make known your infamy to every one about us. So be gone, and never let me see you here again. Be gone, I say. (*Rich and Vise withdraw in silence and confusion.*) And you, sir, is it true that you have got these things from Jonathan?

Crib, (with hesitation.) Yes, sir.

Mr. Fletcher. You have cheated him, but that is no matter. Jonathan lost them, and has merited his fortune. We will put a value on them.

Jonathan. I could wish, indeed, that I had sufficient to redeem my loss.

Augustine. O sir, if all that I have in my pocket be sufficient, Jonathan may command it. I have full five guineas, take them for the service of my friend.

Mr. Fletcher. Augustine, this is very generous.

Jonathan. What, to me such friendship!

Augustine. We are neighbours both, and you may pay me weekly, or in any way you please. (*Crib gives Jonathan his things.*)

Mr. Fletcher, (to Jonathan.) Is every thing returned you?

Jonathan. Yes, sir; and I am saved by your generosity and Augustine's from the resentment of my father. Oh, I will never risk his gifts again in such a manner.

Mr. Fletcher, (offering Crib the money.) Here is the value of your theft, for such it must be called; and you shall have it to subsist upon in prison till you are called to answer for your crime, as possibly you may not have the means without it. Nay, expect not by solicitation to divert the rigour of my justice. Your seduction of two youths, your felony upon the property of this young man, and your attempt to make him instrumental in the robbery of another, well deserve that rigour. This must be your sentence; so withdraw a little for the present. (*Crib withdraws, and weeps for very rage*)

Jonathan,

Jonathan, (*falling on his knees to Mr. Fletcher.*) O dear Sir! from what a gulph of ruin you preserve me! And without you what would have been my evil fortune, when thrust out from home, and perhaps stigmatized in public for my vices? I am then indebted to your pity for my reputation, my repose, and my existence. (*He rises and embraces Augustine.*) And my generous Augustine, you whom I was going to——

Augustine. Never think more of it; I do not; and for the time to come be happy.

Mr. Fletcher. Master Albert's testimony of your grief at being forced into this plot, alleviates your offence; and therefore you may still continue to visit my son; but after what he has just done in your behalf, I shall account you the most profligate of youths, unless you study to deserve his friendship.

Jonathan. Oh, I will do so. Rely upon me, sir.

Mr. Fletcher. And as for you, dear Albert, I have reason to be charmed with what so many tongues have told me of your modesty and virtue. By your laudable example, you may very much contribute to the happiness of Augustine.—I request you to be often with him; and if I can shew my gratitude by being serviceable to your happiness, I shall promote it with as much affection as your parents would do.

Albert. Your esteem, dear sir, is happiness sufficient for me.

Mr. Fletcher. You observe, my dear children, the unhappy consequences that result from gaming?

Augustine. Yes, sir, and shall shudder all my life at the idea of them.

Mr. Fletcher. You observe too, Augustine, with what care and circumspection one should chuse a friend?

Augustine. Yes, that too, sir; and am convinced how happy it is for me to have a friend, as I have said already, in my father.

THE MONKEY.

FRANCIS, and his play-mate Lorenzo, were at the window." As it chanced, they heard a pipe and tabor. Looking up the street, they saw a bear approaching sternly, and a man conducting him by a chain to which the creature was fastened at the other end. I should be afraid, said Lorenzo, to stand too near that animal; for do but listen, Francis: Did you ever hear such growling? I should quake if I were by him. Oh, he could not hurt you, answered Francis; you may see, he has a muzzle to prevent his biting.

They were talking thus, when Bruin was come exactly opposite their window, in his progress down the street. Two monkees now took up the little gentlemen's attention. One was light and nimble, but the other not so active. Both were jumping to and fro on Bruin's back, who suffered them to play their tricks as if he did not care about it. They had fruit in plenty thrown them by the mob, which they caught in their paws as soon as it was flung to them, and swallowed almost instantly. But what delighted them particularly, were the nuts which the people threw them. Seated on their breech, and holding them between their two fore-paws, they broke the shells, and picked the kernels out with something of an air.

It chanced that a very large one came among the rest. The heavy monkey raised himself upon his long hind-legs to get it; but the little one darting forward, seized it in the air before it could have time to reach him. Cheated of his prey in this manner by the little one, he gnashed his teeth with rage. His front grew wrinkled, and his eyes flashed fire: he thrust his claws out, fell upon the little one, and seemed upon the point of tearing him to bits. The bear found it very difficult to save him.

Do you see, said Francis to his little friend, how frightful that same monkey is become since first he fell into a rage, and how he shews his teeth? Oh no, I should not like to be within his reach! How terrible! I should be scared to death!

Indeed? said Lorenzo. Well then, can you imagine it; but yesterday, when you were in a passion, you were like him.

him. Look ye, you had all his wrinkles; you even grinned as he does now; your eyes shewed what a passion you were in, and like the monkey, you seemed ready to devour poor little Harry, who had notwithstanding done you no great harm. I only wished that I could have got a looking-glass. Your face was in reality so ugly, it would have frightened you.

Indeed! said Francis. Is it possible that I resembled such an odious beast? I could not but have been extremely frightful if I did, and must endeavour for the future to be never in a passion. When I find myself growing angry, I will then bethink me of the monkey, recollect the malice in his countenance, and that will make me shudder at the thought of being like him. Do you too, my good friend Lorenzo, if I forget this resolution, like a friend remind me of it.

Lorenzo assured him that he would do so, and was faithful to his promise. Francis by degrees got rid entirely of his wrathful habit, or was very rarely in a passion. He enjoyed the greater happiness, and his indulgent parents were not less transported at his reformation.

T H E A L P S.

THE sun was rising in the heavens. The dew drops which are seen on every leaf so early in the morning, glittered with the colours of the rainbow; and the shadows of the trees were shortening on the ground, when Damon, holding his son, a grown-up lad, by the hand, came out, and sat down on his garden terrace, to enjoy the freshness of the morning.

Dearest father, said the son, pray wake me always at this hour; for I am charmed with contemplating such a scene as I now see all round me! How delightful the whole prospect! But perhaps it would be more so, were it not confined by yonder mountains, which lift up their snowy tops so high that any one would suppose them to prop the clouds above them.

I do not think as you do, said the father. Those same mountains leave us space enough, and *that* made up of
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fields and meadows, to contemplate ; and by thus confining, as you say, the prospect, help to vary it ; and more particularly so at evening, when the sun still tips them with a thousand streaks of gold, even after the whole level plain is dark.

When we shall once have visited those mountains, and considered its inhabitants, you will be pleased with contemplating on them, I am certain, since they cannot but suggest agreeable sensations.

How can men, said the youth, be fond of living on such mountains, covered as they are with snow ?

They do not live there, said Damon ; you will seek in vain to find inhabitants upon the heights : it is at the bottom of the mountains that they are situated. There are charming vallies stretched among them ; but before the traveller can obtain them, he discerns no prospect save that of barren rocks. This prospect being passed, he comes to wide extended carpets of the greenest sod ; he breathes an air embalmed on all sides by ten thousand odoriferous flowers that grow there ; and his ear is pleasingly affected by the murmurs of as many streams descending from the summit of the hills. The sun, by shining on them with his noon-day radiance, makes them put on the appearance of the brightest silver. And amongst them, some, precipitated from a rock, re-echo when they reach the bottom, and *there* rise in clouds, as one may say, of dust, that yield a trembling kind of light. Their passage is distinguished by a multitude of charming flowers which blossom on the margin ; and the flowers, whose stalks wave to and fro, obedient to the breeze that agitates them, and the waters that flow in among them, heighten the delightful prospect.

Spring is very late, and harvest very early, in this region ; whence it happens that the ground brings forth no other sort of grain than what is sowed some little while before the summer, and grows ripe betimes in autumn : hence, too, it comes that the fields are shaded by no other trees than those producing cherries, plums, and other early fruit. Here and there the traveller meets with hamlets ; and the houses being made of wood, are so much blackened by the sun, as to afford a very striking contrast with the smiling verdure of the little orchards that surround them.

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In those hamlets live many innocent and happy families, which for the space of five or six long months are almost buried under snow. As long as that sad season lasts, they take the greatest care imaginable of their little flocks; at times they visit one another, spin the flax which they have gathered beforehand, and make different articles of furniture in wood, which they either use themselves, or are sure to sell for money to their neighbours.

As soon towards summer as the sun has melted that vast heap of snow which covered all their fields and habitations, and the river that flows through their vallies has completely carried off the water with which their lands were overflowed, all the men begin to cultivate their fields or meadows, and the women labour in their gardens. During summer, the industrious father of his family repairs to other districts with the produce of his labours, and brings back, in barter for them, those conveniencies of life which are not to be had for money even in his hamlet.

Many travel upon mules, and cross their craggy hills along such paths as have been cut through rocks, and those, too, over frightful precipices. They transport to very distant parts the honey which they have stored in autumn, which is universally acknowledged to be excellent. They likewise traffic in the skins of goats, which they entrap while climbing up the rocks, or find among them dead. Another article of merchandize for which they are distinguished, is the dormouse. This animal, benumbed by the excessive cold, retains in holes and cavities, which she digs for herself to serve by way of habitation, and in which she lies rolled up almost like a ball and on a bed of hay, that heat and life which, with returning spring, the sun expands; and a fourth great object of their commerce is the crystal, which they contrive to quarry in the gaps or chasms of their highest rocks. And many, on the other hand, are guides to foreigners who have the curiosity to travel over, and inspect their frozen mountains.

I myself have been upon them, like many others, guided in my way by one of those good men.—I call them good, in opposition to the multitudes that live in towns and civilized society.—But yet they have lost a great deal of their natural simplicity by frequent converse with such foreigners

foreigners as have employed them for guides. I admired the people, and their way of living; therefore, having satisfied my curiosity upon the mountains, I determined to remain among them some few days, that I might gain a better knowledge of their manners.

I must let you know what conversation I heard pass between the wife and child of *my* conductor while I lived among them. I was sitting on the grass, beneath a pine-tree: Julian, my conductor, had that day set out before the dawn, to guide two English gentlemen who came on the preceding evening to inspect the mountains. It was still broad day-light, but the sun was rapidly descending towards the west. The mother ascended upon a rising ground; the son came after her. They fixed their eyes upon the icy masses which advanced their cloggy cliffs on the other side of the valley, and the wife began as follows:

The Mother. I am looking to no purpose. I discover nothing. I do not see him yet.

The Son. Let us go to yonder rock before us, shaded by those trees, and we shall see much better thence. There we shall be able to discern more plainly all that quarter of the mountain where my father, I suppose, must be.

The Mother. Well, we are now got to it; notwithstanding which, I can distinguish nothing more than from the spot that we have left. It is all lost labour: he does not appear. And yet the sun is nearly setting, and the day will soon close in.

The Son. O! mother, we shall yet have two full hours of day-light.

The Mother. And perhaps he may be four or five leagues distant. Who can tell exactly where he is? I wish he would give over wandering thus among the mountains. Never does he set out on his journies, but I tremble lest unfortunately he should not return alive: or else come back with broken limbs by falling down upon the ice, or while he scales the rocks.

The Son. I need not tell you that he has promised to drive this trade no longer, when the profits which he has made shall be enough to buy the little field between our cottage and the *Arva*.—We shall then live comfortably, with our flock, our honey, fruits, and field of barley.

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The Mother. Ah! dear son, I should much rather wish to live in less abundance, so that I might only have more peace of mind. The happy days which we are to have when he has obtained this field, will have been bought too dearly, at the price of that distress and trouble which these his journies cost. But do not I see him? No, not yet. If he should be obliged to stay all night upon the ice!—If it—but you have got, I see, that spying-glass which a traveller lately left behind him in our hut, and that brings objects fifty furlongs off as near as if they were but ten. Look therefore if there is nothing to be seen. You know the use of it extremely well; but I, for my part, not at all.

The Son. I will rest the end of it on this old trunk. I think, I see—yes, mother—something, and it moves.—It is he, I verily believe!—Yes, yes, it is he indeed!—He is walking on the broken flakes of ice that lie near yon big rock, and which last month, you know, were separated from it.

The Mother. Let me have the spying-glass. Quick! quick! perhaps, too, I may see him.—I must shut one eye, you say?—I have;—but I distinguish nothing. Every thing is black.—Stay, stay. O now I see the rock!—and likewise men! and Julian is among them! But I have lost them now: they are out of sight: I cannot recover them again. Hold you the glass; I shall perhaps discern them with my naked eye.—Yes, yes, I see them. They are coming on, and in the middle of the valley. Julian, I can see, comes first.

The Son. They stop: my father sticks his pole into the ice before him, and prepares to take a spring. There, there! he is up, and down again. No doubt but there was one of those large gaps before him in the ice, of which he has so often told us. What can cause them?

The Mother. I do not know exactly; but have heard that when the ice below is melted, *that* above it, having no support, gives way, and opens with a noise which one may hear a great way off. You have observed the great round table in our curate's kitchen? Well, the leg which supported it in the middle was much higher than the others, and one day the sides had many heavy things laid on them. Unexpectedly it split exactly in the middle, and the crack grew wider, till the sides could rest upon
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the shorter legs. And now I suppose these gaps are so occasioned likewise. But look once again, and see what they are doing. They seem standing still. The gap sure does not prevent them from advancing?

The Son. I can see their countenances very plainly. They seem asking one another what they ought to do. Ah! now my father takes a second spring; and now he is got safe over one more gap.

The Mother. Yes, yes; I see him too. What rashness! He might slip in springing, or when over; or he might not possibly spring far enough, and drop into the gap. He does not take a single step but what he knows, as well as I do, makes my heart sink within me. He should think that it is not impossible but I may see him; he should argue within himself, and say, My wife *does* see me, and my danger frights her.

The Son. He is very far, perhaps, from guessing what we are about now.

The Mother. He knows that, while he is absent on this dangerous business, I send forth my eyes to seek him. Would to heaven I could but shut them.

The Son. Yes, let us do so, mother. Let us put our hands before them, and not look again till he has cleared the valley, and is safe.

The Mother. I cannot. I had rather tremble every moment for his safety, than lose sight of him, though for a moment only. But where is he? I can see him now no longer.

The Son. Nor I either.—They have disappeared. Ah, mother!

The Mother. My poor child! embrace me. We are now left to ourselves, and I have nothing in the world to comfort me but you. Yes, they have disappeared indeed; and in a moment too! I did but turn away my eyes to fix them upon you, and in that instant they are vanished! An abyss perhaps has opened under them as they were going on: perhaps they may be tossing in it, not yet dead, but making unavailing efforts to get out, and calling for assistance with a voice which no one, to their cost, is nigh enough to hear. I will hasten to the spot: come, follow me, my child! My knees knock one against another, and will hardly bear my body up; but I shall soon find strength sufficient to go forward. Come; but stay a little!

—Do

—Do not you, dear child, see something there in motion? There, just where I point to; at the bottom of yon rock?

The Son. Yes, yes; I think I do.—It is one of them.—It is one of them, indeed; and now I can discern the other. I can see his hat; but still I look in vain to find out my poor father.

The Mother. He will come, and I dare hope to see him very soon. The gentlemen must first have got out of the frozen valley, and they hide him from us. Doubtless it will not be long before we see him. Look again, my child.

The Son. I can see only the two gentlemen; my father is not with them.

The Mother. And the gentlemen, do they seem waiting for him then? Have they their faces turned towards the place from which they come?

The Son. No; they walk strait forward.

The Mother. Then so much the better. If your father were not following them, or could not, they would hardly do so: they would try whatever they were able to assist him in his danger.

The Son. Yes, yes; we should do as much; but they, on the other hand, seem rich; and I have often heard that such despise the poor.

The Mother. Not all; and then, too, they are men, and must be sensible of people's misery like others. Would not you stretch forth a hand to help your little dog, were he in danger? Would you leave him unassisted?

The Son. No indeed: but why? because I love him: and do rich men love the poor? I have had money given me by one rich man to fight my play-mate.—Ah! I think I see my father now; yes, there he is! yes, yes, indeed; and, as you said, behind the gentlemen.

The Mother. Yes, yes; I see him too. Thank God! But still my heart beats grievously. I am in a tremble. So let us both sit down; we will have our eyes fixed on them till they are safe on this side of the valley; and by that time, as I hope, my agitation will be calmed. Methinks they come on very quick. No doubt they wish to end their journey before day shuts in. Look, son: I fancy they are drawing nigh a precipice before them; and my fears again came on me.

The

The Son. It is a mass of ice that forms a hollow underneath. It looks as if it were suspended in the air, and they do not seem to know their danger; for they stop.

The Mother. They stop! and may, perhaps, without expecting it, be swallowed up, or buried in the ruins, should the ice fall down! It will fall down, and I shall see—oh heavens! fly for your life, my Julian! my dear Julian! fly! see what a mass of ice may overwhelm you! Fly!—My voice, alas! at such a distance, is not to be heard. My cries are useless. I am distracted!

The Son. Mother, I can see no longer through the spying-glass, because I cry; and yet I cannot take away my eyes. But now I see again. Yes, there they are, and they have cleared the precipice, quite cleared it. They are out of danger now: I see them: they turn back to view the rock under which they have passed, perhaps, without knowing at the time what peril they encountered. They lift their arms up; they are talking to each other; they are looking at some object that astounds them.

The Mother. They are out of danger; that is enough for me. I see them: they have nothing now but level ground remaining. Kiss me, my dear child! and let us both pass on to meet your father. But at no time in my life shall I forget what I have felt this afternoon. Let us make all possible haste, and beg that he would no more thus venture into danger. We shall have the little field, in that case, somewhat later; or it may be not at all; and it is no matter. We have lived till now without it: our enjoyments have not been on that account the less; we have in short been happy, and what more can we desire? I shall not for the future know that he is returning to those frozen regions, without fearing every danger that I know, and such as I can but guess. He may, perhaps, be safe seated at his ease beneath a tree; but I shall fancy that I behold him struggling in a gap, and striving to get out. Whatever money he receives from those whom he may conduct,—if he but loves us, he should think that he buys it at a price too dear.

The mother and the son upon this went forward, and I followed them till they had gained the valley. They pressed on to meet a husband, and a father; and at last, when they observed him with the Englishmen draw near, they durst not note him. They sat down together, let him

him pass, and then got up and followed slowly after. It was not before they reached their cottage, that the wife and son ran both to Julian, and together sunk into his arms. The son related every thing which they had both seen and feared. The mother did not speak at first; but when she saw her husband touched by the affectionate behaviour of his son, she once again embraced him and shed tears. He promised that he would never more fright her by returning to the ice, but cultivate his field in peace.

THE BREAKFAST.

COME, said Mr. Glassington to Percival his son, one beautiful summer morning, here is a basket with some cake and currants in it. Let us go and breakfast by the river's side.

With all my heart, papa, said Percival, and jumped about for joy. He took the basket in one hand, and with the other in his father's, hastened towards the river. Having reached it, they walked on a little way to chuse a proper place; when Mr. Glassington arriving at a very pleasant spot, cried out, Let us stop here, Percival; for this methinks will yield us a delightful prospect, while we sit and eat.

Percival. But how are we to eat without a table?

Mr. Glassington. Fortunately, here is the trunk of an old tree, which would serve by way of table very well, if we had need of one; but you may eat your currants as they lie together in the basket.

Percival. So I can: but how shall we supply the want of chairs?

Mr. Glassington. And do you reckon this soft grass then nothing? See how thick it is set with flowers. We will take our seat upon it: or perhaps you would rather chuse the carpet?

Percival. Chuse the carpet! Why you know, papa, the carpet is fast nailed down upon the parlour floor.

Mr. Glassington. It is true, there is a carpet there; but there is one here also.

Percival.

Percival. I do not see it, if there is.

Mr. Glassington. Why, what is the grass then, but a carpet for the fields? And what a charming one too! It is of a fresher colour, and much downier than any one that we have. Then how spacious! it covers every hill, and all the level plain. The lambs repose upon it at their ease. Think, Percival, what they would have to suffer, on a bare or stony piece of ground! Their limbs are so extremely delicate, they could not but be very quickly injured. They have mothers, but those mothers cannot make them up soft feather-beds. God therefore has provided for them better than the poor sheep can, and made them this soft couch, where they may roll about, or sleep entirely at their ease.

Percival. And then, papa, there is one good thing besides, that they may eat it when they like.

Mr. Glassington. Oh! I understand your meaning: so here take your cake and currants.

Percival, (biting off a bit.) Oh! how good! There is nothing wanting but a story while I am eating. Will you tell me one, papa; the prettiest that you know?

Mr. Glassington. With all my heart. Your cake reminds me of a story that I can tell about three cakes.

Percival. One, two, three cakes! Oh, what a charming story that must be! So quick, papa, and tell it me.

Mr. Glassington. Come then first, and sit beside me. Be wholly at your ease, and then you will hear the better.

Percival. I am quite ready; so begin, papa.

THE THREE CAKES.

Mr. Glassington. THERE was a little boy named Henry, about your age. His parents had but lately fixed him at a boarding-school. He was a special boy, for ever at his book, and happened once to get the highest place at exercises. His mama was told it. She could no how keep from dreaming of the pleasure; and when morning came, she got up early, sent to speak with the cook, and said as follows: Cook, you are to make a cake for Henry, who yesterday was very good

good at school. With all my heart, replied the cook, and set immediately about it. It was as big as—let me see,—as big as—as a hat when flapped. The cook had stuffed it with nice almonds, large Pistachio nuts, and candied lemon-peel, and iced it over with a coat of sugar, so that it was very smooth, and of a perfect white. The cake no sooner was come home from baking, than the cook put on her things, and carried it to school. When Henry first saw it, he jumped up and down like any Merry Andrew. He was not so patient as to wait till they could let him have a knife, but fell upon it tooth and nail.—He ate and ate 'till school began, and after school was over he ate again: at night too it was the same thing 'till bed-time. Nay, a little fellow that Henry had for a play-mate, told me that he put the cake upon his bolster when he went to bed, and waked and waked a dozen times, that he might take a bit. I cannot so easily believe this last particular; but then it is very true, at least, that on the morrow, when the day was hardly broke, he set about his favourite business once again, continuing at it all the morning, and by noon had ate it up. The dinner bell now rung, but Henry, as one may fancy, had no stomach, and was vexed to see how heartily the other children ate. It was, however, worse than this at five o'clock, when school was over. His companions asked him if he would not play at cricket, taw, or kites. Alas! he could not; so they played without him. In the mean time Henry could hardly stand upon his legs; he went and sat down in a corner very gloomy, while the children said one to another, What is the matter with poor Henry, who used to skip about, and be so merry? See how pale and sorrowful he is! The master came himself, and seeing him, was quite alarmed. It was all lost labour to interrogate him. Henry could not be brought to speak a single word. By great good luck, a boy at length came forward in the secret; and his information was, that Henry's mama had sent him a great cake the day before, which he had swallowed in an instant as it were, and that his present sickness was occasioned only by his gluttony. On this, the master sent for an apothecary, who soon ordered him a quantity of physic, phial after phial. Henry, as one would fancy, found it very nauseous, but was forced to take the whole for fear of dying; which, had he omitted it,

it, would certainly have been the case. When some few days of physic and strict regimen had passed, his health was re-established as before; but his mama protested that she would never let him have another cake.

Percival. He did not merit so much as the smell of such a thing. But this is but one cake, papa; and you informed me that there were three, if you remember, in your story.

Mr. Glassington. Patience! patience! here is another cake in what I am now going to tell.

Henry's master had another scholar whose name was Francis. He had written his mama a very pretty letter, and it had not so much as a blotted stroke; in recompence for which she sent him likewise a great cake, and Francis thus addressed himself: I will not, like that glutton Henry, eat up my cake at once, and so be sick as he was: no, I will make my pleasure last a great deal longer. So he took the cake, which he could hardly lift by reason of its weight, and watched the opportunity of slipping up into his chamber with it, where his box was, and in which he put it under lock and key. At play-time every day he slipped away from his companions, went up stairs a tip-toe, cut a tolerable slice off, swallowed it, put by the rest, and then came down and mixed again with his companions. He continued this clandestine business all the week; and even then the cake was hardly half consumed. But what ensued? At last the cake grew dry, and quickly after mouldy; nay, the very maggots got into it, and by that means had their share; on which account it was not then worth eating, and our young curmudgeon was compelled to fling the rest away with great reluctance. However, no one grieved for him.

Percival. No indeed; nor I, papa. What, keep a cake locked up seven days together, and not give one's friend a bit! That is monstrous! But let us have the other now.

Mr. Glassington. There was another little gentleman who went to school with Henry and Francis likewise, and his name was Gratian. His mama sent him a cake one day, because she loved him, and indeed he loved her also very much. It was no sooner come, than Gratian thus addressed his young companions: Come and look at what mama has sent me; you must every one eat with me.

They

They scarce needed such a welcome piece of information twice, but all got round the cake, as you have doubtless seen the bees resorting to a flower just blown. As Gratian was provided with a knife, he cut a great piece off, and then divided it into as many shares as he had brought boys together by such a courteous invitation. Upon this he ranged them in a circle, and beginning with the boy who then stood next him, he went round, distributing to each his portion, 'till the shares were all disposed of in this manner. Gratian then took up the rest, and told them that he would eat his piece next day; on which he put it up, and went to play with his companions who were all solicitous to have him chuse whatever game he thought might entertain him most.

A quarter of an hour had scarcely past as they were playing, when a poor old man, who had a fiddle, came into the yard. He had a very long white beard, and being blind, was guided by a little dog who went before him with a collar round his neck. To this a cord was fastened, which the poor blind man held in his hand. It was noticed with how much dexterity the little dog conducted him, and how he shook a bell which, I forgot to say, hung underneath his collar, when he came near any one, as if he had designed to say by such an action, Do not throw down or run against my master. Being come into the yard, he sat him down upon a stone, and hearing several children talking round him, My dear little gentlemen, said he, I will play you all the pretty tunes that I know, if you will give me leave. The children wished for nothing half so much. He put his violin in tune, and then thrummed over several jigs, and other scraps of music, which it was easy to conjecture had been new in former times. Little Gratian saw that while he played his merriest airs, a tear would now and then roll down his cheeks, on which he stooped to ask him why he wept? Because, said the musician, I am very hungry. I have no one in the world that will give my dog or me a bit of any thing to eat. I wish I could but work, and get for both of us a morsel of something, but I have lost my strength and sight. Alas! I laboured hard till I was old, and now I want bread. The generous Gratian hearing this, wept too. He did not say a word; but ran to fetch the cake which he had designed to eat himself. He brought

brought it out with joy, and as he ran along, began, Here, good old man, here is some cake for you. Where? replied the poor musician, feeling with his hands; where is it! for I am blind, and cannot see you. Gratian put the cake into his hand, when laying down his fiddle on the ground, he wiped his eyes, and then began to eat. At every piece he put into his mouth, he gave his faithful little dog a bit, who came and ate out of his hand; and Gratian, standing by him, smiled with pleasure at the thought of having fed the poor old man when he was hungry.

Percival. Oh the good, good Gratian!—Let me have your knife, papa.

Mr. Glassington. Here, Percival; but why my knife?

Percival. I will tell you. I have only nibbled here a little of my cake, so pleased I was in listening to you! So I will cut it smooth.—There—See how well I have ordered it!—These scraps, together with the currants, will be more than I shall want for breakfast: and the first poor man that I meet going home, shall have the rest, even though he should not play upon the violin.

OH THE UGLY BEAUTY! OUT UPON HER!

Claudia, Lucy.

Claudia. **L**UCY, have you seen my sister's new dog?
Lucy. Not yet, dear cousin.

Claudia. You have then a pleasure still to come: Why she is the drollest little creature in the world!

Lucy. Indeed? and what is her name?

Claudia. Would you believe it?—BEAUTY.

Lucy. That is a pretty name indeed!

Claudia. O cousin, she is much prettier than her name.

Lucy. And how is she so very pretty?

Claudia. First, she is hardly bigger—see (*closing her hand*) than this.

Lucy. I love a little dog.

Claudia. And then one does not know what to take her for—a greyhound or a spaniel.

Lucy.

Lucy. That is quite funny, I protest !

Claudia. If you could only see her tail ; it is like a bow-pot ; and her ears that sweep the ground ; and then her long, long hair, as soft as silk, curling about her eyes and muzzle ; and the whee whee little tiny face that peeps out underneath it ; O, she is quite a picture !

Lucy. Is she black or white ?

Claudia. She is neither black nor white, but something of a coffee colour.

Lucy. Ah ! that makes me think of what I like for breakfast. I do not get it frequently.—They hardly ever give me any thing but milk.

Claudia. What milk, and nothing else ?

Lucy. And bread : that is all. But let us return to Beauty.

Claudia. Why, she knows more tricks than any Scaramouch : They have taught her to hold out her paw ; and she distinguishes the right hand from the left. If any one throws down a glove, she will run and bring it to the owner, without ever being wrong.

Lucy. You don't say so ?

Claudia. And then she makes believe that she is dead : she lies down on her side, and does not get up again without a signal from my sister. If you put a garden stick between her paws, she will be a sentry, and mount guard : but what is still best of all, she will dance a minuet as well as Madame Simonet !

Lucy. Well now, that is wonderful, and she must sure have had a charming education ! but pray Claudia tell me, is she gentle and good-natured ?

Claudia. Why, I cannot say much as to that ; for when she sees a stranger in the house, she will bark and snarl like mad : and one can hardly hinder her from running in between his legs to bite him.

Lucy. That would be the very thing at night, if she were to keep the house !

Claudia. And sometimes too, she will take it in her head to go and tease papa's great dog without occasion : and she never sees him eating any thing, but instantly she will run and snatch it from him if she can : but Jowler, by good luck, is exceedingly good-natured !

Lucy. How ! and does she do all this ?

Claudia. Yes, truly.

Lucy. And you call her *Beauty*?

Claudia. She is so funny and comical!

Lucy. Go, Claudy—I should never fancy her, however funny and comical she may be; for papa has often told me that a bad heart makes every body frightful—*Oh the ugly BEAUTY! Out upon her!*

BUTTERFLY! PRETTY BUTTERFLY!

BUTTERFLY! O pretty butterfly! come here, and rest upon this flower that I hold out in my hand.

Where would you wish to go, you little gad-about? Do not you discern yon hungry bird upon the watch to seize you? he has whetted his sharp beak, and holds it open to devour you. Come hither then; he will be afraid of me, and not approach you.

Butterfly! O pretty butterfly! come here, and rest upon this flower that I hold out in my hand.

I will not pull off your poor wings, or give you any pain. No, no; I know you are both weak and little as I am myself. All my wish is, to see you nearer. I should like to view your little head, taper body, and long wings spotted with a thousand colours.

Butterfly! O pretty butterfly! come here, and rest upon this flower that I hold out in my hand.

I will not keep you long. I know, you have not many weeks to live. When summer is once over, you will die, while I shall be but six years old.

So butterfly! sweet pretty butterfly! come here, and rest upon this flower that I hold out in my hand.

You should not lose a moment of the day, but give your whole life up to pleasure. It is your business to be sipping constantly the fragrance of some flower or other, which you may do without danger on my hand.

THE SUN AND MOON.

WHAT a charming evening! Come, Alexis, said Mr. Wilmot to his little boy; the sun is just ready to go down. How glorious he appears! We may behold him now. He does not dazzle us so much at present as he did at noon, when he was up so very high. How beautiful, too, the clouds seem round about him! They are of a purple, gold and scarlet colour! But behold how swiftly he descends! Already only half his orb is visible. And now he is wholly vanished. Farewell sun; you have left us for the present till to-morrow morning.

Look, Alexis, towards that quarter of the heavens just opposite to where the sun descended. What may that be shining so behind the trees? a fire? No, nothing like it, but the moon. How large and red it is! One would suppose it full of blood! This evening it is quite round, or as they say, full-moon. It will not be quite so round to-morrow evening; less so the next evening; less the evening after; and so on, decreasing something every evening, till at last it will be in some sort like a wire bent round into a semicircle, when a fortnight is gone.

It will then be new moon, and from day to day you will observe it afterward grow bigger, and seem rounder, till in fourteen days more it will be again full moon, and rise as it does now behind the trees.

But pray, papa, inform me, how do both the sun and moon preserve their situations unsupported in the air? I always fear they cannot but fall down upon my head.

Fear nothing, dear Alexis: there is no danger. I will explain the reason why, when you can understand the matter; so at present only listen while I mention how the sun and moon address you.

To begin then with the sun: He says as follows: I am King of day. I rise, or make my first appearance in the East; and what they call Aurora, or the dawn, precedes me, that mankind may know of my approach. I tap soon after at your window with a golden beam of light, to warn you of my presence. Rise, I say, rise lazy-boots.

I never shine, that men may lie a bed and snore. I shine that they may wake, get up, and go to work.

I am the mighty traveller; and I run rejoicing like a giant, quite across the heavens, without ever stopping; for at no time am I weary.

I have a crown of glorious radiance on my head. I shed this radiance round about me to a vast extent, and even over half the universe. Wherever I am present, all things are beautiful and bright.

I give heat too, as well as light. It is I who ripen with my beams the fruit in gardens, and the corn that grows in fields. If I should cease a moment to assist the course of nature, nothing then could grow, and famished men would die of despair, in all the horrors of that darkness which you yourself dread so much.

I am higher than the hills and clouds. I should but need to come down a little towards the earth, and my devouring flame would burn it up as soon as you have seen the straw consumed which men toss in bundles into a furnace.

What a length of time has passed since first I gladdened the whole universe! Alexis, you were hardly in the world six years ago, but I was. I was in it when your dear papa was born, and many thousand years before; and I am not grown old yet.

At times I lay aside my crown of radiance, and surround my head with silver clouds. It is not so difficult to view me then; but when I dissipate those clouds about me, and burst forth in all my noon-day splendor, you could never bear the blaze: should you attempt to bear it, I should blind you. There is but one living creature that can look at me, and that living creature is the eagle, whom the birds confess their monarch. He can contemplate my glory with a steady eye wide open, while he views me.

This same eagle, darting from the summit of some elevated mountain, shapes his progress towards me with a towering wing, and soon is lost amid my beams, through which he darts to pay me homage every minute of the day. The lark, suspended in the air a great deal lower, sings, while I am rising, his best song, and wakes the other birds that slumber in ten thousand trees. The cork,
remaining

remaining on the ground, proclaims the time of my return to mortals with a piercing voice. But, on the other hand, the bat and owl avoid my presence: they fly from me with a plaintive cry, and hasten to take refuge in the ruins of those towers which I once saw proudly rising, domineering afterward for many ages over spacious countries, and then sinking with the barthen of old age.

My empire is not limited, like that of earthly monarchs, to a corner of the world. The universe at large is my dominion; and besides, I am the most illustrious object that was ever gazed at.

But the moon says, in the next place, with a voice not half so much exalted as the sun's, I am the queen of night. I send my silver beams to give you light, as often as the sun withdraws at evening from the world.

You may keep looking at me without danger; for I am never so resplendent as to dazzle the spectator, much less do I burn. I am so good natured that I let poor glow-worms blaze among the hedges, which the sun, un pitying as he is, will not.

The stars shine round about me; but I myself am far more luminous than any star: nay, all the stars together give not so much light as I do: and I seem among their multitude as if I were a fair round pearl, surrounded by ten thousand little diamonds.

When you lie asleep, I dart a beam of silver brightness through your curtains; and my words are, Sleep on, little friend, in safety. You are tired. I will not disturb your slumber.

You have heard the nightingale. *She* sings for me, who sings much better than all other birds. She perches on a spray, and fills the forest with her music, no less sweet and gentle than my brightness, while the dew descends on every flower, and all is calm and silent in my empire.

THE ROSE-BUSH.

WHO will give me some nice tree or other for my garden? said little Frederic one day to his brothers Augustus and Jasper, and his sister Jemima.

(Their papa had given them each a little bit of ground to sow or plant, as they thought proper.)

Oh not I, said Augustus; not I, said Jasper.

Well then, I will, answered Jemima. Let me know what sort of trees you would like?

A rose-bush, cried Frederic. Do but look at mine: it is the only one now left me; and the leaves, as you may see, are turned quite yellow.

Come then, said the lively Jemima, come and chuse one for yourself. On which she led him to a little spot of ground that she cultivated; and the moment they had entered, pointing with her finger to a charming rose-bush, told him he had nothing else to do, than take it up immediately.

Frederic. How, sister! you have only two, and wish besides to give me up the finest! No, no; here is the least, and just such as I want.

Jemima. You do not know how much pleasure I shall feel, if you will but take the other, Frederic. This may scarce produce you any flowers next summer; but the other will, I am certain: and you know, I shall be pleased as much with looking at it elsewhere, when full blown, as if it had continued in my garden.

Frederic overjoyed, approached the rose-bush, took it up; and Jemima, much more pleased, assisted in the transplantation.

It appears that the gardener noticed this surprising piece of kindness in the little girl. Away he ran, selected from a number of young Windsor pear-trees, one which he thought the finest, and immediately conveyed it into Jemima's garden, planting it exactly in the spot which the rose-bush had possessed before.

Those who have a churlish nature hardly ever are assiduous: therefore when the summer months were come, Jasper and his brother having never attended their rose plants,

plants, they promised no great quantity of flowers; and to increase their disappointment, the chief part of those which they thought were coming, perished in the bud; while on the contrary Frederic's rose-bush, in consequence of great attention paid it by himself and Jemima, bore the finest centfoil roses that the whole county could boast; and as long as it remained in flower, the happy Frederic always had a rose to stick in Jemima's bosom, and another for himself to smell.

Likewise did the Windsor pear-tree thrive surprisingly; it scattered a delicious perfume over all the garden, and soon grew so thick and lofty as to yield a tolerable umbrage. Jemima used to come and take her seat beneath it, when the sun was hottest; as her father also did, when he would tell her charming stories, some of which would make her all at once burst out a laughing till her sides even ached again; and others produced such agreeable melancholy in her, that soon after she would smile with pleasure at the recollection of her sorrow.

Here is one that he told her for her generosity towards Frederic; by which story she was thoroughly convinced that such as we oblige can recompence our generosity; which circumstance, he said, without adverting to the satisfaction of our hearts, must be a strong incentive to kind actions.

THE NOSEGAYS.

LITTLE Gerald went out one morning with his neighbour Eugene, to divert themselves by gathering flowers. Their eagerness would not allow them to dispatch their breakfast in the house: they took it with them in their hands.

They met a beggar-woman in the way, who had a child apparently expiring, as it were, with hunger.

My dear little master, said the woman, looking upon Gerald, who happened to be first, for heaven's sake give my child a morsel of your bread. He has not had a bit of any thing to eat since yesterday.

It may be so, said Gerald ; but I am very hungry likewise, and went forward, munching all the way.

Now what was Eugene's conduct? He was no less hungry, we must think, than his companion ; but beholding how the poor child cried, he gave up his bread and butter ; and received a hundred blessings which God heard in heaven.

But this is not the whole. The little boy, revived by what the charitable Eugene had bestowed upon him, instantly began to run before his benefactor, brought him to a meadow, where he knew there was a multitude of flowers, and helped to make up so magnificent a bow-pot, that the pleasant smell proceeding from it made him quite forget his trouble.

Eugene, after this, went home and shewed it with a deal of pleasure ; for not only was the sweetness of it very grateful, but its size was such that he might easily have hid his face behind it.

Next day likewise they went out, and then another little boy, whose name was Watty, met them.

After having taken half a dozen turns with Gerald and Eugene in the meadow, Watty, looking down, perceived his buckle lost, and begged them both to assist him in searching for it. Oh, says Gerald, I cannot spare time enough for that at present, and went on ; but Eugene stopped immediately, that he might be of service to his little friend.

He walked a long while up and down, both stooping all the way, and patting with his hand, to try if he could feel it in the grass : and had at last the happiness to find it.

Watty too was happy ; and they set about the business which had brought them thither.

Watty, out of gratitude, bestowed the finest flowers of those which he had gathered, upon Eugene ; but paid no regard to Gerald, who had refused to help him ; so that Eugene had that day also, a finer bow-pot than Gerald, and came back as satisfied as he was discontented.

Gerald supposed the third day he might prove more lucky : He preceded Eugene, and desired him to collect a finer bow-pot than he should. But hardly were they come into the meadow, when behold the little boy who had
been

been fed by Eugene, came to meet him with a basket full of flowers which, it seems, he had gathered that morning.

Gerald would have begun to gather for himself; but how was he to find the flowers? The little boy had got up earlier by a deal than he; and therefore he had still less flowers that day than either of the two preceding.

They were going home, but met little Watty.

My dear friend, said he to Eugene, I have not forgot the service that you did me yesterday, and have taken such a liking to you, that I could wish to be at all times in your company. Papa too, though he never saw you, has the same ideas in your favour, and has bid me come and fetch you to his house this morning: He designs to tell us merry stories, and afterwards will play with us.

I will take you to a garden here hard by us, where we are allowed to walk, and there you will find four or five companions of my age to welcome you; when we are all together we will play at whatever game you like.

Eugene instantly laid hold of Watty's hand, and flew like lightning with him towards the garden. As for Gerald, poor fellow! he went home quite melancholy. Watty had not once invited him.

He learned by these three days adventures, but particularly by the last, how much one gains by kindness and assistance granted to others. He reformed his churlish temper; and would certainly, in time, have shown himself as courteous to the full as Eugene, if this last, by having exercised a friendly disposition from his cradle, had not conferred his favours with a greater grace.

THE PRESENT.

Mrs. Maddison, Viola, her daughter.

Viola. **M**AMA, you know that my brother's birthday will come very soon, and I do not know what present to make him. I hope you will give me something to bestow upon him as a present on the occasion.

Mrs. Maddison. Doubtless I might easily do so, but I should like much rather to present him with that something on my own account. Do you imagine that I enjoy less pleasure than yourself in making presents? And besides, reflect that if I give you any thing, in order that you may afterwards give it to your brother, it is my gift, not yours.

Viola. That is true indeed, mama: and yet I should be very glad if I had any thing to give him.

Mrs. Maddison. Well then, let us reflect a little. How shall we proceed? You cannot surely but have something by you! as for instance, your little orange-tree?

Viola. My little orange-tree, mama, that bears such fine blossoms to ornament all my nosegays!

Mrs. Maddison. Well, what think you of your lamb?

Viola. O dear mama! my lamb, that loves and follows me so prettily!

Mrs. Maddison. Your doves, then?

Viola. I resolved, you know, to bring them up before they well had broken the shell; so they are my children, and I cannot part with them.

Mrs. Maddison. I see then that you have nothing to give your brother!

Viola. Now I recollect, I have.

Mrs. Maddison. And what?

Viola. You know that purse, which my aunt Teresa gave me for a Christmas-box last year: you must own it is very pretty!

Mrs. Maddison. True, my dear: but do you think that your brother will be pleased with such a gift? for not to mention that he can never wear it long, I fancy you remember, when you had it first, you did not like it much yourself, and put it carelessly into a drawer, as what you had no wish to see again; and this your brother knew, and cannot but remember when you bring it out.

Viola. But notwithstanding that, mama, it is still a very pretty present.

Mrs. Maddison. No, my dear: that only can be called a pretty present, which we should be glad to keep, and which the party so obliged would equally be glad to have.

Viola. And must I give my brother every thing that I should be glad to keep?

Mrs.

Mrs. Maddison. No : just as much, or just as little, as you please ; provided what you give appears to be a token of your friendship.

Viola, (after a little reflexion.) Well, well, I will make up a nosegay of my finest orange blossoms, and present it to Henry, with my lamb.

Mrs. Maddison. Well fancied ! such a gift will shew him your affection, since he knows that you would be very desirous to keep the lamb yourself.

Viola. Nor yet, mama, is this the whole ; for every day I will take a walk out with my brother, that the lamb may use itself to follow him, as well as me. The little creature in this manner will be quite familiar with my brother, when I give him away ; and my brother will love him the better.

Mrs. Maddison. Come my dearest, and embrace me. Be assured, this delicate attention will encrease the value of your present. Thus the merest trifle may become a valuable object, when bestowed with such a grace. You could not give your brother, or even me, such joy with any other present.

Nor myself, mama, replied Viola, with vivacity.

You will be happier still, continued Mrs. Maddison, when once the birth-day comes ; because, as I must contribute something. I intend that you shall perform the honours, for me, of a little cold collation to be served up in the garden, for your brother, and such friends as he may wish to have invited.

Hearing this, the little lady kissed her mother's hand with ardour, and immediately ran off to make up half a dozen artificial roses, with a crimson ribbon which she had by her. And with those roses she intended to dress out the lamb on her brother's birth-day, when she made him so affectionate a present.

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

A Silly servant maid had possessed the imagination of her master's children with a hundred foolish tales of spirits, and particularly of a black-faced goblin, as she called it.

Antonia, one of these poor children, for the first time in her life, beheld a chimney-sweeper knocking at her father's door. She made a lamentable outcry, and betook herself for refuge to the first apartment that she found open, which apartment was the kitchen.

Hardly had she hid herself behind a table, when the black-faced man came in, as if, in her imagination, he had meant to follow her.

This frightened her a second time; and up she ran into a pantry, higher than the kitchen floor by half a dozen steps, and not a great way from the fire place: where she thought she should be safe from danger, in a corner.

She had hardly come, however, to herself, when suddenly she heard the frightful fellow singing in the chimney; and, with brush and scraper, making all the while a rattling noise against the bricks about him.

Being seized with terror, she jumped up, and leaping through a window, which was rather low, into the garden, ran quite breathless towards an arbour at the bottom of it, where she fell half dead, and almost void of motion, close beside a tree.

Though she had changed her situation by so great a distance, yet hardly did she venture to look about her; when by chance she saw the black-faced man appear again, and wave his brush about him, at the chimney-top.

On this, Antonia almost split her throat with crying out, Help! help!

Her father heard the cry, and running towards the arbour, asked what ailed her, that she cried out so! Antonia had not strength sufficient to articulate a single word, and therefore, keeping silence, pointed to the place where Grim was then sitting astride, and flourishing his brush.

Her father smiled; and to convince her what small cause she had for terror, waited till the chimney-sweeper

was come down. He then bade him be called, and cleaned a little in Antonia's presence; after which, without explaining matters any further, he sent up into the house to fetch his barber, who, it happened, was then waiting for him, and who consequently had his face all over white with powder.

She was heartily ashamed of having feared so much, without occasion; and her father took this opportunity of giving her to understand, that there were whole nations, in a certain quarter of the globe, all over black by nature, but not therefore to be dreaded by white children; since these last were, in another country, generally nursed by women purchased of those nations, without losing any of their whiteness.

Ever afterwards, Antonia was the first to laugh at silly stories, told by silly people, of hobgoblins and the like, to fright her.

THE CHERRIES.

JOHANNA and Felix one day got permission, from their dear mama, to take a turn or two about the garden, by themselves: they had deserved this confidence placed in them, by their past discretion.

They amused themselves, by playing for a time together, with that decent gaiety by which it is easy to distinguish young children who have been well brought up.

Against the garden wall grew many fruit-trees, and among them a young cherry-tree, which had no earlier than the year before been grafted, and was now in fruit. Its fruit indeed was very little; but on that account, perhaps much the finer.

Mrs. Dutton, their mother, did not want to gather them, though ripe. She kept them for her husband's eating, who that very day was to return from York where business had a long time kept him.

As the children were accustomed to obedience, and forbidden once for all to gather any kind of fruit, or pick up even such as they might find upon the ground, to eat

it, without asking leave, she thought it useless to say any thing about this cherry-tree.

When Johanna and Felix were fatigued with running up and down the terrace, Come, said Felix, let us do something else now; upon which they joined their hands, and walked sedately towards the bottom of the garden, casting every now and then a look of appetite upon the fruit with which the espaliers were loaded.

They were soon come up to this late grafted tree. A little blast of wind had shook the finest cherries from it, and they lay upon the ground close by. Young Felix was the first to see them. He advanced his foot, stooped down, and picked them up, ate some, and gave Johanna some, who ate them likewise.

They had not yet flung the stones away, when as it chanced, Johanna recollected her mama's command to eat no fruit but what she might think fit to give her.

Ah! said she to Felix, we have disobeyed mama by eating any of these cherries, and shall make her angry with us, when she comes to know it. What had we best do?

Felix. Why need mama know any thing about it? We may hold our tongues.

Johanna. No, no; she needs must know it, brother. She frequently forgives us the greatest faults that we can commit, when we confess them of ourselves.

Felix. Yes, yes; but in this instance we have disobeyed her, and she never yet forgave us disobedience.

Johanna. When she punishes our faults, I need not tell you, brother, it is because she loves us; and in consequence of being punished, we are not so very likely to forget, as otherwise we should, what we may do, and what we may not.

Felix. True, but she is always sorry when she punishes our faults, and being sorry, she is unhappy: so I should not like to see mama unhappy, which would be the case did she but know what we have done.

Johanna. Neither should I wish to see my mama unhappy; but would she not be much more so, upon discovering that we had wished to hide our faults? Should we be bold enough to look her in the face while we were secretly reproached by our own hearts? or rather, should we not be quite ashamed to hear her call us her dear children, knowing as we must, how little we deserve it?

Felix.

Felix. Ah, my dearest sister! you have quite convinced me; and indeed we should, in that case, be two little monsters: therefore let us go to her, and acknowledge what we have done.

They kissed each other, and went hand in hand to their mama's apartment.

Dear mama, began Johanna, we have disobeyed you, and not remembered what you forbade us. Punish me and Felix as we merit, but pray do not be angry with us; we should both be quite uneasy were our fault to make you sorry or unhappy.

She related, in the next place, what her brother and herself had done, without endeavouring to excuse the action.

Mrs. Dutton was so affected with the openness of Felix and Johanna, that a tear of tenderness and love escaped her. She could not resolve on punishing their fault, but generously overlooked it. She well knew that children of a happy disposition are more powerfully wrought on by the recollection of a mother's kindness, than by that of her severity.

THE LITTLE PRATER.

LEONORA was endued with spirit and vivacity. When scarcely six years old, she was exceedingly well practised in the art of managing her needle, and could very cleverly employ her scissors. All the garters that her papa and brothers wore were of her making. She could read with ease in any book that she happened to take up; her writing was also extremely neat and fair. She did not huddle great and little letters in one word together, neither did they lean some this and others that way; and her lines went strait along, not dancing up and down from one side of her paper to the other, as I have too often seen in many children's writing-books, even older by a year or two than Leonora.

Her papa too, and mama, were no less satisfied with her obedience, than her masters with her diligence and study. She kept up a perfect union with her sisters, treated every servant with the greatest affability, and her companions with regard and condescension. All her parents' friends,
and

and every stranger that came there a visiting, were equally enchanted with her company and conversation.

Who would think, that with so many commendatory qualities, and so much understanding, any little girl could possibly be so unfortunate that none, when they grew acquainted at the house, could bear her? Such was Leonora, notwithstanding; for a single fault which she had unhappily contracted, was so great as to destroy the effect of all her juvenile accomplishments. The intemperance of her tongue made every one forget the graces of her understanding, and the goodness of her heart. In short, our Leonora was the greatest prater living.

When, for instance, she was sitting down to work, one might have heard her say, Oho! I fancy, it is high time that I should be doing something! What would my mama say, should she find me sitting with my arms across, a lolling on my elbows?—O my stars! how much I have got to hem here? all this apron! But at worst, I never let the grass grow under me when I set out, and I shall soon have done. Ah! there the clock strikes: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine—Yes, positively nine o'clock! Well then, I have but two poor hours before I go to music; yet a deal of business may be done in such a length of time. Mamma, when she observes how diligent I have been, will be sure to give me sweetmeats.—Oh! what pleasure I shall have in looking at them! Nothing do I love like nice crisped almonds. Not that I do not like egg plumbs preserved: they are very good too, for papa popped one into my mouth last Thursday, and then gave me a whole bagfull; but I think crisped almonds better.—I should like to see Miss Dolly this morning: I would shew her the fine petticoat that mama has bought me. Dolly is a funny little girl enough! I like her vastly. Oh! but she loves talking, and I do not know how it happens, but one cannot thrust a word in when her clapper is set a going. Where has my thimble hid itself? Sister, have you seen my thimble? Patty must have surely lost it for me, when she came to sweep the parlour.—It is so like her! she is always such a hairbrained creature! Who can work without a thimble? at least I never take a stitch, if I mislay it; for the needle pricks one's finger, and one's finger bleeds of course; and then, besides the pain it gives one, how one's work looks when it is spotted
with

with red marks! Why, Patty! Patty! where can you be! Have you seen my thimble? Oh, no! here it is; and, just as if the matter were contrived on purpose, at the bottom of my work-bag.

Thus the little creature would be always dinning people's ears who happened to be near her. When her parents were engaged in any interesting conversation with each other, she would come and mix in their discourse, by prating upon twenty different subjects. And at dinner, she had hardly ever ended with her meat, before the pie or pudding was on the table. She would really forget to eat and drink, while everlastingly employed in prating.

Her papa would frequently reprove her twenty times a day for this defect; but all reproof was lost upon her, neither would the greatest punishment produce a reformation in her conduct. As it was not possible for any one to hear himself when she was by, Miss Chatterbox was often sent to pass the morning all alone in her apartment. During dinner, they would put her at a little table by herself, as distant from the company as they could place her. Leonora seemed afflicted at this separation, but was not a whit the more silent on that account. She had always some subject of discourse, were it even addressed only to herself, and, nevertheless, she talked so loud every word that she said was heard; for, it was the same to her if any body was or was not by her: and I verily believe, that, rather than be mute, she would have entered into conversation with her knife and fork.

From such a foolish habit, what advantage did she obtain? The story tells us, only punishment and hatred. If you should not be convinced of this by what I have already mentioned, you will certainly be so when you read what follows:

Once upon a time, her parents were invited to go down into the country for a week or fortnight, by a friend. It was in autumn, the weather was extremely fine, and it is not easy to conceive what great abundance there was then of every kind of fruit, pears, apples, nectarines and peaches.

Leonora thought it was designed to make her of the party, but stood very much surprised when her papa, directing both her sisters to get ready for the journey, told her

her that she must stay at home. She fell a crying, ran to her mama, and said, My dear mama, what fault have I committed, that papa should be so angry with me?—Your papa, she answered, is not angry with you; but believe me it is impossible for any one to bear your constant chatter. You would certainly interrupt our pleasure, and the pleasure of the family that we are now going to visit; and therefore for the future, whenever we go abroad, we must always leave you behind us.

Must I never speak, then? answered Leonora.

That, said her mama, would be no less a fault than what we wish to see you cured of. You are not to be entirely mute; but then you ought to wait 'till you perceive that your turn for speaking is come round, and not incessantly prevent your parents, and as many as have more experience than yourself, from talking. You should also take care how you say whatever comes into your head. When you desire to be informed of any thing which it is not improper you should know, you ought to ask in as few words as possible, and having any thing to tell, you should, in that case, first of all reflect within yourself, if those about you would or would not like to hear it.

Leonora, thought she could not reasonably call in question this advice, would not have wanted words to justify her prating, if she had not heard that moment her papa call out that every thing was ready; and, in fact, the coach was off that very instant.

Leonora fell a sighing, and with tears pursued the carriage 'till her eye no longer could discern it. When it was wholly out of sight, she went into a corner, and began to weep most bitterly. Ah, babbling gossip! said she, (*now speaking to herself,*) it is all owing to my long tongue that I have been thus punished. I will take care, that for the future it shall never speak a word more than it ought.

Some few days afterwards they returned. Leonora's sisters brought home with them baskets full of pears and apples. They were both exceedingly well tempered; therefore Leonora would on no account have gone without her share, but then the tears that she had been shedding

so completely took away her appetite, that it is not to be wondered if she did not wish for any. She that moment ran to her papa, imploring his pardon for her fault in having forced him, (as she knew,) much against his will, to punish her. We have been both unhappy, added she; but for the future I shall take care, and never speak too much.

Her father tenderly embraced and kissed her.

On the morrow, Leonora was permitted to sit down and take her dinner with the rest. She spoke very little, but whatever she did say was full of grace and modesty. It is true, it cost her very much to check her tongue, which, through impatience and the itch of talking, rolled, if I may say so, this and that way in her mouth; but on the following day, this work of checking her propensity towards talking was less painful, and the next day still less so. At length the difficulty, by a gradual diminution, was completely done away. At present she has totally got rid of her bad habit, and she figures in society with credit to herself, and pleasure to her friends, who are no longer vexed with what they were accustomed to entitle, in derision, her *incessant clack*.

HOT COCKLES.

The Elder and Younger.

The Younger. BROTHER, all our friends have left us, and yet still I am in a playing humour. What game shall we chuse?

The Elder. There are only two of us, and I am afraid, we should not be much diverted.

The Younger. Let us play at something, however.

The Elder. But at what?

The Younger. At blindman's buff, for instance.

The Elder. That is a game that would never end. It would not be as if there were a dozen, of which number some are generally off their guard; but where there are
only

only two, I should not find it difficult to shun you, or you me : and then when we had caught each other, we should know for certain who it was.

The Younger. That is true, indeed. Well then, what think you of *Hot Cockles* ?

The Elder. That would be the same, you know. We could not possibly guess wrong.

The Younger. Perhaps we might. However, let us try.

The Elder. With all my heart, if it will please you. Look ye, if you like it, I will be the *hot cockles* first.

The Younger. Do, brother. Put your right hand on the bottom of this chair : now stoop down and lay your face quite close upon it that you may not see. That is well : and now, your left hand on your back. Well, master ! but I hope your eyes are shut ?

The Elder. Yes, yes : do not be afraid.

The Younger. Well, master, what have you to sell ?

The Elder. Hot cockles ! hot !

The Younger, (slapping him.) Who struck ?

The Elder, (getting up.) Why who, you little goose ! but you ?

The Younger. Yes, yes ; but with which hand ?

The eldest did not dream of such a question : he was taken by surprize, and said *the right*, at hazard —It was with the left however that he had been struck ; and thus the youngest outwitted him.

G O D ' s B I R D .

Mrs. Mortimer, Paul and Edward, her sons.

Mrs. Mortimer. MY dearest Edward, what have you done with all your money ?

Edward. Given it away.

Mrs. Mortimer. Away, my little fellow ! to whom ?

Edward. A very wicked boy.

Mrs. Mortimer. No doubt, to make him better ?

Edward. Yes, mama. Pray don't the birds that fly about, belong to God ?

Mrs.

Mrs. Mortimer. They do ; as well as we ourselves, and every other creature.

Edward. Well, mama ; this wicked boy had stolen a bird from God and carried it about to sell. The little bird cried out with all its strength ; and he was pinching the beak close, to hinder it from crying. He was certainly afraid, mama, that God would hear it cry, and punish him for so much naughtiness.

Mrs. Mortimer. And you, my little man—

Edward. And I—I gave the wicked boy my money, purse and all, that he might give God back again his bird—I fancy, God was very glad, (*He jumps about for joy.*)

Mrs. Mortimer. He was, no doubt, to find my little fellow have so good a heart.

Edward. The boy perhaps was wicked, dear mama, because he wanted money?

Mrs. Mortimer. Very likely.

Edward. Therefore I am glad that I gave him mine ; because, mama, you know, that I don't want money.

Paul. We have had a sort of difference with each other upon this affair. My brother gave his money without counting what it was, though certainly it would have bought ten birds. I told him that he should first have asked the boy how much would satisfy him.

Edward. Which of us was in the right, mama?

Mrs. Mortimer. Not you, my heart.

Edward. But have not you, if you remember, often said, dear Edward, do whatever good you can, and ask no questions.

Mrs. Mortimer. I have often told you so, indeed ; but then you should consider how to do it the best way you can. To day, for instance, since you had more money than was necessary to deliver the poor little bird, you should have kept the rest for such another purpose ; for if other wicked boys had come into your way, as well as he did, with God's birds, and you had no more money, tell me what you would have done?

Edward. Why then, mama, I would have come to you for what I wanted.

Mrs. Mortimer. But if I had happened to have none?

Edward. Ah!—then so much the worse!

Mrs. Mortimer. You see, then, Paul gave you good advice.

advice. You are to save your money, and not only for yourself, but for others, so that you may do all the good in your power with it. Do you suppose, my dear, that there was no other bird than this in all the world, to which you might have given assistance?

Edward. I was thinking of no other then—I wish, mama, you had but seen how much he seemed at first to suffer, and how glad he was afterwards when I let him fly away. He was quite giddy with his joy, he knew not where to go that he might clap his wings. However, dear mama, the boy assured me, for I made him promise, that he would never try to catch it a second time.

Mrs. Mortimer. My little fellow, you have notwithstanding done quite well; and to reward you, here is more money.

Edward. More!—oh thank you.

Mrs. Mortimer. And a kiss into the bargain. How rejoiced I am in being your mama! With such an inclination as you have for doing good, you need but study how to do it in a proper manner, and you will prove the happiest creature in the world.

THE SELF-CORRECTED LIAR.

LITTLE Griffith was now six years old, and had never yet told a falsity. He never had committed any fault, and therefore had no need to hide the truth. When any accident befel him, as to break a pane of glass, or spot his cloaths, he went immediately and told his father, who would be always so good as to forgive him, with a caution that in future he should be more careful.

Griffith had a cousin, but a very naughty boy, whose name was Robert. Robert came one day to see him; and Griffith, by way of shewing his attention to his visitor, made proposals for a game at drafts. His cousin eagerly accepted the proposal, on condition that they should play for something. Griffith for a little time refused, but in the end was wrought upon by Robert, and in hardly more than thirty minutes, all the money which he had been laying up

many weeks from his allowance was compleatly gone. Affected with his loss, poor Griffith got into a corner, and began to cry, while Robert fell a laughing, and went home in triumph with his spoil.

It was not long before poor Griffith's father, who had been from home, returned. He loved the child, and therefore sent to see him in the parlour. But what ails you? said he. And what has happened? Sure you have been crying?

Griffith. Yes, papa, because my cousin has been here, and made me play with him at drafts.

The Father. And what of that? I see no harm done yet; for drafts are a diversion that I have given you leave to take. But possibly you played for money?

Griffith. O! no, no, papa.

The Father. Then why do you cry?

Griffith. Because I wished to show my cousin how much money I had saved to buy myself a book. Now I had hid it all behind the great stone post without, and when I put my hand into the hole, it was gone. Some person, passing by the gate, has stolen it.

Griffith's father, some how or another, fancied this recital to be false: but did not mention his suspicions then. He went that moment to his brother's, and as soon as he saw little Robert, he forced a smile, and began in this manner:

Well, my child, you have been lucky, have not you, to-day?

Oh! yes, said Robert, very lucky, sir!

And what did you win?

A shilling, said the nephew.

What, so much? And did he pay you, Robert?

Doubtless, uncle. I have it in my pocket.

Notwithstanding Griffith had deserved a grievous punishment, his father thought it not amiss to pardon this, as being his first falsehood; and therefore only told him, with a scornful tone of voice, that since he knew that he had a liar in his house, he would tell all the servants never to believe him, whatsoever he should say.

Some few days after, Griffith went in turn to visit Robert, and pulled out a handsome pencil-case which his sister had bestowed him at Christmas. Robert wished to have it, and in exchange would have been glad to give

give him every one of his playthings, his ball, his top, and rackets; but as Griffith, he observed, would not part with it, he began to play the bully, put his arms akimbo, and advanced towards him, said, "The pencil case is mine: I lost it at your house, or else you stole it." Griffith, to no purpose, earnestly protested that it was his sister's present. Robert quickly let him see that he meant to force it from him; and as Griffith grasped it with both hands, he closed upon him, threw him down, got over him, and with his double fist so pomelled Griffith in the face that he was forced to yield the case.

Poor Griffith, being treated in this manner, posted home, his nose all over blood, and half his hair pulled off.— "Papa, papa, (said he, as soon as he was come within his father's hearing,) look how I have been used! The naughty Robert has this moment robbed me of my pencil-case, and handled me as you see."

But far from pitying him, his father answered, "Go, you liar; you have lost your pencil-case at drafts, and to deceive me, smeared your nose with mulberry juice, and put your hair into disorder." Griffith solemnly protested, to no purpose, that he spoke only the truth. "I cannot credit (said the father) one who has already proved himself a liar."

Griffith, quite confounded, went away into his chamber, and bewailed most bitterly the consequences of his first untruth. Next day he begged permission to appear before his father, and implored forgiveness. "I acknowledge (said he) how wicked I have been in seeking to deceive you with a falsehood once; but, dear papa, let me entreat you to give up your resolutions of believing me no longer when I even speak the truth!"

His father told me the other day that from that moment Griffith had not let the least untruth escape him, and that therefore he had recompensed his son's veracity by trusting him implicitly. He never looked for protestations from him: it was sufficient Griffith barely told him any thing, that he should take it for as great a certainty as if himself had seen it.

What a satisfaction this to be experienced by a tender father, and a son so worthy of him!

RECEIPT TO BE ALWAYS PLEASED.

I Should be very glad to play, mama, all day, said Laura.

Mrs. Delwin. What, *all day*?

Laura. Oh! yes, mama.

Mrs. Delwin. I shall be very glad to give you any pleasure in my power, my little Laura; but I fear, you will very soon be tired.

Laura. Of playing! Never. You shall see that, mama.

And saying so, the little Laura ran to fetch her play-things. She had got them all together, but was quite alone; for both her sisters were that day to be employed with different masters, till the afternoon.

At first, she played as she thought proper, and was very happy for an hour or thereabout; but, by degrees, the pleasure which she enjoyed began to lose a little of its power to please her.

She had now handled her play-things twenty times, or oftener, and could tell no longer what to do. Her favourite doll was grown quite troublesome and tedious to her.

She desired her dear mama to shew her some new method of diversion, and to play with her; but unfortunately her mama had very pressing business, and could not attend to her, however she might wish to do so.

Laura, after this, sat moping in a corner, till her sisters had quite finished with their masters, and were now about to take a little recreation. She ran to them in a melancholy mood, which was as much as mentioning how long their time of study had seemed to her, and with what impatience she had wished to see them.

They proposed immediately such games as they supposed most entertaining, for they loved her greatly: but, alas! all their solicitude was useless. Laura could not but complain that every game which they mentioned had already tired her; nay, in her impatience, she even ventured to accuse them of conspiring with each other to afford her such diversion only as they knew would not amuse her. Upon which Miss Amelia, her eldest sister,

an extremely sensible young lady ten years old, took Laura by the hand, and with a smile began as follows :

Look at us, dear Laura, and I will tell you which person in the room occasions your dissatisfaction.

Laura. And who is it, sister ? For my part, I don't know.

Amelia. The reason is, you do not look at yourself. Yes, Laura, you yourself occasion your dissatisfaction ; for you see these games amuse *us* still, though we have played them over, you may easily imagine, before you were born : but then we have been both at work, and therefore are they in a manner new to us. If you, by previous study and attention, had obtained an appetite for pleasure, you would certainly have been pleased as easily as we are.

Little Laura, who, however young she was, by no means wanted understanding, was so struck with these remarks, as to discern that every one who would be happy should take care to mix improving exercise with pleasing recreation. And indeed, I know not whether, after such experience gained, the menace of a whole day's pleasure would not have more terrified her than that of a whole day's labour.

T H E T U L I P S.

LUCETTA had seen for two summers successively a bed of tulips in her father's garden, which were streaked with the most beautiful colours.

Like the fluttering butterfly, she often roved from flower to flower, being struck merely with their beauty, but never reflecting to what they owed their origin.

Last Autumn, she saw her father amuse himself with digging up the bed and planting tulip roots. Ah ! papa, cried she in a whimpering tone, what are you doing ? Will you spoil all our fine tulip bed so, and instead of those fine flowers that grew there, put nasty onions in it for the kitchen ?

Her father answered her, that he knew what he was about, and he was going to tell her that from those onions would come forth new tulips the following year ; but

Lucetta

Lucetta interrupted him by her complaints, and would listen to nothing.

When her father saw that he could not make her understand reason, he left her to pacify herself, and continued his work while she retired sobbing.

During the Winter, as often as the conversation turned upon flowers, Lucetta sighed, and thought within herself how great a pity it was that her father had destroyed the finest ornament of the garden. Winter finished its course, and Spring came next to sweep the snow and ice off the ground.

Lucetta had not entered the garden yet. Indeed it would have been difficult to prevail on her to go in, as it was deprived of her favourite flower. One day, however, she entered without thinking. But what were her transports of surprize and joy, when she saw the tulip bed still more beautiful than the preceding year! She stood still at first, motionless and silent with admiration: at length she threw herself into her father's arms, crying, Ah! dear papa, I thank you for plucking up those nasty onions, and for putting in their place those sweet flowers that I am so fond of.

You owe me no thanks, answered her father; for these sweet flowers that you are so fond of sprung from nothing else but my nasty onions.

The obstinate Lucetta would not believe a word of it; upon which her father pulled up carefully one of the finest tulips, together with the bulbous root (resembling an onion) from which the stalk grew, and presented it to her.

Lucetta, quite confounded, asked pardon for having been so unreasonable. I pardon you, my dear child, with all my heart, replied her father, provided you acknowledge how easy it is for children to deceive themselves, when they attempt to judge, after their ignorance, of the actions of people who have had experience.

Oh! yes, papa, answered Lucetta, I am convinced of that, and therefore for the future shall distrust my own eyes; and whenever I shall be tempted to suppose that I know more of the matter than other people, I will think of the Tulips and the Onions.

I am very glad, my dear little friends, that I had it in my power to tell you this story; for you will presently see what happened to another child who had never heard it.

THE STRAWBERRIES AND CURRANTS.

ALLAN had frequently heard his father say, that children were without the least degree of knowledge touching what was proper for them ; and that all the wisdom which they could possibly prove themselves to possess, lay in following the advice of people older than themselves. And yet he never had sincerely wished to understand this doctrine, or perhaps, to speak as favourably as the matter will allow, had forgot it.

His indulgent father had allotted him and Prospero, his brother, a convenient piece of ground, that each might have a little garden, and display his industry and knowledge in the cultivation of it. And not only this, but they had leave to sow whatever seed they thought proper, or to take any tree-root already growing in their father's garden, and transplant it.

Prospero remembered the instruction of his father, went to have a little conversation on this subject with Ralph the gardener, and began thus : Pray tell me what I ought to sow at present in my garden, and how set about my work ?

The gardener gave him several roots and seeds adapted to the season. Prospero that moment ran and put them in the ground, and Ralph was so kind as to assist him in the work, and to give him some instruction.

But Allan, seeing Prospero's docility, shrugged up his shoulders. Ralph, not observing this contemptuous action, asked if he should give him some assistance and instruction likewise ?

Yes, replied Allan, I have great occasion, to be sure, of your assistance and instruction, particularly the last !

On this, he went into his father's garden ; and selecting for his own, a quantity of flowers, transplanted them immediately. The gardener let him do as he thought fit.

Next morning, when Allan visited his garden, all the flowers which he had so lately planted hung their heads like mourners at a funeral, and, as he saw, were dying. He transplanted others from his father's garden, which the morning after he observed, with much vexation, were exactly in the same condition.

He

He was very soon disgusted with this sort of work. It was paying very dear, we must acknowledge, for the pleasure of possessing a few flowers. Of course he gave it up, and it was not long before his piece of ground was overrun with weeds and thistles.

Towards the middle of the Spring, as he was looking at his brother's garden, he saw something red suspended very near the ground, which, on examination, he discerned to be strawberries, and found to have an exquisite degree of flavour.

Ah, said he, if I had planted strawberries in my garden!

Some time after, likewise, he saw certain little berries of a milk white colour, that hung down in clusters from the branches of a bush; upon examination, they were currants, which to look at only was a banquet.

Ah, said he again, if I had planted currants in my garden!

Eat as many as you like, said Prospero, as if they were your own.

It rested with yourself and no one else, remarked the gardener, to have had as good; so never for the future treat with scorn the assistance and instruction which any one may offer you, who is possessed of greater knowledge and experience than yourself.

OBLIGINGNESS AND COMPLAISANCE.

EMILIA, Victoria, Juliet, and Sophia, had a governess who loved them with the fondness of a mother. This governess was called Mademoiselle Beaufoy.

Her greatest wish was, that her pupils should be virtuous in order to be happy; that a friendship for each other should increase the pleasures of their childhood; and that they should taste those pleasures without diminution or anxiety.

A kind indulgence, and exact degree of justice towards them, were the constant motives of her conduct, whether she had any thing to pardon, to reward, or punish in them.

She enjoyed, with infinite delight, the pleasing fruits of her instruction and example.

The four little girls began to be the happiest children upon earth. They told each other of their faults, forgave each other, shared together of each other's joys, and could not live without each other.

Alas ! by what fatality do children poison the source of their own enjoyments, at the very moment when they begin to taste its charms ; and how great is their happiness when they are placed under the eye of a person endowed with equal prudence and tenderness.

It happened, Mademoiselle Beaufoy was forced to leave her pupils for a time, as certain family concerns obliged her to visit France. She left them with reluctance, made a sacrifice of some advantages to the desire of quickly settling her affairs, and hardly had a month expired when she returned in safety to her little flock.

They all received her with the greatest signs of joy : but, alas ! what an unhappy alteration did she very soon perceive in these poor little children !

If, as frequently it happened, any one among them asked the slightest favour of another, the latter ill-naturedly refused it, and hence followed discontent and quarrels :—the uncommon gaiety that hitherto had been remarkable in all their little sports, and made their work itself delightful, was now changed to peevishness and melancholy ; and instead of those expressions dictated by peace and friendship, which were before heard in all their conversations, nothing now prevailed among them but incessant bickerings. Did either wish to take an hour's diversion in the garden ? her sisters were sure to assign some reason for remaining in their chamber. And, in short, it was enough that any thing should meet the wish of one among them to displease the others.

It particularly chanced one day, that not contented to deny each other every sort of friendship and obligingness, they mutually distressed each other with reproaches. Mademoiselle Beaufoy, who sat as a witness of this scene, was so affected by it as even to shed tears.

She could not speak a word ; and pensively withdrew into her chamber, that she might the better think upon the means of rendering back to these unhappy little ones
the

the pleasures which they had lost of their former friendship and reciprocal attachment.

She was still employed in this afflicting task when all the four young ladies entered her apartment, with a peevish and uneasy look, complaining that they could be no longer happy in each other's company. There was not one of them but charged the rest with causing it; and all together earnestly desired their governess to restore them, if possible, to their lost happiness.

The governess received them in a very serious manner, saying, I observe, my children, you obstruct each other in your pleasures; therefore, that this circumstance may never come to pass again, let each take up her corner in this very room, if she thinks proper, and divert herself in any way that she likes, but so as not to interfere with either of her sisters. You may have recourse to this new mode of recreation instantly, as you have leave to play till night; but each (remember) in her corner, as I said just now.

The little girls were charmed with this proposal, took their places, and began to play.

Sophia entered into conversation with her doll, or rather told her many little stories; but her doll could not reply, and had no stories in her turn to tell. It was in vain to look for any entertainment from her sisters; they were playing, each asunder, in their corners.

Juliet took her battledore and shuttlecock, yet none applauded her dexterity; besides, she would gladly have struck it across the room, but in that case there was nobody to send it back. It was in vain to hope such service from her sisters; they were playing, each asunder, in their corners.

Emilia could have wished to pass the time that now hung heavy on her at a game of which she was very fond, *bunt the slipper*: but, alas! who was there to pass the slipper from hand to hand? It was in vain to ask her sisters; they were playing, each asunder, in their corners.

And Victoria, who was very skilful as a little housewife, thought how she might give her friends an entertainment, and of course send out for many things to market. But who was to receive her orders? It was in vain to pitch upon her sisters; they were playing, each asunder, in their corners.

It was just the same with every other play. All of them supposed that it would be compromising matters to approach each other, and therefore they disdainfully continued in their solitude. At length the day concluded. They returned again to Mademoiselle Beaufoy, and begged her to shew them a better sort of amusement than that which she had already recommended.

I can only think of one, my children, answered she, which you yourselves knew very well formerly, but which it seems you have now forgotten. Yet, if you wish to put it once more into practice, I can easily remind you of it.

Oh! we wish to recollect it with all our hearts, replied they; and stood all attention to seize with ardour the first word that their governess should utter.

It is, answered she, that reciprocal obligingness, that mutual friendship, which sisters owe to each other. O, my dearest little friends! how miserable have you contrived to make yourselves and me too, since you lost it!

She stopped short when she had uttered these few words, which yet were interrupted frequently by sighs, while tears of tenderness ran down her cheeks.

The little girls appeared astonished and struck dumb with sorrow and confusion in her presence. She held out her arms; they rushed at once affectionately towards her, and sincerely promised that they would love each other for the future, and agree as they had done before she left them.

From that moment they betrayed no signs of peevishness to trouble their harmonious intercourse. Instead of bickerings and discontent amongst them, nothing now was known but mutual condescensions which delighted all who had the opportunity of being with them.

They preserve this amiable character at present in the world among their friends, of whom they are acknowledged to be the delight and ornament.

THE LINNET'S NEST.

MAMA, mama, cried out little Sam, one evening, running out of breath into the parlour; see, see, what I have here in my hat.

Mrs. Baxter. Ha, ha! a linnet! Where did you get it?

Sam. I happened to find a nest in the morning, as I passed along the white thorn hedge, below the fish-pond. And waiting till the evening, I crept along the hedge as softly as I could, and slap! before the bird could be aware of me, caught him by the wings.

Mrs. Baxter. Was he by himself, then, in the nest?

Sam. No, no; the little ones were in it too. But they are so little yet that they have not got their feathers. Oh! they can't escape me!

Mrs. Baxter. And what do you intend to do with this linnet?

Sam. Put it in a cage, mama.

Mrs. Baxter. And with the young ones?

Sam. Oh! I'll take the young ones too, and rear them. I will run now and fetch them.

Mrs. Baxter. I am sorry, Sam; but you will not have time to get them.

Sam. Oh! it is not far off. Don't you know the Windsor pear-tree? Well, it is close by that. I have taken care to mark the place.

Mrs. Baxter. But that is not the matter. What I mean is, that our neighbour, Justice Sharp, has sent to take you up. The constables are very likely come, and at the door.

Sam. The constables! to take me up?

Mrs. Baxter. Yes, yes; to take you up! The justice has your father in custody already; and the constables who took him, told us that they would soon come back for you, with Kitty, Bell and Sally, and then carry you all four to prison.

Sam. Oh! dear me! And what does he design to do with us?

Mrs. Baxter. You will be shut up in a little room, and not have permission to come out a moment.

Sam. Oh! the wicked justice!

Mrs. Baxter. However, he will not do you any harm. They will give you, every day, good things to eat and drink. You will have nothing to complain of but your loss of freedom, and the pleasure of seeing me. (*Sam begins to cry.*) Well, what is the matter with you? Is confinement such a great misfortune, if they give you every thing that you want? (*Sam cannot speak for sobbing.*) The justice treats your father, sisters, and yourself, as you would treat the linnet and its young. You cannot call him wicked, therefore, as you do, without confessing that you are so yourself.

Sam, (sobbing.) Oho! I will let the linnet fly, mama, this instant. (*He opens his hat, and the bird flies out at the window.*)

Mrs. Baxter, (taking him into her arms.) Be of comfort, my dear Sam! for I only meant to give you some instruction by this little story of the justice: neither will your father, or your sisters, or yourself, be sent to prison. All I wished was to convince you how wicked it would be to shut up the poor little bird. As much as you appeared afflicted, when I told you that they would take you up, so much the little bird *was* certainly when you deprived him of his liberty. Conceive how much the cock would have lamented to be parted from the hen, the young ones from their mother, and the mother from her young ones. This I am sure you did not think of, otherwise you never would have taken him. Tell me, would you?

Sam. Never, dear mama. I did not once think of all this.

Mrs. Baxter. Well, think of it for the future, and forget not that birds, as well as every other creature, were created to enjoy their liberty, and that it would be cruel to fill up with sorrow that short period of existence which God has granted them; and, to remember this the better, you should get by heart a little piece of poetry that your friend has written.

Sam. What! the Children's Friend? Oh! pray repeat it to me.

THE LINNETS.

I HOLD it fast, this linnet's nest,
 With one, two, three, four young ones in it :
 Long did I watch you, without rest,
 But pris'ners made you in a minute.

Cry, little rebels, as you please,
 And flap your wings ; but vain you'll find it !
 You cannot get away with ease ;
 So stay with me, and never mind it.

But, don't I hear their mother's cries
 Deplore the durance that has bound them ?
 Yes ; and their father likewise flies,
 Sadly complaining, round and round them.

And shall I cause them so much pain
 Who us'd to go last spring, and hear them
 From yon broad oak pour down their strain,
 While the whole grove was music near them ?

Alas ! if from my mother I
 Were violently to be parted,
 I know, with sorrow she would die,
 Or, if she liv'd, live broken-hearted.

Should I then, cruel spoiler ! tear,
 Those innocents from her who bore them ?
 No : I'll not doom you to despair !
 Take back your young, I here restore them.

Teach them, in some o'er-arching glade,
 Round you, from morn till night to hover,
 Learning to harmonize the shade,
 Throat answering throat, and lover lover.

So will I come and sit, next year,
 With the first dawn, till day's descending,
 Under the oak, and feast my ear
 While their soft notes are sweetly blending.

THE DESERTER.

A DRAMA, in Three ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

MOORHOUSE, - - - a Publican.
 GRACE, - - - his Wife.
 GEORGE *their Son*, - - a Corporal.
 TRUNNION, - - - his Comrade.
 THOMAS, - - - Moorhouse's Brother.
 STEWARD.
 CAPTAIN.
 SERJEANT.

During the two first acts, the scene is laid in the Publican's house; but changes to a prison in the last.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Moorhouse, (entering,) Grace, (spinning with a distaff and spindle.)

Moorhouse. **H**ERE is a soldier coming, Grace. *Grace, (letting fall her spindle.)* A soldier! What are we to do? Our trade gone, and a soldier quartered on us!

Moorhouse. After all, perhaps, though it is not likely that he should help us, he will have more compassion on our poverty than richer folks. A soldier's character, my dear, is much misrepresented: he has far more conscience than a steward, who is hardened to oppress the poor by dint of habit, while a soldier is often thinking of another life, as he has death before him often.

S C E N E II.

Moorhouse, Grace, Trunnion.

Trunnion. Save you! I am come to be your guest. See, here is the billet: it is for two. Another is on the road.
Moorhouse.

Moorhouse. We would entertain you, soldier, with all our hearts, but we really have not the means. Though we keep a public-house, yet trade is so dead that we cannot renew our licence, which is almost out. We signified as much to Justice Parsons in the neighbourhood, and begged that no soldiers might be sent us; but he answered, till our licence was expired we must be looked upon as publicans, and take the consequence. Indeed, we have hardly now a single customer: the house is deserted, and our stock of liquor out to the very last drop.

Trunnion. But, for heaven's sake, my good people, tell me how you live without a bit of fire?

Grace. When one has got no fuel, and no money to buy any—

Trunnion. For my part, I must have some to warm me, and a bit of dinner likewise. Have you any thing to give me?

Grace. Nothing; not so much as bread. We live from hand to mouth; and when we get one meal, cannot tell when we shall have another. If you do not believe me, take a look about the house, and see if you discover any thing but poverty within it.

Trunnion. No, no; I believe and pity you. I have a little money in my pocket, which I cannot do better than share with you. My good friend, here is a shilling and some halfpence: go, buy us something good to eat; you shall take a bit along with us, but first, a little wood.

Moorhouse. You are very kind; I will run immediately. *(He goes out.)*

S C E N E III.

Trunnion, Grace.

Trunnion. And in the mean time, with your leave, good mother, I will examine how my arms are.

Grace. With my leave, good friend? Do what you please; you are welcome.—*(Aside.)* My husband is right; soldiers are much better christians than too many gentlefolks.—*(To Trunnion.)* My son is a soldier likewise.

Trunnion. In what regiment?

Grace. Colonel Sheffield's.

Trunnion. What is his name, then?

Grace.

Grace. George Moorhouse. Heaven knows if he be still alive. I have not heard about him for these four years.

Trunnion. Do not you be uneasy, my good woman, he is still living.

Grace. Dear sir, do you know him then?

Trunnion, (embarrassed.) I can't tell that; but I suppose he is living, as he came of such good folks.

Grace. Ah, that is no reason.

Trunnion. But I wish your husband were returned. If I had but the wood, I would make a fire. My comrade is rather boisterous, and will certainly be angry if he does not find things ready when he comes.

Grace. Oh! you will excuse us. A good word from you will pacify him.

Trunnion. Words will not do with him, and besides he is a corporal. I must not speak to him as I please.

S C E N E IV.

Trunnion, Grace, Moorhouse.

Moorhouse, (throwing down a faggot.) Here is some wood, and a nice bit of meat; and turnips that a gardener gave me. I have brought you back a little change too.

Trunnion. Keep that to buy us some small beer. I thought to have had a pint of porter; but my family is increased, and so my liquor must be weaker.

Grace. Come, my dear, open the faggot, and I will make a fire: the gentleman says that his comrade is rather hasty.

Trunnion. Yes, and being a noncommissioned officer besides, he will expect things to be as they should. He is giving orders in the company, otherwise he would have been here before now. Ah! here he comes.

S C E N E V.

Trunnion, Grace, Moorhouse, George.

George. Well, is dinner ready? Make haste good people.

Moorhouse.

Moorhouse. It is not our fault, good sir, that matters are no forwarder. Your comrade will inform you so.

Trunnion, (in a whisper to George.) Come, finish this child's play, and tell them who you are. (*To Grace.*) Consider this young man, good mother.

George. Do not you recollect me?

Grace, (after having looked at George with attention.) Heavens! can it be George?

George. Yes, yes, it is, dear mother. Oh, what pleasure to behold you after such long absence!

Moorhouse. Is it possible? my son! Oh, welcome dear, dear boy, a thousand times!

Grace, (embracing him.) I see you then once more before I die! Heaven be praised!

Moorhouse. And how have you contrived to live? so many, my dear son, are dead, but you in safety!

George. Yes, and yet I have never been deficient in my duty. I owe it certainly to your prayers, that I have escaped safe and sound from all dangers. I find, I am quartered on you: Are you sorry for it?

Moorhouse. Can you ask if we are sorry! since the day you left us, we have never been so happy.

Grace, (whispering Trunnion.) My good friend, you told me something of a corporal, I think?

Trunnion. Why, George is a corporal. Don't you see it?

Moorhouse. Then you are promoted! but how came that about? You could not read.

George. My captain had me taught.

Moorhouse. Oh, what a charming man this captain must be!

Grace. Let them tell us now that soldiers are not special people!

Trunnion. I will answer for it, George will soon be higher than a corporal. (*To George.*) But how came you not to tell me, when you saw the billet, that you were quartered on your father?

George. Comrade, I was so full of my joy that I could not speak.

Grace. How long are you to stay with us?

George. Two days. We halt here.

Moorhouse. I am glad of that, my dear boy; we shall have time to talk of a few matters.

Trunnion.

Trunnion. Well, well, I can see you have enough to talk of these three hours or more perhaps: so, mother, shew me where to make the fire and dress the meat; I will do the whole myself.

Grace. At least I will help you, my good sir.

Trunnion. No, no; you have enough to do with George, so do but shew me to your kitchen; then you may come back, and talk together at your ease.

Grace. Since you will have it so.

S C E N E VI.

Moorhouse, George.

George. Then, father, you are not at your ease?

Moorhouse. At our ease! Oh, no. Our trade is fallen from us, and in short, these two years past, it is wonderful how we subsist!

George. But how is that possible? you that were formerly so well to live!

Moorhouse. You have reason to be surprized at it, knowing as you do how laborious we always were, and that we did not manage like one half of our neighbours, who do not know how to lay by any thing against a rainy day. However, we have had severe losses since you left us, and now the worst of it is that we are indebted to our landlord upwards of four pounds. We cannot pay it, and the steward threatens every day to turn us out of doors, in which case we must beg our bread.

George. Just Heavens! could I have thought to find you in so sad a situation!

Moorhouse. We should never have been in it, had the steward not contrived to make you, as he did, a soldier. It was wholly a contrivance on his part, of which I will tell you the particulars some other opportunity. When he was nothing but a bailiff, and had scarce a coat to wear, I would not lend him money, and it was then that he first of all began to hate us. And at length he has compleated his revenge. Our house is to be sold, and you will not possess a groat belonging to your father.

George. If you had but something to subsist on, I should not regard myself. Here is all the money that I possess.

I give

I give it you with tears, because I have no more to spare you.——

Moorhouse. May heaven repay it to you a hundred fold, my dear child! This will keep us a few days.

George. Let me think a little. Cannot I speak with this same steward?

Moorhouse. He will be here this very day.

George. Then I will be sure to tell him something that may do you good. The king is coming to review our regiment; so you shall go and tell him your sad situation.

Moorhouse. I go tell him! I should not be able to pronounce a word before him. I should stand stock still, or perhaps run away through fear and terror, were I forced into his presence!

George. Never fear: he would return you a kind answer. I was once a centinel at Windsor, on the Terrace, when the king was walking there: it was upon a Sunday evening. I shall never sure forget with what familiarity he spoke to people; but that is nothing; for he met one morning with a poor man's child as he was walking through the town, and entering into conversation, found him such a clever little fellow, that he ordered him a guinea: when the father heard it, he was ever on the watch to fall in with his majesty, as he was walking out. He proved at last so fortunate as to obtain a hearing, when he thanked him for the guinea; upon which the king, would you believe it, ordered him another guinea for his gratitude, as he particularly mentioned.

Moorhouse. You don't tell me so.

George. Believe me, I would much rather have to speak with him than many of our officers.

Moorhouse. What a gracious king!

George. There cannot be a better. So pray hear what I intend to do; I will get our quarter-master to write me a petition; and though possibly you should have twenty miles to walk, no matter.

Moorhouse. And what, think you, will the king do for us?

George. I cannot tell exactly, but we will talk further about it to-morrow. In the mean time, be assured, dear father, it is much more agreeable to have to do with great than little people. Come, let us take a turn or two together through the village.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Moorhouse, Grace, George, (standing near a table.)

Grace. We have no more than two plates.

George. No matter, mother. Our provider will be with us very shortly.

Moorhouse. What a deal of pains he takes on our account!

George. You do not know him yet: next to fighting, he likes nothing half so well as cooking: here he comes.

Trunnion, (entering with the meat and turnips dressed.) Here, my friends. Here is what will warm our stomachs this cold weather. I have made a little broth; and take a soldier's word, you will find it excellent. So let us sit down; but first say grace.—Come, help yourselves.—They say there is no such thing as eating broth without a spoon: and so here is mine. *(He takes a knife and spoon out of his pocket.)*

Moorhouse. I am very glad of that; we have but two. *(They help themselves.)*

Grace, (to Moorhouse.) The broth is excellent!

Moorhouse. I have not eat so good these many years.

George. Do not spare it then. To say the truth, I have tasted worse.

Grace. We would never wish for better as long as we live: nay, nor yet so good, except on Sundays.

George. Well, let us now begin upon the meat.

Trunnion, (to Moorhouse.) But how is this, my friend, you have no plate?

Grace. Oh, never mind: one plate will serve us both.

Trunnion. Here is mine.

Moorhouse. By no means.

Trunnion. I can make myself a plate. *(He cuts a slice of bread, and puts his meat upon it.)* We should be finely off in camp, if we were forced to wait for plates!

George. But father, you do not eat, what ails you?

Moorhouse. Ah!

Trunnion. What makes you sigh?

Moorhouse.

Moorhouse. I cannot help sighing, to reflect I should have treated George at my expence on his return, but was without a bit of bread to give him.

George. Pray do not talk at this rate, father.

Trunnion. No, no, do not even think about it. Come, your health! (*he drinks.*) Now you, good friend.

Moorhouse, (taking the mug.) Come, here is our benefactor's health; and many blessings on him for his kindness. (*Drinking.*)

Grace. Oh! a thousand blessings! (*drinking.*)

George. Comrade, my hearty thanks to you for this day's friendship shewn my parents.

Trunnion. Do you wish to make me proud? You drink my health, as if I had won a battle!

Moorhouse. Ay, and you deserve we should. You have yourself but little, and part with it for our sakes. (*A knock without.*)

Grace. Who's there?

S C E N E II.

Moorhouse, Grace, George, Trunnion, the Captain, Serjeant.

George. Our captain!

Serjeant, (with a pocket-book in his hand.) How many are you here?

George, (rising.) Two. (*They all rise.*)

The Captain. Very well. Do not stir: and you too, my good people, keep your seats, make no ceremony. I am charmed to see so much harmony and cordiality amongst you. Have you (*to Moorhouse*) any complaint against these men?

Moorhouse. Oh! no sir; if they are satisfied with us.

The Captain, (to George.) Do you like your quarters?

George. Sir, I am quartered with my father: it is my comrade's part to answer.

Trunnion. We have every thing that we desire.

The Captain, (to Moorhouse.) What! is this young man your son? you are very happy then; for I can tell you, all the regiment love him. (*He looks round about him.*) I am afraid your circumstances are not of the easiest: but you are rich in having such a son!

George. I thank you, captain, for reserving this favourable

able testimony of me for the ears of my parents, and shall so behave myself, I hope, that they may never lose the happiness that it affords them.

Moorhouse. O, good-sir! my bosom overflows with joy.

Grace. We should be happier, captain, could you let him stay with us.

Moorhouse. What, wife, to die of hunger? Would you think it, sir, this generous soldier, though a stranger to us, bought the dinner that we have been eating, otherwise we should not have had bread to give our son? We have lost our custom; and besides, our landlord, for about four pounds that we owe him—

The Captain. Threatens perhaps to turn you out of doors? The case, alas, is far too common: and I pity you sincerely. Here is a piece of gold that I chance to have about me: it will be of some assistance to you. George, this is what your conduct has deserved; for it is on your account I give it to your parents.

George. Ah, my generous captain! if you knew how serviceable such a gift is, you would say yourself that I never can repay you as I ought.

Moorhouse. God only can repay such bounty.

Grace. May he grant you many years of happiness! If I had twenty children, I would let you have them every one with pleasure.

The Captain. Good woman! you repay my kindness very much indeed. One child is valuable to a parent, and you would give me twenty! but I interrupt your dinner. Farewell, good people. I will come once again and see you, if I can, before we go.

Serjeant. Trunnion, be ready for the next relief: the guard will turn out very soon.

S C E N E III.

Moorhouse, Grace, George, Trunnion.

Trunnion, (drinking.) Long live our noble captain!

George. So I say indeed; for he has saved us all from dying.

Moorhouse. He yet never saw us, and we get a piece of gold! who could have thought that a stranger would compassionate our situation, when we are treated with so much barbarity by those that know us?

Grace. O the blessed gentleman! but how much is it worth

worth? (*looking at the piece of gold.*) It must be of pretty large value.

Moorhouse. Good heavens! could I suppose that I should ever stand in such need of a single piece of money! What is it? Do you know its value, George?

George. I never saw so large a piece.

Trunnion. It is more, I am certain, than a guinea: but I cannot tell how much.—Stay, let me see.—Oh! now I recollect. It is what they call a six-and-thirty: there are several now going about. They come from Portugal: it is nearly worth two guineas.

Grace. What! two guineas! almost half our debt: if the steward would take this in part, it would make us easy.

Moorhouse. I hope he will give us a little time for the remainder.

Grace. Do you think that is likely? I should be content to live upon dry bread till next winter, provided we were not obliged to leave our house.

George. Do not be uneasy mother, I will try what I can do with him.

Grace. We stood so much in fear of soldiers, and a soldier is now our guardian angel! God's good providence be praised for this repast, and the assistance that he has sent us. (*They all rise.*)

Trunnion. Well now, I will put every thing away.

Grace. Yes, truly, should I let you. Rest yourself; I will do that myself.

Trunnion. No, no; it is part of my employ. I will have you recollect the day we quartered in your little cot as long as you both live.

Grace. There is no resisting you. (*Trunnion takes the things out.*) I am not surprized that the women are so fond of soldiers; they must make such husbands! they do all the work themselves, and with so much dexterity! but I must follow, or he will wash the plates. (*She is going, but returns.*) Ah! here is brother Thomas. Let us observe if he will remember George.

SCENE IV.

Moorhouse, Grace, George, Thomas.

Grace, (to Thomas.) Look, brother, here is a young man come to see us. Don't take him for a common soldier

soldier though. Have you any knowledge of him? or you George, have you? go to him: it is your uncle Thomas.

George. Just as if I did not recollect him!

Thomas. Is your uncle?—let me see.—No—Yes—Yes. he himself. My nephew, as I live!—*(they embrace.)* One need not ask about your health; you look so very well!

George. I hope, dear uncle, you are as well as I am.

Grace. I could wish you did but know how much his captain praises him! I wish I could stay and tell you; but I am forced to go, or I believe our cook would set the house to rights from top to bottom.

S C E N E V.

Moorhouse, Thomas, George.

Thomas. I rejoice, dear nephew, with all my heart, to see you safe come home: however trust me if you have not heard the whole already, you could never have returned to find us more unhappy. We are all as poor, as if the country had been pillaged.

Moorhouse. And our landlord's wicked steward too, would gladly, if he could, suck out the little blood that is left us.

George. You no longer need have any fear of him, as you can pay down half the sum that you owe him. He must needs be patient, till such time as you can pay the rest.

Moorhouse *(letting Thomas see his piece of gold.)* See brother; see what George has got me.

Thomas *(to George.)* Did you save it from your pay, or is it plunder?

George. Neither one, nor the other: it is a present from my captain who was here just now.

Moorhouse. It is to George however that I am obliged for it: his captain gave it me, because he had behaved himself so well.

Thomas. In truth I am so much better pleased; because a soldier, who would lay up such a deal of money from his slender pay, must certainly deprive himself of many little comforts

comforts in this life: and, as to plunder, justify it how you will, it is always villainously got, and never prospers.

George. That was what I always thought; and therefore never would go pillaging: indeed with all the plunder that others got, I found they were not richer than myself: but on the contrary, spent half their time in the black hole, being always guilty of some crime or other, after they had been a robbing, for it was nothing else; whereas my officers were never troubled with complaints of me.

Thomas. I easily believe you. All your family are honest people; and you would not, I am sure, have been the only good-for-nothing fellow of the number. We are poor indeed, but have the fear of God before our eyes, and that is much better than the greatest riches.

Moorhouse. Yes; and if the steward—

Thomas. Softly brother, here he comes.

S C E N E VI.

Moorhouse, George, Thomas, the Steward.

The Steward. Well, Moorhouse; to-morrow is just at hand. You are ready I suppose to pay your rent, or else to quit your house.

Moorhouse. I cannot, my good sir, pay more than half; nor should I have been able to do that, if Providence had not assisted me. Be so indulgent as to wait till harvest for the rest, and do not compleat my ruin by distressing me still further than I am distressed already.

The Steward. By distressing you! the common cant: the more one does, the more one may for such as you. How long, pray, has not this same rent of yours been growing? yet my lord distresses you; and why? because at last he tells you that he will have his money!

Moorhouse. But is half of what we owe him nothing? Take that half, let me beseech you, and entreat my lord in our behalf.

The Steward. Yes, yes, intreat him to let you lead him by the nose another twelve month? I shall hardly
do

do so : therefore pay the whole ; or else I seize, that's certain.

George. Oh ! a little mercy, my good sir ; and think that with a single word you have it in your power to make my father happy. If there's nothing goes unpunished in this world, 'tis surely no small matter to reduce an honest man to beggary.

The Steward. Mind your musquet, and not my affairs.

George. My musquet, sir, belongs to the king, and I shall take care of it without your instructions. If the king were here present, he would not take it amiss that I should speak for my parents, and yet, I think, there is some difference between you and him.

The Steward. Mr. Soldier, you may have seen service, as they call it, but remember that you are not talking now to some boor whom you have plundered, and have at your mercy.

George. I never talked to any man as, I think, I should to you (*now I know your disposition,*) were I to meet you in an enemy's country.

The Steward. You will never have that satisfaction.

Thomas. Excuse a soldier's bluntness, my good sir.

The Steward. Hold your tongue likewise.—I have you down in my papers, I believe.

Thomas. I am sure you have ; and not me only, but all honest people.

The Steward. What do you mean by that ?

SCENE VII.

Moorhouse, George, Thomas, the Steward, Grace, Trunnion.

Grace. The steward here !

Moorhouse. Be quiet, wife.—For Heaven's sake, let me beg you, Mr. Steward—

The Steward. All your prayers are useless ; and to-morrow you shall set out on your travels.

Grace. You will surely have some pity on us. We shall soon get work. Here is half your money, and our house will still be standing for the other half, if we should break our word.

The Steward. Still standing! you may burn it: but if not, I must obey the orders of his lordship.

George. Has his lordship ordered you to ruin a whole family, for what my father owes him? You are paid to take whatever care you can of his affairs; and by proceeding as you would you do not earn your wages. Therefore take my counsel, and for once fulfil your duty.

The Steward. Will you tell me what my duty is? you may keep your counsel to yourself; I tell you that.

George. And you, I tell you, may be civil.

The Steward. Who taught you all this impudence?

Trunnion. Suppose yourself a moment in this young man's situation. He is a soldier, and a soldier always knows what he is to say; a thousand times better, at least, than any steward. You have dared before his face, to tell his father that he shall go upon his travels. We all know the meaning of that phrase; and would you have him stand there like a post before you, without having the spirit to open his lips? Who could keep his temper if he saw his family on the point of being ruined by an ill-natured cur of your stamp? We know what stewards are, and how they make fortunes. This young man spoke to you civilly at first, and you slighted him. He is in the right now to speak the truth to you.

The Steward. This is past bearing. (*turns in a violent rage to Moorhouse.*) Are you disposed to pay? I ask you but once more.

Moorhouse. I have told you that it is not in my power.

Grace. And offered you the little that we have.

The Steward. I will have the whole or nothing.—If it is not sent to-morrow, you shall hear from me.

George, (stopping him.) Once more.

The Steward. Let me go. I'll not have any thing to do with such a ragamuffin.

George, (striking him.) Ragamuffin! You are speaking to a soldier, sir, take that: and out with you. Old rascal! get you gone! (*he pushes him out.*)

The Steward. Oh! vengeance! vengeance!

SCENE VIII.

Moorhouse, Grace, Thomas, George, Trunnion.

Grace. George, my dear George, what have you done!

Moorhouse. We are ruined.

George. Do not be frightened, father. Had you wept even blood, he would not have relaxed. I never struck a man before; but I was never called a ragamuffin in my life till now. Could I be a soldier had I borne it?

Trunnion. If you had not struck him, I was ready to strike you.

Moorhouse. Who knows what it may cost us?

George. What, because I would not be insulted?

Grace. It was very wrong in you; for notwithstanding he insulted you, yet still you should have recollected that he is my lord's steward.

George. Pshaw! he is not the first of his profession that has undergone a soldier's vengeance. I, for my part, think it perfect sympathy, that when a soldier sees a rogue, he naturally knocks him down.

Grace. I can't help thinking we should certainly have softened him at last.

George. No, trust me, never.

Grace, (to Moorhouse.) What think you my love? It will be much better for us to go after him.

George. It would be useless.

Moorhouse. That may be; but, I am resolved, it shall not be said that I have left any means untried. So Grace, let us go together.

George. Well, since you will go, let it be so: but if he yields, I'll eat my hat.

Moorhouse. Come, wife, let us try this only method left us; and Heaven's will be done, if it should fail.

Grace. Sure since we have struggled through life thus far, Providence will not let us perish with hunger at last.

Trunnion. Your mother, I can see, has all her necessary consolations ready when she wants them. I will go see, on my side, what our comrades are doing.

SCENE

S C E N E IX.

George, Thomas.

George. And do you think, uncle, that I have exposed my parents to the steward's malice more, by my behaviour, than they were already?

Thomas. Trust me, so I fear, though it was bad enough before between them. And yet, nephew, they might certainly have mended their affairs last week, if they had only had a little less compassion.

George. How, dear uncle?

Thomas. They discovered a deserter, but would not inform against him, notwithstanding the reward.

George. Indeed!

Thomas. The blacksmith here hard by was not so scrupulous, and got the money.

George, (to himself.) A deserter! a thought strikes me.—*(To Thomas.)* O uncle! I can save my father, if I please; but must have your assistance. May I trust you?

Thomas. Certainly.

George. But can you keep a secret!

Thomas. I have always thought I could.

George. Whatever happens?

Thomas. Yes, provided there is no wickedness in the affair.

George. None, uncle.

Thomas. Well then, speak.

George. But were you to betray me?

Thomas. It must sure be some extraordinary matter!

George. Yes; but you will have no reason to fear any thing.

Thomas. Well, come then to the purpose.

George. I will desert this very night. You shall secure me, and get forty shillings by it, which will nearly pay my father's debt.

Thomas. I fancy you are turned fool! What, I secure you? I, your uncle? Why not bid me take a musquet up at once, and shoot you?

George. There is no musquet in the case. A soldier is never shot the first time that he deserts.

Thomas. Well then, at least he is flogged severely.

George. But I need not fear even that; for all the Officers of the regiment love me, and I am sure I shall get off.

Thomas. No, no; I cannot consent. Suppose your father was to know it?

George. Can he know it, if we keep the secret? For deserting, as I have told you, I shall not be shot: though, were there any room to fear it, I have often risked my life to benefit my country; I can risk it surely then to benefit my father. Think too, he is your brother, and that by this way only we can save him and my mother too from beggary, and perhaps from death.

Thomas. The devil, sure, has brought me into this temptation. I cannot tell what resolution I should take.

George. Remember you have promised me, will you break your word? In my despair I shall desert, and then my father will get nothing by it: so that you have no affection for your family if you refuse me.

Thomas. No affection!—You hold out a knife before me, and are ready, as it were, to stab me to the heart.

George. Well, uncle, take your choice. Time presses.

Thomas. But should you deceive me, nephew! Should your sentence be——

George. Of death, I have told you, there is no fear. At worst, it will not exceed a whipping. I know how to suffer, and at every lash I shall bethink me that I have saved my father.

Thomas. Well then, I consent to do as you direct me; but should matters fall out otherwise——

George. How can they fall out otherwise? Give me your hand, and be secret. Our people call the Roll, as we term it, at six o'clock, and he that does not answer to his name is marked down as a deserter; now you shall conduct me to the guard room to-night, and inform them that you apprehended me ten miles out of town, as I was deserting from the regiment.

Thomas. It is the first deceit that I ever was concerned in.

George. Do not reproach yourself with it, dear uncle,
since

since it will get us both a blessing. Let us embrace once more; and now go, find my father. But take care! let me conjure you not to cause suspicion. If I am doing wrong, God will assuredly forgive me. What should not a dutiful son do for the preservation of his parents?

A C T III.

S C E N E I. *a prison.*

Drums and other music at a distance.

Trunnion (coming in) Oh! my poor dear Bob! He should have told us his distress about the cursed steward, and not thus deserted. Who would have imagined it last night? to have gone off, been apprehended, and suffered his punishment all within the compass of a night and a morning! But it is over, and I am glad of it. He has borne it like a hero; never uttered a single groan; the regiment that loved him so well hitherto, will, I am sure, not love him the worse for it; for my part I could have gone through half the punishment for him. But here he comes.

S C E N E II.

Trunnion, George, Serjeant.

George, (entering, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven.) Thank heaven! it is over, and my father is safe!

Serjeant, (in surprise.) His father is safe! what does he mean by that?

George. Dear Trunnion!

Trunnion (embracing him.) O my dearest friend! how fares it with you?

George. Do not shed tears for my sake, comrade; I am much happier than you think.

Serjeant (aside.) What can all this mean?—Shall I go fetch the surgeon?

George. No Serjeant, I thank you.

Serjeant, (aside, shaking his head.) There is something of a myſtery in all this. I will go and tell my Captain what I think of the affair. *(goes out.)*

S C E N E III.

George, Trunnion.

Trunnion. Well at leaſt then take a drop of ſomething to ſupport you. *(Giving him a glaſs of liquor.)*

George, (ſqueezing Trunnion by the hand.) Thank you heartily, good comrade. *(He drinks.)*

Trunnion. I am rejoiced that the court, in conſequence of our requeſt in your behalf, remitted ſo much of your ſentence. But pray tell me, comrade, what poſſeſſed you to deſert thus !

George. I am aſhamed, dear Trunnion, to conceal the reaſon from you ; ſo do not aſk me ; it is a ſecret that I can never mention.

S C E N E IV.

Trunnion, George, Thomas.

Thomas, (entering violently agitated.) Well, now are you ſatiſfied ?—

Trunnion. Softly ! ſoftly ! You ſeem agitated. Do not diſturb your nephew, he wants reſt. A man is not always the ſame.

George, (whiſpering his uncle.) You are angry, uncle. Should you ſpeak of the affair between us, you will undo me.

Thomas. I am undone already.

George. Are you ſerious ?—*(to Trunnion.)* Prithee, my good friend, leave us a moment to ourſelves. *(Trunnion retires a little.)*

Thomas. Your father is in ſo great a paſſion that he will not ſee me, on account of my having informed againſt you, and received the money. Beſides he will not accept a farthing of it. When I offered it to him, he rejected it with horror. God forbid ! cried he, it is the price of my ſon's blood. What then ſhall I do ? There is ſcarce a
boy

boy in the village but will pelt me for my treachery, as they call it; and all this through you.

George. Be pacified, dear uncle! every thing will yet be well. The worst is past: and you have only to go back and tell my father that I desire to see him.

Thomas. No, not I:—he won't permit me to approach him. I informed you so before. But how is this! I see him coming with my sister.

S C E N E V.

George, Thomas, Moorhouse, Grace.

Grace. Where is my son? Let me see him.

Trunnion. This way, good mother; here he is.

Grace, (running up to George.) What have you been doing, son? How could you cause us so much sorrow?

Moorhouse, (in anger.) Are you here, unhappy wretch? You have yourself converted all the joy that you gave me yesterday into distress and sorrow. I will never see you more.

George. Dear father, pray forgive me! I have undergone my punishment.

Moorhouse. Yes, for flying from your colours; but you have not yet suffered for disgracing us in our old age. Sure sixty years, all passed without a blot upon our character, entitled us to hope that we should have died without one; and yet now you have covered us with infamy. But we renounce you!

George. Pardon, pardon me, dear father! Heaven is my witness, I have not disgraced you, and was far from wishing to disgrace you.

Thomas, (aside.) Oh! what torture to hear this, and yet be forced to stand thus silent!

George, (following Moorhouse.) Do not, do not, father, leave me thus, without embracing me! Oh! stay a moment! And you, mother, can you shew yourself as cruel?

Grace. What can I do, son?

Moorhouse. Never call him son. He has forfeited that name.

Grace. Forgive him, good man! He is still our child.

Thomas. Yes, brother, let your heart be moved to pity his affliction.

Moorhouse. Hold your tongue! You are full as bad as he is; you that sell your nephew for the sake of money. I will no more be your brother, than his father.

Grace, (having talked a little while with George.) Hear me, husband! He makes solemn promises. Do not make us both wretched! After all, he is our child, the only one that we have, and can we then not love him?

Moorhouse. Don't speak one word more, woman, but follow me! *(He is going out, but Trunnion holds him.)*

Trunnion. Come, master Moorhouse; enough! You have vented your passion: let all be forgotten. The king accepts him again; why should not you? Give him, give him your hand. Do you think that I should continue to have a regard for him, if he did not deserve it?

Grace. Hear that, my love! Do not be more hard-hearted towards him than strangers are. Besides, consider what his captain said yesterday in his behalf.

Moorhouse. I see him coming; so I will speak to him before I answer.

S C E N E VI.

George, Thomas, Moorhouse, Grace, Captain, Serjeant, Trunnion.

Moorhouse. Ah! sir, does it not afflict you, when you recollect that yesterday you said so much in praise of my unworthy son?

The Captain. He had deserved it; though indeed I could not have supposed my commendation would have had such bad effects. But *(to George)* tell me what could possibly induce you to desert! You must have had some very urgent motive. Let me know the secrets of your heart, whatever be the consequence. You have been punished, and have therefore nothing now to fear.

George. My worthy captain, do not, I beseech you, take away your favour from me! I will endeavour to deserve it.

The Captain. If you tell the truth, I will not. For to fancy that you deserted for a quarrel, which, I understand, you had with a Steward, is absurd.

George.

George. And yet, your honour may be certain, there is no other reason. It is well known, I never was remarkable for quarrelling with any one. The least offence appears enormous, when one has not been accustomed to it. I was so disturbed at the affair that it took away my reason; and besides, the unhappy situation of my father aided to distract me.

The Captain. What then signified these words that you said on entering the prison with the Serjeant? *Thank Heaven, it is over, and my father is safe!*

Moorhouse, (astonished.) Were those his words, sir? God forgive me, but the devil surely must have turned his brain.

George, (sighing.) I do not remember to have said those words.

Serjeant. I remember to have heard you say them, when you first entered this room.

Trunnion. Yes, yes, comrade, that you did. I myself heard you also, now I recollect.

George. They must then have certainly escaped me in my pain.

The Captain. They might so; yet they are not without a meaning.

George, (in great embarrassment.) I do not know what answer to make you.

The Captain, (taking him by the hand.) Do not, my honest fellow, study to deceive us. This desertion has some other reason than your quarrel. Your dissimulation very much displeases me; and you are likely to lose all my friendship. Was it not on account of your father—

George, (eagerly.) How say you, sir. Do not believe—

The Captain. I see, you are not worth the trouble that I am taking for you, and no longer wish to be informed of any thing about you. You are more indifferent to me than the worst of men. You do not know, perhaps, how much you have lost by this prevarication.

Thomas. I must tell it then, at last.

George, (interrupting him.) Dear uncle, would you wish to make us more unhappy than we are?

Thomas, (to the Captain.) I can explain the whole affair, sir; but have reason to fear lest the mischief should become still greater.

The Captain. No, you have nothing to fear; I give you my promise.

Thomas. Well then, good sir, it was to save his parents that he deserted. He found means to make me turn informer, and get forty shillings, that his father might have wherewithal to pay his debts; but now, his father will not hear a word about the money or his son. Let me beseech you therefore, sir, to rid me of this money, which I cannot keep, and interpose at least with your authority and kindness, that my brother may be profited by what his son has so affectionately done to benefit him; for the affair is exactly as I relate it to you. (*Every one appears astonished.*)

The Captain. George, what do you say to this?

George, (bursting into tears.) You have heard the truth. However, I beseech your honour to believe that nothing but my father's safety could induce me to desert my colours. I despised the danger, hoping to save him; but, since every thing is discovered, and my hopes all lost, I must suffer more severely.

Moorhouse, (embracing George.) What, dear George! and was it for my sake you did all this?

Grace, (embracing him also.) Yes, now indeed we may embrace him; though, indeed, my heart informed me all along that he could not be so guilty.

The Captain, (taking George by the hand.) Oh, my generous youth! what affection and what courage! Yet, to say the truth, your filial piety has carried you too far; for to desert is always blameable.

Moorhouse. Most certainly! Heaven keep me from becoming richer by a penny of this money!

George. There now, uncle, see what comes of your revealing the affair! I have made myself a double criminal to get my father money, which you find he will not accept.

Thomas. Yes, yes, you have this to lay to my charge, I must acknowledge; but his honour made me a promise first of all.

The Captain, (to Thomas.) Let your brother have the money. Take it, (*to Moorhouse,*) my good friend; for George has deserved it richly.

Moorhouse. I can never bring myself to take such ill-got money.

The

The Captain. I will have you take it! and what is more, I will go and tell the matter to our colonel.—(*To George.*) You have not done your duty as a soldier, I acknowledge; but have shown yourself a son in such a manner, that he cannot but be moved when made acquainted with it. Wait me: I will return immediately. (*The Captain and Serjeant go out.*)

S C E N E VII.

George, Thomas, Moorhouse, Grace, Trunnion.

George. My consolation is, that I can now with greater confidence entreat you to forgive me, as I have finished your misfortunes, and the steward will not have it in his power to hurt you.

Trunnion. Yes, my good old man, forgive your son! He will be cured the sooner, if he has your blessing; and besides, you ought to consider that he is to possess your cottage after you.

Moorhouse. He is, and therefore I will preserve it for him. Come, my son, forgive your father, who has used you thus unkindly. Heaven can tell how much I suffered, from the thought that you had left your colours; and it seems, you were discharging even then your duty towards me. How shall I repay you for so much affection, in the little time that I have to live?

George. By loving me, as you have always done.

Grace. Oh, yes! and ten times more; for every bit of bread that we eat, we will say to one another, it is our dear son's gift.

George. I am satisfied. And I thank you, uncle, for the service that you have done me.

Thomas. You thank me, do you? I am glad that matters have turned out as well as they have. But never make such a ticklish experiment again. And now, brother, have you still a grudge against me? If it had not been from my wish to serve you, I would never have been concerned in my nephew's scheme, no more than he would; and since you pardon him, you may extend your liberality to me.

Moorhouse. What can excuse your conduct, brother? I may throw myself into the flames, but he that lights them

for me ought to be considered cruel. Yes, indeed. However, I will not hate you: there is my hand.

Trunnion. Comrade, hitherto I have loved, but now respect you. Let us embrace then, and be always friends.

S C E N E VIII.

George, Thomas, Moorhouse, Grace, Trunnion, the Captain.

The Captain. Good luck! good luck! You are a serjeant on the spot. The colonel, when I told him the affair between your father and yourself, was happy to promote you. Take this also (*giving him a purse of money*) from him, as a witness how much he applauds your filial piety.

Moorhouse and Grace. O, sir, may heaven reward you!

The Captain. Nothing in all this is due to me: the colonel has done every thing. (*George embraces his parents one after the other, and then turning to the captain, says*) I beg your honour's pardon!

The Captain. You deserve the pleasure of embracing those that gave you birth, to whom you have so well discharged your duty.

Thomas. Well, could any one have thought that old Thomas, simple as he is, would come to make a serjeant, as, it is plain, I have?

Trunnion. Yes, yes; and therefore, Mr. Serjeant—

George, (embracing him) Call me nothing but comrade and friend, as we have always been.

Trunnion. Well then, comrade, let us break off a little for the present: and as nothing like good liquor suits a joyous time, let us, as soon as we are able, make up for the sorrows of last night and this morning. His honour and the colonel shall be toasted first.

THE BED OF DEATH.

DUNCAN, a bricklayer's labourer, living in a distant country town; had lost his wife about a quarter of a year before the event we are to write of. The expences of a tedious illness, and the interruption of his

his labour by a very rainy season, had reduced him to the last distress. His children were half naked, and had really no bread to eat. This circumstance was of itself sufficiently tormenting; but to aggravate the scene, Susanna, his poor mother, laid upon a little straw in the corner of the cottage, was almost in the agonies of death.

Duncan, at such a prospect round about him, overwhelmed with sorrow, took a broken matted chair, and at a little distance from Susanna's bed sat down upon it, having both his hands held up, that he might hide his tears.

His mother turning towards him, with a feeble voice enquired if there was no where in the house a rag to put upon her. I cannot make myself warm, said she, do what I will.

Duncan. Stay, mother; I will pull off my coat, and lay it on you.

Susanna. No, no; I will not have it, my dear son. A little straw, if you have nothing else, will do as well. But have you not a single bit of wood still left to make a fire for these poor children? You will tell me, you cannot go into the fields, because of the attention that I require. My life is very long, since I am grown burthensome to you!

Duncan. Pray do not say so, dear mother. Would to God I could procure you what you want, at the expence of my own life! I would freely give it up: but this is my grief, that you suffer cold and hunger, while I am utterly unable to relieve you.

Susanna. Do not let that, however, afflict you much, my poor son. Thank God, my agonies are not so great as your affection fears they may be: they will very quickly finish, and my blessing will be the recompence of what you are doing now, and have been always doing for me.

Duncan. O my poor dear mother! In my infancy you put yourself to many difficulties for my maintenance; and I, in your old age, must thus sit by and see you want for common necessaries! That, dear mother, rends my heart.

Susanna. I know, it is not through any fault of yours; and then, Duncan, upon a death-bed one has few—(believe me when I tell you so)—few earthly wants. Our heavenly father has us then particularly in his care. I
thank

thank you heartily, my dear. Your love consoles me in this hour of my departure.

Duncan. What, dear mother, have you then no hopes of recovering?

Susanna. No; I feel within me that I must die of this complaint.

Duncan. You do not say so?

Susanna. Do not afflict yourself! I shall soon be in a better world.

Duncan, (with sighs.) Oh heaven! oh heaven!

Susanna. I say, my son, this need not grieve you. You were all my happiness when I was young, and now you prove the joy of my last moments. Soon, yes, very soon, thank heaven, you will have nothing left you but to close my eye-lids. I shall then ascend to my creator, tell what you have done for me, and earnestly beseech him to reward you for it everlastingly. Think frequently of me, and I will think of you above.

Duncan. Yes, always, always.

Susanna. There is only one thing in the world that gives me pain when I think of it.

Duncan. And what is that mother?

Susanna. I am mustering up my strength to tell you. And believe me, I *must* tell you; for it is like a stone oppressing me at heart.

Duncan. Comfort yourself, dear mother, then, and speak.

Susanna. I saw your little Arthur come yesterday here close behind my bed, and pull out several apples, which he ate. Duncan, these apples were not ours; for then he would have thrown them on the table, and asked me to take some. I remember still how lovingly he used to come and fling himself into my arms, when he had any thing to give me; saying with so much good-nature, Eat some, do, my dear grandmother. O my dear, dear son! if he should be a thief hereafter! The thought has afflicted me ever since yesterday. Where is he? Pray go fetch him. I would talk a little to him.

Duncan. Wretch that I am! (*He runs and fetches Arthur, and puts him by Susanna; she raises herself with difficulty, turns about, takes both his hands in hers, and leans her head upon his shoulder.*)

Arthur.

Arthur. Grandmother, do you want me! You don't call me here, I hope, to see you die!

Susanna. No, no; fear nothing, my poor Arthur, I do not desire to frighten you; and yet, my dearest, I shall die, and very soon too.

Arthur. But not yet. Do not die till I am bigger.

(*Susanna falls backward in her bed. The child and father look at one another weeping, and each takes her by the hand.*)

Susanna, (coming somewhat to herself.) I am much better now that I have changed my posture.

Arthur. So then you won't die?

Susanna. Be comforted, my little fellow. Dying is not painful to me, as I am going to a tender father, who at present waits in heaven to see me. When I am once with him, I shall be better off than here. Soon, soon my little fellow, I shall see him.

Arthur. Well then, take me with you: I will go too.

Susanna. No, my dear, you shall not go with me; but, if it pleases God, remain a good while here behind me. You shall live to be a virtuous and good man, and when your father is as ill as I am, you shall be his consolation, and afford him the assistance that he needs. Won't you, Arthur? Won't you obey him constantly, and do whatever you think will give him pleasure? See, he does whatever he is able for my sake. And won't you promise me that you will do so too?

Arthur. Yes, certainly I will, grandmother.

Susanna. Take care then how you perform your promise. God who made both earth and heaven, cannot but see every thing that you do. I suppose, you believe this,

Arthur. Yes, I do believe it: you have taught me so yourself.

Susanna. How then, my dearest Arthur, could you suppose that he would not see you come here yesterday behind my bed, and eat the apples that you had stolen?

Arthur. I will do so no more—no, never grandmother, believe me, while I live. Forgive me what I have done, and pray that God Almighty would forgive me too.

Susanna. It is true then, is it, that you stole those apples?

Arthur, (sobbing.) Ye-e-es.

Susanna. And pray of whom?

Arthur,

Arthur. Of ne-e-eighbour Le-e-eonard.

Susanna. You must go to neighbour Leonard then, and ask his pardon.

Arthur. Oh, do not send me there, pray grandmother. I dare not go.

Susanna. You *must*, my little friend, that you may never do the like again. For heaven's sake, my dear child, in future never take what does not belong to you; not even a bit of bread, though you were starving. God will never let you want, since it was he who created you. Trust then to his assistance, tell him when you suffer, and be sure that he will console you.

Arthur. Certainly, grandmother, certainly, I will never steal again: I promise you I will not; and for the future I would much rather die of hunger than steal any thing.

Susanna. God hear and bless your resolution from his holy habitation. I have hopes that of his goodness he will keep you from so great a sin. *(She clasps him to her heart, and weeps.)* You must, my little boy, this instant go to neighbour Leonard, and desire him to forgive you. Tell him that I, too, beg him to forgive you. Go, my good Duncan, with Arthur; inform him how it grieves me that I am not able to make him restitution for the theft; but that I will pray to God for his prosperity, and beg a blessing on his family. Alas! he is no less poor than we; and were it not that his good woman works so hard, he could never bring up such a family of children as he has. My dear good son, for my sake, when I am dead and buried, give him a day's work to make him up his loss; it matters not how little he has suffered. We should think it criminal to take away a pin. You will remember this; Duncan?

Duncan. Yes, mother; so do not let the matter make you any more uneasy.

He had hardly said these words, when, as it chanced, 'Squire Wealthy's steward tapped without against the window.

Poor Susanna knew him by his usual way of tapping, and the cough he constantly had on him. Bless me, it is the steward! said she. Surely some great mischief threatens us. He is like a raven, croaking at the window some bad tidings.

Duncan.

Duncan. Do not be frightened thus, my good mother : I am not a single farthing in his debt ; and for the rent that we owe the 'squire at Midsummer, I will give him all the labour that he requires in harvest.

Sufanna. Yes, provided he will but wait so long.

Duncan went out to know the steward's business. After he was gone, Sufanna fetched a grievous sigh, and said, discoursing with herself, Since he was so hard-hearted as to seize upon our goods for rent, I cannot see or hear him, but my heart revolts at the idea ; and at present, in my dying moments, he must come and cough at our window. But perhaps the hand of God brings him hither as an admonition for me to discharge my heart of every thing that looks like malice or ill-will against him, and even pray for mercy on his soul. Well then, my God, I am content to do so. I no longer wish him any harm. Forgive his sin, as I forgive it. (*She hears the steward speaking rather loud.*)

But I hear his voice ! he is in a passion !—Heaven take pity on us !—O my poor Duncan, it is out of love for me that you have fallen again into his hands. (*She faints, on which the little boy jumps off the bed, and runs to fetch his father.*)

Arthur. O father, father ! Quick, come here ! My grandmother is dying.

Duncan. O my God !—Permit me, Mr. Steward. I must go to her assistance.

The Steward, (going out.) Yes indeed ! that is very necessary. The old Jezebel may die else !—I should think it a good riddance of bad rubbish.

Luckily Duncan was got too far to hear these cruel words. He was already by Sufanna's bed, who speedily recovered from her swoon, and thus addressed her son :

The steward came to scold you ; I could hear him. Doubtless he will not grant you time, when once the quarter is turned.

Duncan. No, mother, he did not come about that : he brought me, on the contrary, good news.

Sufanna, (pausing a moment, and appearing to collect her spirits.) But is this true, my son ? or do you only wish to comfort me a little ? What good news can he have for us ?

Duncan.

Duncan. It is the 'squire's design, he says, to pull down and rebuild his house; at least the front and stables; and to employ me at it, with my neighbours. I shall have at least, he says, ten shillings every week.

Susanna, (with a countenance of joy.) You don't say so?

Duncan. Yes, certainly; and there will be a matter of two years continual work. Next Monday I begin.

Susanna. God's providence be praised for all things! I shall now die happy, seeing you enabled to get bread to feed your little ones. Death now has nothing painful in it. Heaven is merciful! may you, Duncan, at all times find it so: but tell me, are you not by this convinced of what I have so often told you, that the more misfortunes on one side attack us, so much more God's grace awaits us on the other?

Duncan. Yes, I am, and shall be always. But methinks you seem much better. Let me quit you for about a minute. I will go fetch a little straw to cover you.

Susanna. No, no; I feel myself much warmer. Rather go with Arthur to neighbour Leonard's. That is what disturbs me most of all. Go, my son, I ask it as a favour.

Hearing this, he did not stay a moment in the room, but took his son, and going out, gave Margaret a sign to come and let him speak with her.

Take care of your poor grandmother, said he; and if a fainting fit should seize her, come and fetch me from the carpenter's; I shall be there.

Leonard was at work, and Gertrude his wife was left all alone at home. She saw at once that the father and the child had both been crying.

What is the matter with you, my good friend, said Gertrude, that you have been crying? What is the matter with you, my poor Arthur?

Duncan. Ah, neighbour Gertrude! I am quite unhappy. This poor child of mine who wanted victuals yesterday, came here and took some apples that were yours: he has confessed it. My poor mother saw him eat them.—Gertrude, she is on her death bed, and desires you to forgive him. I cannot pay you now the worth of what he took away; but when I go to work, which will be very shortly, I will be sure to satisfy you.

Gertrude.

Gertrude. O don't speak about it, neighbour: it is a trifle not worth mentioning. And you, my little fellow, promise that you will never for the future take what is not your own. (*She kisses him.*) You are born of such good people!

Arthur. Oh! I promise you I will not: forgive me, Gertrude. I will never steal again.

Gertrude. No, never for the future, my good child. You do not know yet how great a sin it is! When you are hungry, come to me, and if I have a bit of bread myself, I will share it with you.

Duncan. Thank ye, neighbour; but I hope, he will never want bread again. I have got a deal of work to do at 'Squire Wealthy's.

Gertrude. Yes, I heard so of the servants, and was very glad.

Duncan. I was not near so happy when I got it on my own account, as for my mother's sake. She has at least this comfort on her death-bed. Tell my good friend Leonard that I shall work with all my heart to make him compensation for his loss.

Gertrude. Do not speak about it, I request you once again. My husband, I am certain, will not think of any compensation. He was out of work himself, and is to have the wood work of the job for which you are engaged. But as poor Susanna is so ill, I will go and give her my assistance.

Gertrude got on her cloak, and then put up some pears and apples in a bag, and filled the little fellow's pockets likewise; took him by the hand, and bidding poor Duncan go first, came after.

They had quickly reached Susanna's chamber. Gertrude held out her hand, but turned away her face, that she might hide her tears. Susanna, notwithstanding, saw her, and began as follows:

You are crying then, my dear friend Gertrude?

Gertrude. Indeed I cry to see you suffer thus.

Susanna. It is, or ought to be, alas! *our* part to cry. Forgive us, I beseech you. It is the first time that such a circumstance has happened in our house.

Gertrude. Why what a serious business you are making of a trifle! It was excusable in such a child!

Susanna.

Sufanna. But if when older, he should take to be a thief!

Gertrude. No, no; I will answer for him, he will be good. My dear Sufanna, you deserve this recompense of heaven for your own honesty, and all the care that you have taken to bring up your family in virtue. Do you want for any thing? Do not fear to tell me if you do: for every thing that we have is at your service.

Arthur. Yes, indeed; for only see what Gertrude has given me! Eat, dear grandmother, do, eat some.

Sufanna. No, my child, I cannot: I shall never eat again; I feel my strength go from me, and I have almost lost my sight. My son, draw near me: now is come the moment to take leave, and give you my farewell.

Duncan no sooner heard these words, than he was seized all over with a sudden trembling: he took off his hat, fell down upon his knees beside Sufanna's bed, laid hold with ardour of her hand, then lifted up his eyes to heaven, and would fain have spoke, but could not: tears and sighs prevented him.

Take comfort, said Sufanna; I am going to a happier life than this, and there will wait your coming. When we once meet there, we shall not part again.

Duncan in some degree recovering, bowed his head, and craved his mother's blessing. Bless me, said he, my dear mother. I desire to follow you, when once my children have no further need of my assistance.

Sufanna opened once again her dying eyes; and with uncommon fervour looking up, pronounced these words:

Hear me, O heavenly father, and vouchsafe the blessings of thy grace and favour to my son, the only one that I ever had, and whose affection was the comfort of my life. Duncan, may God be always with you, and confirm in heaven this blessing which I pronounce on you for having fulfilled your duty so much like a son.

Hear me now, my dear Duncan, and carefully observe what I shall tell you. Bring your children up in virtue, and accustom them betimes to a laborious life, that if they should be poor, they may not, when grown up, lose courage, and be tempted to do wrong. Instruct them to place all their trust in God, and to live good friends with one another; so that they may find sure consolation in the evils

evils of this life. Forgive the steward his injustice. When I am buried, pray inform him that I departed without any malice or ill-will against him, and besought of God that he would grant him of his grace to see the sin that he had committed, and repent before he came upon a death-bed. (*She stops a little to take breath, and then goes on*)

Reach me, my good friend, (*to Gertrude*) that book behind you; and my dear Duncan, there is a little leather bag in our great chest; I wish to have it. Good! (*She takes and clasps them to her heart.*) These are the only treasures that I have left on earth. And now I should be glad to see your children.

They were weeping at a table, whence their father brought them to Susanna, putting them upon their knees beside her, while she raised herself a little, so that she might see them, and began:

My dearest children, I am very sorry that I must leave you motherless and poor. Think often of me, my sweet babes. I have nothing that I can give you but this book: it has been frequently my consolation, and as often will be yours. When you have learned sufficiently, read in it every evening to your father. It will teach you to be good; and if you are but good, you cannot fail of being happy.

This, Duncan, (*taking out a piece of paper from the leather bag.*) is a certificate which I brought your father of my good behaviour at our marriage. Let it pass by turns to each of your three daughters, till they marry. It is my last request. And as for you, my son, I have nothing in the world to give you in remembrance of me; but the comfort is, you want none. You will not forget me, I am certain.

Gertrude, shall I request one other favour of you, after having pardoned Arthur? When I am dead, see now and then to these poor children.—They have no one friend.—I recommend you in particular my poor dear Lucy.—She is the youngest of the three.—Where is she?—I can hardly see.—(*She stretches out her arm with difficulty.*)

Conduct my hand, and let me touch her.—O my children! (*She dies.*)

After a moment's silence, Duncan supposing her to be fallen asleep, said softly to his children, Rise, and do not disturb her slumber. Might she but recover, after having had

had this unexpected rest ! But Gertrude saw plainly that she was dead, and gave Duncan to understand as much. What was his distraction then, and that of his helpless family ? How they wept and wrung their hands ! How they beat upon their breasts, and tore their hair up by the roots for anguish.

Gertrude, as well as she was able, comforted their sorrow, and repeated to Duncan Susanna's parting words, which, in his grief, he had not heard distinctly.

She began that very day to shew how much she valued the deceased, by complying with her last wish. The little orphans being brought up with her own dear children, had the same instruction ; and improving by it, grew in time to be a pattern for the village ; and particularly Arthur, continually having in remembrance his first fault, became remarkable in time for his fidelity and honest dealing.

P A S C A L.

MR. Dawkins was accustomed every Saturday to pay his only son, a little boy whose name was Pascal, an allowance, such as was sufficient to procure him, the week through, those little pleasures and enjoyments which children of his age so naturally pursue. No less confident than generous, he never looked for an account from Pascal of the way in which he laid out what he gave him. He supposed his principles to be such, that he would not abuse his bounty, but remember the instruction which he had so frequently given him upon the subject. But what lamentable consequences did this too blind credulity produce ?

For hardly ever had he touched his weekly payment, but he ran that moment to a shop hard by, and stuffed himself with pastry and nice things. His purse, in this first onset, underwent so great a diminution, that a very little the next day was sufficient to exhaust it totally : and during the last part of every week, he never had a farthing to regale himself withal ; yet he did not, upon that account, the less hanker after the same delicacies. Where-

fore being resolved to gratify his palate, he prevailed upon the pastry-cook, at first, to give him credit; but when afterwards he found that the boy's allowance was never applied to pay off these arrears, while on the other hand the debt increased, he saw that it was prudent to give in his bill to Mr. Dawkins. Mr. Dawkins was extremely angry with the tradesman, reprimanded his improper conduct, and forbade not only *him*, but every tradesman round about, to let his son have any thing for which he could not pay on the spot. This might have been supposed a good precaution; and accordingly he thought it could not but become a check on Pascal's gluttony; whereas it only irritated matters, and the boy, as we shall see, at any risque resolved to gratify his palate.

Pascal's chamber was contiguous to his father's. After having noticed when his father generally slept the soundest, he once got up softly, came into his room, and feeling for his breeches, took out half a crown. Emboldened by this fatal success, he frequently repeated his offence, and for a time without detection: but there cannot be a crime, however secretly committed, which does not come to light at last.

It chanced that Mr. Dawkins, some time after Pascal's first offence, in this way, had a law-suit on the following day to be decided. Having thought upon it waking, it is not to be wondered at that it should take up his attention after he was gone to rest. In fact, he lay quite silent, ruminating on the affair, when Pascal, thinking him asleep, got up as he was wont to do. Unhappily for him, the moon threw light enough into the chamber, that a person coming in might easily be seen. Accordingly let any one imagine if he can, what Mr. Dawkins must have felt, beholding his own son thus come and rob him! He for that time stifled his resentment; but before the thief could quit his chamber in the morning, he got up, went to him, and found means to turn the conversation into such a channel, as to ask him how much he intended to lay out that day of his allowance. Nothing, answered Pascal. I have given all my last week's money to a poor man in the neighbourhood, and must deny myself a little till next Saturday.

His father could not possibly restrain his indignation any longer, hearing so detestable a lie come from him.

He

He sprung forward, seized him by the collar, for by this time he was dressed, and found five shillings in his pocket, which was what he had stolen from his father. In proportion as he had till now been tender and indulgent to his son, so much the greater was his severity and rigour on this occasion; for his reprimands were only the preamble to a harsher treatment, and the wretched Pascal was obliged to keep his bed for many days, in consequence of the correction that he received.

How difficult it is to extirpate a vice which has once taken root within us! Pascal was not cured by this correction. Mr. Dawkins left the key of his bureau one evening in the lock, and Pascal took a model of the wards; and got another made at the smith's. This gave him a convenient opportunity to rob his father whenever he pleased: who, as he usually kept a great deal of cash by him, and as Pascal was more cunning than to take too much at once, suspected nothing of the affair. He was now fifteen years of age, and could dissemble so well, that his parents thought him quite reformed, till his hypocrisy was accidentally discovered.

His father had received a piece of foreign coin, among other monies, which he soon remarked, and put it up in the bureau. This piece fell into Pascal's hands that very night, and Mr. Dawkins missing it the next morning, could not but bethink himself of Pascal's former inclinations, and suspect him. He resolved to satisfy himself that moment, and examining his pockets, found the piece of money that he had lost, together with the key, by means of which he had obtained it.

But Pascal by this time was too big for such correction as he had received before, and therefore Mr. Dawkins contented himself with severely upbraiding him for the present, and threatening to withdraw the benefits of his affection from him: He consulted a few faithful friends that he had, upon the treatment proper to be shewn him: their opinion was in general, that the harshest method of proceeding would most tend to his amendment, and advised his being sent to school in Yorkshire, where for years he might not see his family, but be subjected to the rigorous discipline and homely fare peculiar to such institutions, and of course have leisure to repent of his enormity, and be accustomed to a frugal way of life. This was
their

their counsel; but the combats of paternal love in Mr. Dawkins's bosom, which was very far, as yet, from being quite extinct, would not permit him to pursue their salutary admonition; he inclined to something of a gentler nature, and in grief of heart, and as the only moderate method which he could devise to preserve him from destruction, sent that very day to Bristol for a friend of his, who kept a boarding school, to whose attention he consigned, upon the day of his arrival, this unworthy son, with directions to let him have no other money than was absolutely necessary for his wants. His friend set off on his return immediately, and Pascal with him.

This was a precaution; but it came, alas! too late: the youth's principles were utterly corrupted. His tutor's table was plain, though very plentiful; for which reason Pascal would go out, and at a tavern gratify his palate with the choicest wines and viands, for which he easily got credit, as his host took care to make enquiry, first of all, into his father's circumstances, who, he found, was very rich: nor did he stop at this; for to supply that want of money which his tutor would not, he began to play, and practised every species of deception at a gaming-house hard by.

God's providence, as if it interfered particularly to reform him, punished all his vices on the spot. Three gamblers, his companions, who detected him endeavouring to deceive them with a pack of cards that he had beforehand sorted for the purpose, fell upon him unawares, and so rough were the effects of their vengeance, that Pascal was almost drubbed to death upon the spot.

He was carried home with scarce the least remains of life, and put to bed. His tutor ran to see him, and afforded all the succour and assistance in his power. He waited till he saw him almost reestablished, to impart such counsel as might possibly affect him; which he did with all the softness possible, and pointed out the horrors into which he was plunging himself. Miserable youth! said the tutor, what can have induced you to excesses so disgraceful! You dishonour, by your crimes, a name which the probity of those before you had exalted, and made really respectable. You rob your tender parents of those hopes which they indulged when first they laid the groundwork of your education. When the youth of your ac-

quaintance, who now consecrate that time to study which you consume in scandalous excesses, shall be sought out by their country and employed in elevated stations, you will be considered as an object dangerous character. You will be banished from all company that have the least regard or value for their honour, and the meanest class of men will scorn you.

Pascal was at first affected with this lesson. He broke off all commerce with his partners; he was satisfied with his preceptor's table-fare; and seemed as if beginning to imagine that study had some charms to please him. But this disposition was soon done away, and by degrees he relapsed into his former way of life. He sold his books; his watch and clothes went afterwards; and he contrived to strip himself of his apparel so completely, that he could not stir abroad.

On which his creditors came all at once upon him, and receiving a refusal from the tutor to discharge the young man's debts and satiate their avidity, they wrote letters to the father, threatening to arrest him if they were not paid. Let Pascal's situation now be imagined. Overwhelmed with the reproaches of his creditors, the indignation of his tutor, the contempt of those who waited on him, and his own remorse, he had moreover to dread the malediction of his parents. He was sensible that he had so much neglected to improve his understanding, that he could not find the least resources against want in any calling or profession. He began to think his situation desperate. A whole day he passed in his apartment violently agitated; every now and then he wrung his hands, tore his hair, and cursed his vices: but at night, still borne away by his depravity, he went from home to spend the little money that he had left in a tavern.

Accident that evening threw two men into his company who were employed to raise recruits for India. They remarked upon his countenance the embarrassment with which his soul was agitated, winked to one another, and began to talk of India. They described the beauty of the country, and what pay was given to the soldiery. They spoke of the advantages that a youth of family might meet with there, and what a probability there was, that such a one might make his fortune: nay, they went so far as to assert that many, to their knowledge, had from
private

private soldiers been made officers, and married wealthy widows.

Pascal heard this conversation with avidity, joined in the discourse, and enquired if it was difficult to be enlisted with these soldiers. If you wish to enlist, said they, we can oblige you, though we have more recruits by many than we want; but you, by your appearance, seem to claim the preference; and thereupon they offered him five guineas if he would enter.

After some slight struggles, Pascal took the guineas, and enlisted. The remainder of the night he spent in drinking; and when morning came, was sent to learn his exercise. He found himself surrounded by a set of awkward rustics, runaway apprentices, notorious beggars, and convicted thieves, who had enlisted to escape the gallows. He was under the tuition of a surly corporal, who loaded him from time to time with curses, and severely caned him, when he could not comprehend his meaning.

Pascal's misery went on from day to day encreasing. All the money that he had lately touched at parting with his freedom, was already gone in riot. He had nothing to subsist on but the coarse provision granted by the company to keep their new recruits together. Lubberkin, who had been a swine-herd, and was then his comrade, was much better off. He had been always used to live on oaten bread, and therefore thought himself a prince, when he could get a bit of half-baked meat. But what were Pascal's feelings, when, partaking of such coarse provisions, he reflected on the delicacies of his former repasts!

Some days after came an order for the soldiers to embark. Pascal heard this news with much more satisfaction than the people round about him thought he would have testified. If once you get to India, said he to himself, as you are young, and of a likely figure, you will make your fortune, as a multitude of Englishmen have done before you.

In the midst of all these brilliant prospects, Pascal went on board the vessel destined to transport him and his comrades. He drank down a glass or two of brandy at the moment of embarking, and they served to warm his head, and to make him utterly forget his parents. He went off with mad huzzas. But then the joy with which he uttered these huzzas continued hardly longer than the

drunkenness that caused them. Those on board who were now for the first time in their life at sea, began to feel a death-like sickness. Pascal, whose intemperance had hurt his inside much, endured a great deal more than any other. He was several days insensible, and nothing staid upon his stomach. Even the sight of food disgusted him; and when at last he grew a little better, and was hungry, mouldy pease, salt beef, and biscuits full of maggots, were the only victuals that he could procure. When he first set sail, the soldiers had a pint of beer each allowed them; but by degrees they were deprived of this indulgence, and compelled to put up with a bare sufficiency of water, and even this they were obliged to strain before they could drink it.

After six long months incessant suffering, during all which time they were in fear of continual shipwreck, they arrived in India, wearied out with watchings for the most part, and a dreadful scurvy. Pascal was marched up the country, with his comrades, to the army: but his heart, embittered by the horror of his situation, was insensible of any thing like goodness. His abandoned course of life, the crimes that he was incessantly committing, and his numberless desertions, frequently subjected him to punishment. He was determined, if he could, to quit these regions, watched his opportunity, and stealing on board a vessel bound to England, hid himself below till it had sailed; nor did he quit his hiding place, till the ship was a great way out to sea: he then came forth, and being brought before the captain, promised to work his passage to England; which the captain in the end accepted, as the vessel was in want of men.

What, in the interim, was become of his unhappy parents? They alas! still lived, if people may be said to live whose sad days are spent in anguish and despair. The crimes which their son had committed, and with which the neighbourhood all around them rung, had forced them to renounce their place of habitation, and go down and live in Sussex, in a solitary quarter near the sea.

A short time after they were settled here, the ship, in which Pascal was, arrived on that very part of the coast where they had fixed their retirement. For while they were a little way out to sea, Pascal, a thorough graduate in vice, had conspired with ten or twelve desperate fellows
of

of the crew, to murder every one on board who would not join in their conspiracy, and so obtain possession of the ship. They executed their infernal purpose; and soon after running the vessel ashore, they hoisted out their boat at night, that they might come on shore, and pillage the inhabitants.

That very night the unhappy Mr. Dawkins in his house was up, and watching by his wife's sick bed. Her grief for Pascal's wretched fortune had long preyed upon her constitution; and by this time, after having suffered grievously, she felt the agonies of death upon her. In the intervals of her delirium, she called out for Pascal: Where, where are you, said the dying mother? Come, that I may press you to my heart, and pardon you before I die. At this the door is suddenly burst open, and ten villains rush into the dwelling. Pascal, with a hatchet in his hand, was first, and led them on: The father comes to meet them with a candle; but before his son could recollect him——The remainder is too horrid to relate: suffice it, that Pascal and his gang were apprehended on the spot, and suffered at the gallows.

Children, if when you have read this story, you dare think of giving way to any vice whatsoever, tremble at the possibility of your becoming criminal by degrees, and ending like Pascal with the crime of parricide!

THE CONJURING BIRD.

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

THE COUNTESS OF GLENALVON.

AUGUSTUS, } - *her Children.*

JULIA,

THE HON. MR. ODDLY, *a Nobleman's younger Son.*ELIZA, - - - *his Sister.*

GABRIEL,

LUCIUS, } - - *Friends of Julia and Augustus.*

SOPHIA,

JENNY, } - - *Servants to the Countess.*

RICHARD,

The SCENE is in the country, at the Countess's, and in two rooms which open to the garden.

S C E N E I.

Jenny, (reckoning up the counters on a table.)

IT is all lost labour to stand counting thus. I cannot make more than ninety-four; and yet there should be an hundred. Well, I think, there never was a house like ours for hare-brained children; for wherever they once put their foot, one may be sure, they will jumble every thing together, if they do not lose something or another. I must look about for them in every corner of the chamber.

S C E N E II.

The Countess, Jenny.

The Countess. You seem uneasy, Jenny: What are you seeking?

Jenny. Your ladyship's best counters.

The Countess. Do not you see them on the table?

Jenny. Yes, my lady; but the number is not complete.

The Countess. That should not be.

Jenny.

Jenny. That should not be, indeed; and yet there are no less than half a dozen wanting. Were there not an hundred?

The Countess. Yes; you know it as well as I.

Jenny. Well then, there are but ninety four.

The Countess, (after having counted them) There are indeed no more; and yet last night the number was complete. I put them up myself, when we had finished playing. But what caused you to come now, and count them up?

Jenny. Because, as I passed by the door, I saw that the children had been playing with them.

The Countess. Yet I absolutely ordered that they should not be touched. They have ivory ones to play with: who could give them these?

Jenny. Themselves.

The Countess. Themselves! Where are they?

Jenny. In the garden, madam, with their little company.

The Countess. Fetch Julia here.—But stay, have none been here but Julia and Augustus?

Jenny. Yes, their friends: and who can tell—

The Countess. What, Jenny! can you possibly suspect—

Jenny. I will answer for your children, please your ladyship, and likewise the three young Davenports, as if they were myself.

The Countess. And not the others?

Jenny. I do not know them well enough.

The Countess. What, Jenny, two such children as the Hon. Mr. Oddly and his sister?

Jenny. If your ladyship thinks fit, I'll call Miss Julia in: but here she comes.

S C E N E III.

The Countess, Jenny, Julia.

The Countess, (to Julia coming in.) Who told you, miss, to use my silver counters? Did not I forbid you to meddle with them?

Julia. It was not my fault, mama.

The Countess. And whose then, pray?

Julia. The Hon. Mr. Oddly's and his sister's. I had got the ivory counters, when they asked me if I meant to

play with them, as they never had such at home, and must have better; upon which they opened all the drawers and closets till they met with these.

The Countess. Why did not you mention that I would never let you use them?

Julia. Good! as if they would hear me! I believe they would have beat us, had we not surrendered them.

Jenny. Upon my word! These children, as it seems, are charmingly brought up!

The Countess. You should at least have counted them when you left off playing.

Julia. That was what I wished to do. But after I had got to twenty-four or thereabouts, Mr. Oddly snatched them from me, put them up pell-mell, and dragged us out into the garden with him.

The Countess. Do you know that six are missing?

Julia. Sure, mama!

The Countess. How! sure! when I have told you! See now whether one can trust you in the least! You know, it was your duty to take care of them.

Julia. I was confounded, dear mama; these children are so mischievous! I was obliged to have my eye continually on them, as I thought they would have broke your china. I was obliged frequently to follow them about the room: they may have flung the counters, then, into some corner or another.

The Countess. Well, but I must have them found,

Jenny. I know but one way, madam. Were I you, I would turn the little master's pockets inside out before they left the house.

The Countess. Fie, Jenny! would you have me affront their parents?

Julia. Oh! I am sure, mama, not one among them can have stolen the counters,

The Countess. So I think; but children of their age may be a little giddy-headed. So go to them, Julia, and politely ask if any one among them may not by mistake have put them up into his pocket. Your commission is a nice one, and requires a little management. Take care not to offend them, by insinuating that you think any one of the company capable of taking them purposely.

Julia. I shall take care, mama.

The Countess. Accuse yourself of negligence, and tell them that I shall blame you, if they are not soon found.

Julia. I understand you.

The Countess. And bid Robert, as you pass, come here.

Julia. I will, mama.

S C E N E IV.

The Countess, Jenny.

Jenny, (who has been employed in looking round the room.) I will answer for it, they are not here: there is not a corner but I have searched.

The Countess. This should not have happened in my house. I dread, yet long to know, by what means they are vanished.

S C E N E V.

The Countess, Jenny, Robert.

Robert. Here I am, my lady: what is your pleasure?

The Countess. To inform you, Robert, that I have lost since yesterday six counters.

Robert. Does your ladyship suspect me of taking them?

The Countess. God forbid! I am too well acquainted with your honesty for that. But I suppose, if you had crossed the room, you might have seen them on some chair or elsewhere.

Robert. Counters on a chair?

The Countess. I know, that is not a proper place for counters; but the children have been playing where they were, and might have inconsiderately left them in some corner, and you seen them.

Robert. No, my lady, I have not.

The Countess. I am sorry for it, and do not know what method to pursue. They must have certainly been lost since morning, as I counted them myself last night.—But look about.

Jenny. Your ladyship has seen how I have been searching for them. Servants are but badly off, when any thing is lost about a house. However honest they may be, they are constantly suspected.

The Countess. Very likely; but the honest servant will on this occasion pardon me, if I include her in my search of the dishonest.

Robert. You may first of all examine me, my lady. Rogues are constantly the first to be displeased when they are suspected.

Jenny. God be thanked, I have no fear of that sort! But it cannot be a matter of indifference to the honest servant, when a thief is in the house.

The Countess. But put yourself into my place; what would you do? Think, Robert.

Robert. Do, my lady?—A thought this moment strikes me; and provided I have leave to put it into execution, I will engage to find the counters.

The Countess. But you must not think of giving any one occasion to suppose himself suspected.—What is your design?

Robert. I cannot at present tell your ladyship. A single syllable might spoil the business. Do but bring together all the children in the adjoining room. I promise you, the thief, if there is any thief among them, shall betray himself.

The Countess. I cannot tell whether I should let—

Robert. You can trust me, madam. Be assured that no one but the guilty person shall have reason to complain; and him, I dare believe, you would not wish to spare.

The Countess. Well, Robert, as I know your prudence, I rely upon it.

Robert. Good! my lady. Therefore I will go and begin conjuring. Do not be afraid! it is quite simple.

S C E N E VI.

The Countess, Jenny.

Jenny. My lady—did not he say something about conjuring? But that I know myself innocent, I should be frightened out of my wits.

The Countess. Peace, simpleton!

S C E N E VII.

The Countess, Jenny, Augustus.

The Countess. What now, Augustus? You seem big with something or another! Have you brought the counters with you?

Augustus. No, mama: I have only learned that six are lost. My sister told us so just this moment.

The Countess. And how was the intelligence received?

Augustus. We were exceedingly surprized. The two Davenports particularly, and their sister, want to come and plead their innocence before you.

The Countess. Plead! they are the last that I should suspect of such a deed. And the Hon. Mr. Oddly—

Augustus. Oh! he is furious; and told Julia, that to look upon him as a thief, was but a bad reception.

The Countess. Julia was not rude, I hope, in telling them my message.

Augustus. No, mama, quite otherwise. She spoke with great politeness.

The Countess. Then pray why was Mr. Oddly angry? There was nothing personal in what your sister said.

Augustus. I cannot well tell the reason; but Eliza drew him privately aside: he would not condescend to hear her. He is determined to be gone: his hat is fortunately here; he will come and fetch it, and declares that he will not remain a minute in the house. He threatens to complain to his papa.

The Countess. Positively he must not go. I will tell his lordship the whole affair myself, when he comes to take him home.

Augustus. The rest wish greatly for permission to appear and justify themselves before you.

The Countess. There is no need of that. I only wished to know if they could give me any information of the counters. They are all of them too well brought up, that I should venture to accuse them of a theft. But I am well acquainted with the whims of children. They will see every thing, and finger every thing; and from a want of thought, might easily have put a thing into their pocket, without any criminal intention.

Augustus. Certainly they might, mama; as I did, you remember, when I took my sister's purse up by mistake, and would have carried it away.

The Countess. But softly! here they are.—Go, Jenny, and enquire if Robert is preparing matters. (*Jenny goes out.*)

SCENE VIII.

The Countess, Augustus, Julia, the Hon. Mr. Oddly, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia.

The Countess. Well, how fares it with you all, my little friends? I am glad to see you here.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Miss Julia has just now informed us, that your ladyship has lost six counters of the number with which unluckily we were playing. I am sorry for it; but could never think that your ladyship would have suspected any one of us of having taken them. At least I can assure you for my sister and myself, that we know nothing of them.

The Countess. God forbid that I should suspect such well-bred children, as I look upon you all to be. Sure Julia did not tell you that I supposed you to have the counters?

Eliza. No, my lady; all that she said, was to enquire if we had brought them out through inattention, or to play a little longer with them in the garden.

The Countess. Which you might very innocently have done. It is she alone that I blame in the affair, because she did not let you have *her* counters.

Gabriel. She designed, I think, to use them.

Lucius. I would never dare to shew my face again, if I had taken so much as a pin.

Sophia, (emptying her pockets.) See, my lady, I have nothing here: and there are no other pockets to my slip.

The Countess. My dear children, I have already told you that I am far from suspecting any of you to have them, when you say that you have not. They are certainly of no great value; yet I cannot but confess, that their loss affects me.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Were they only worth a straw, they are your ladyship's, and should not now be missing. But you know, there are such things as servants; and they

are not always very honest. It is not the first time that we have suspected them at home.

Julia. But it is the first time that any thing of the kind has happened in our house, dear Mr. Oddly, I assure you.

Augustus. I would answer for our servants, men and women.

The Countess. I have trusted them this long time; but if you, sir, (*to the Hon. Mr. Oddly,*) have made any observations, I request you to let me know them.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. O, no no!—But when we went into the garden, did not—what is her name—the housemaid enter?

The Countess. Jenny! Oh! I do not fear her. These six years past that I have had her, she might easily have made away with things of value, had she been dishonest.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Did not your old footman come in likewise? I do not like his looks; and should not chuse to meet him in a lane at night.

The Countess. Fie, sir! what makes you thus suspect the honest Robert? He was my father-in-law's confidential servant, and has been much longer in the family than even I myself. If *he* could possibly turn pilferer, neither you nor I could know what living creature we might trust.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. It is not unlikely then, but some one may have got into the room when we were gone.

The Countess. That is not at all unlikely; and I am going to enquire. Amuse yourselves till I come back.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. No, madam; after what has passed, I cannot stay longer here. Augustus, can you tell me where they have put my hat?

Augustus. It is taken to be brushed; you will have it brought you.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. I must have it instantly.

Eliza. But won't you stay a little for papa? You know, he means to come and fetch us.

The Countess. I cannot possibly let you go home on foot. You would have upwards of three miles to walk. Stay here till I return: I will not detain you long.

SCENE IX.

Augustus, Julia, the Hon. Mr. Oddly, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. I am very much astonished that your mama should have such thoughts of us! We steal her counters!

Julia. Sir, she never had such a thought. She might have fancied that we had put them, without thought, into our pockets. I might as easily have taken them in this way, as yourself, or any other: but to *steal!* she did not mention the word, or any like it.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Had there been none here but tradesmen's children, she might well have entertained suspicions; but she should make some difference now.

Gabriel. You speak of us, sir, I can see: your looks inform me so. But let me tell you, in my turn, that it is one's manners and principles, and not birth, that makes one truly noble.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. How these tradesmen talk about their manners! You are very happy that there are so few children hereabout, and that Augustus and myself are forced to make you our companions, or have no diversion. Did you live in London, you would not have such an honour, notwithstanding your fine-manners.

Augustus. Speak, sir, for yourself alone; for just as here, in London too, I should be proud to entertain my little friends.

Julia. Yes, certainly. They give us, to the full, as good examples as such whipper-snapper noblemen as you.

Eliza. This, brother, you have deserved. Why attack them first?

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. And you, too, upon me? You think certainly as I do, though you will not confess it. Have you forgot mama's instruction on the subject of familiarity with those beneath us? "Never mix with tradesmen's children: in the lower ranks of life, you will always have low thoughts."

Augustus. And can you possibly suspect that my friends are capable of being thieves?

Gabriel. Did we approach the table?

Sophia.

Sophia. No : whereas we saw you take the counters, and look at them I suppose half a dozen times. (*The Hon. Mr. Oddly attempts to strike her. Augustus and Gabriel hold his hand.*)

Augustus. Softly ! You will have to deal with me else.

Gabriel. No, no, my friend. I thank you, but I can take care of my sister. Let him even threaten her. I am not a bit more frightened at his size than his title.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Oh ! it is far beneath me to dispute with traders.

Julia. Very well : I hope then it is beneath you likewise to attack a little girl.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. I shall not permit her to insult me.

Eliza. She would certainly have done much better, had she held her tongue.

Julia. But being such a child, she might be pardoned : and particularly when she spoke the truth.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. The truth ? What do mean by that ?

Gabriel. She said, that you took the counters and looked at them : that is all. Did she say any more ? And this certainly was true.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. I shan't even condescend to answer.

Gabriel. You cannot take a better resolution, when you have nothing but such answers for us.

SCENE X.

*Augustus, Julia, the Hon. Mr. Oddly, Eliza, Gabriel,
Lucius, Sophia, the Countess.*

The Countess. What is the meaning of all this ? I will not have any quarrels here !

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. My lady, I expect, you will do me justice on these little folks !

The Countess. Folks ! folks ! who are they ? I am not accustomed to have such as visit here called so.

Augustus. He is angry, since we were not in a humour to endure his airs.

Julia. He thought he should have had a company of dukes at least for play-fellows.

Gabriel. And imagines that we should be suspected of this theft, much rather than a nobleman.

Lucius.

Lucius. As if we had not a character to keep, as well as he has!

Sophia. Ay, and would have beat me, had not Gabriel taught him better.

The Countess. Why, sure! it is not possible!

Eliza. To say the truth, my brother is too hasty.

The Countess. Vivacity becomes his age very well; but we should not be proud, quarrelsome, or rash. Oh! here is Robert.

S C E N E XI.

The Countess, Augustus, Julia, the Hon. Mr. Oddly, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia, Robert (carrying a basket covered with a napkin.)

Robert. There is no more to be said, my lady. Every body in this house is innocent, as sure as my name is Robert; but however, for the satisfaction of the company, I will introduce my cock, who, you must know beforehand, is a conjurer. (*Putting down the basket on the table.*)

Sophia, (jumping for joy.) O, a cock! a cock!

Robert. Yes, nothing more; for look you! (*He lifts up a napkin in the basket, so that Sophia and the rest discern the creature's neck and crest.*) Just like others, saving that my cock has not his equal in the world for knowledge: why, he will tell me things which no other person possibly can know. If a single straw, and nothing else, is missing, I need only run and have a consultation with him: he will be sure to know who stole it.

Julia. You can then find out our counters, can you?

Robert. Can I? Why last Christmas, at the alehouse, I had lost my pipe; so what did I do, but away and fetched my cock, who let me know that the groom had got it: and I think, you recollect, he broke his leg about a fortnight after.

Sophia. He can talk then?

Robert. Yes, like other cocks: *Cock, cock-a-doodle-doo.* On which, I understand him just as if it were you that spoke to me.

Julia. Yet you never told us this before.

Robert. Because we never yet lost any thing.

The Countess. Well, now, a truce to all this conversation, and begin.

Robert. Not quite so fast, my lady. I must perform my conjuring in the dark.

The Countess. A very easy matter. You need only close the shutters.

Julia. I will go out and push them to.

The Countess. You are much too short: you cannot reach them. Robert will do that himself.

Robert. Yes, madam. (*He goes out.*)

S C E N E · XII.

The Countess, Augustus, Julia, the Hon. Mr. Oddly, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia.

Augustus, (with the rest, excepting the Hon. Mr. Oddly, who appears embarrassed, lifting up the napkin.) This same cock seems supernatural, I fancy. (*Looking at him earnestly.*) How his eyes shine!

Julia. And his comb, how red it looks! my patience! how it shakes upon his head!

Sophia. Do you imagine, then, that it has so much knowledge as Robert says?

Lucius. Papa has often told us, what we ought to think of such strange stories.

Gabriel. Robert is a cunning sportsman, and I am sure can make birds hold their tongue, much better with his fowling piece, than teach a cock to talk by virtue of his wand.

Eliza. Who knows! my governess has told me many wond'rous things of conjuration, and all that.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. I wonder, sister, you can listen to such stories!

The Countess. I am glad you have these notions of the matter, and should like to laugh at Robert for his folly. What simplicity! a cock discover thieves!

The Hon. Mr. Oddly, (forcing a smile.) I fancy we shall have a deal of laughing very shortly. (*The shutters are closed all at once.*) But why put the shutters to? (*with uneasiness*) I do not love darkness.

Julia. If the cock cannot see, he will never find the thief out.—Will he, pray, mama?

The

The Countess. Well asked : for I cannot tell you.

Sophia. I should like, if I knew how, to make him speak. Come pretty little cock, say something.—See how dark it is.—Look out a little.—He does not speak a word!

Julia. The reason is, I suppose, he will obey his master only. (*Robert comes in again.*)

S C E N E XIII.

The Countess, Augustus, Julia, the Hon. Mr. Oddly, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia, Robert.

The Countess. Well, you are satisfied now, Robert, since you have thus shut out the day-light?

Robert. Yes, my lady ; every thing is as it should be, And so now, let those remain that have not stolen the counters, but if any one is guilty, let that one go out.—What all remain!

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. How cunning!

Robert. I see clearly then that I must employ my art. (*He waves his wand, and draws a circle on the floor ; pronouncing something unintelligible.*)

That's well! So now, my cock, take heed ;
And tell us, who are rogues indeed.

Come now my little gentlemen and ladies, and let every one of you in turn, lift up the napkin here, and with his right hand, do you see, stroke Chanticleer upon the back. You will hear his music, when the thief once puts his hand upon him : but do not lift the cloth too high ; just high enough to let your hand pass under it.

So now, my pretty cock, take heed ;
And tell us who are rogues indeed.

Well! what will none of you begin?

The Countess. What, every one afraid? Why, one would think you all guilty, at this rate!

Sophia. I am the youngest, but I will set the example. (*She lifts up the cloth, and strokes the cock twice over in the basket.*) Do you see, the cock does not speak. It is not I that have stolen the counters.

Robert. Very well. Stand now in this place, with your hand behind you.—Is it so?

Sophia.

Sophia. Feel, feel.

Robert. That is right. Now you, sir. (*To Augustus.*)

Augustus. Oh! I fear as little as Miss Sophia.—There.—He has not spoke.—Must I too hold my hand behind me?

Robert. Certainly; and every one.—Come here, by this young lady.—Well, another.

Julia. I will go next.—(*She strokes him.*) If he had said a word, he would have been a story-teller.—

Robert. By your brother here. Who is next?

Eliza. It is my turn now. (*She strokes him.*) As mute as any mackerel.—Yet I stroked him four times over.

Robert. Are your right hands all behind you? Do not forget that part.

Gabriel, (to the Hon. Mr. Oddly.) I will follow you.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. As if I would have to do with such child's play!

The Countess. You would not surely spoil our sport. A little complaisance, pray, Mr. Oddly.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. If that is all, I have no objection.—(*He puts his hand under the cloth.*) There.—I do not find he has spoke for me, though I have stroked him more than others.

Robert. Here, sir, with the rest; and keep your hand behind you.

Sophia. There are none now, but my brothers left, that have not stroked him. It is one of them!—Oh, no; I do not think so. (*Gabriel and Lucius imitate the others; upon which, the children all burst out a laughing.*)

Lucius. And where is the thief?—Why no where.

The Countess. Robert, you should send your cock to Norwood; he is not cunning enough: and all this while my counters are not found.

Robert. I must acknowledge, this confounds me.—For a little while, however, patience; and do not stir.—Stand still, I say.—They are just like so much quick-silver!—My circle, as I think, must be imperfect. I will go fetch a candle, and examine. I pray your ladyship, let no one quit his place.

S C E N E XIV.

The Countess, Augustus, Julia, the Hon. Mr. Oddly, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. I knew before-hand, how all this would end.—Stupid nonsense!

Sophia. Why, this cock is no wiser than his master.

Eliza. Truly, I am glad to see him caught.

Julia. And what does he design to do, when he has brought a light?

The Countess. He will shew us.

Sophia. I should like to see the cock now.—He will scarce hold his head up, I suppose, for shame.

S C E N E XV.

The Countess, Augustus, Julia, the Hon. Mr. Oddly, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia, Robert.

Robert, (returning with a light, and going up to Sophia.) Come, let me see your little hand. *(She holds him out the left.)* Not this,—but that behind you. Good!

Sophia, (looking at her hand, and crying out.) Oh, what a hand I have! as black as any coal! And will it always be so?

Robert. Do not be frightened, little miss! I will speak about it to my cock, and you shall have both hands as white as snow.—*(The children have not patience, but look all together at their hands, and instantly cry out at once.)*

Augustus. How black my fingers are too!

Julia. And mine likewise! What does Robert mean by this?

Eliza. I would twist the creature's neck off, if I had him.

Gabriel. Fegs! my wristbands are come in a little for it!

Lucius. It is as if my hand were painted!

The Hon. Mr. Oddly, (lifting up his hand in triumph.) But see mine! There is none of the company that has a hand fit to look at, except me.

Robert,

Robert, (taking hold of the Hon. Mr. Oddly by the collar.) Very likely! Then, sir, you have stole the counters.—Give them up, young gentleman, this instant, or I will search your pockets, and then blacken you all over!

Eliza. Blacken him? O, brother! if you have got the counters, give them up this moment.

The Countess. Take care, Robert, what you say!

Robert. I am sure, he has them. So, quit the counters, or expect to have a countenance as grimy as the blackest negro's.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly, (turning pale and trembling.) Is it possible that I should have put them in my pocket, and not thought of what I was about? *(He feels about him.)* I recollect, indeed, I had them in my hand. *(He seems surprised at finding them thrust down into a corner of his waistcoat pocket.)* Dear me! they are here indeed! Who would have thought it? *(All the children look at one another with surprise, while the Hon. Mr. Oddly stands confounded.)*

The Countess. Robert! *(he approaches)* take away your cock and candle, and go open us the shutters. Take care *(in a whisper)* not to tell your fellow-servants how you found the counters. Say that they were thrust a great way back into the table-drawer.

Robert. I will, my lady. *(He goes out.)*

SCENE XVI.

The Countess, Augustus, Julia, the Hon. Mr. Oddly, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia.

The Countess. Go, my little friends, into the other room: you will find water there to wash your hands. Take care, and do not splash one another's clothes.

Sophia. No, no:—but if this black should not come off?

The Countess. It is nothing but a little ivory black, and water will remove it. You, sir, *(to the Hon. Mr. Oddly,)* as your hands are clean, may stay with me.

SCENE XVII.

The Countess, the Hon. Mr. Oddly.

The Countess. Well then, my haughty little gentleman! and is it possible you could be guilty of so scandalous an action? You, that scarce a quarter of an hour ago looked down with so much scorn upon the children of a reputable worthy tradesman, and supposed your quality disgraced by being in their company. They have at present their revenge, since they may call you, and with justice, a vile thief!

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Pray pardon me, my lady!—I was playing with the counters—and without considering at the moment, must have put them into my pocket.—I have no other method of accounting for their being found upon me.

The Countess. Pitiful excuse! that aggravates your fault! At such a tender age as yours, could I have possibly imagined one with so much front?

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Believe me, madam, I had certainly no bad design!—I took them without meaning so to do, and afterwards concealed the matter, from my dread of being taken for a thief.

The Countess. But after I had bid my daughter make enquiry for them with such delicacy, you might easily have seemed to search your pockets, and restored them without blushing. Your proceeding would have then been looked upon as nothing but an inadvertency.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. I did not think of that, my lady.

The Countess. What then did you think, when you durst drop hints that possibly my honest servants might have taken them? or that my children's little friends were objects of suspicion? What were your ideas, when you made believe to stroke the cock?

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. But, madam, I *did* stroke him.

The Countess. Hold your tongue, you little rascal!—for that name is not too bad for your deservings. Happily, as yet, you have not got sufficient cunning to conceal your wicked actions. *You did stroke the cock!* Is that then your assertion? Do not you see, that if you had, you would have blacked your hands as well as all the others,

Robert having smeared him over with a certain composition? Your companions were not in the least afraid to stroke him, as their conscience did not any way reproach them for the theft; but as for you, the apprehension lest the servant's artifice might really be conjuration awed you, and the means that you chose to avoid detection have betrayed you. Oh! how politic you thought yourself, I warrant, in pretending only, as you did, to stroke the cock; but honestly you would have found much better policy. You deserve that I should tell my lord, your father, of your laudable behaviour, when he comes to fetch you.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly, (falling on his knees.) Oh, no! Pray, my lady, I beseech you! He would beat me: he would tread me under foot.

The Countess. And it would be better that he should do so, than bring up a monster to disgrace him at some future period; for of what hereafter will you not be capable, since in the season of your infancy, as I may call it, you can perpetrate so great a crime?

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Ah! madam, pardon me for pity's sake, and never——

The Countess. Doubtless you have often made these promises to others; for this hardly is your first transgression. Every circumstance confirms it. So much falsity and impudence——

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Then hear me, my good lady! If you ever hear, in future, that I make free with any thing whatsoever that is not mine——

The Countess. Inform me, in the first place, what did you intend to do with these six counters? You could hardly think that you would have any opportunity of using them, but they must instantly be known. You meant to sell them, then, for money?

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. No, believe me! I was pleased with looking at them. I supposed that no one would remember having seen them elsewhere, and on that account secreted them, my lady.

The Countess. And how could you desire to have another's property? Confess! Is this your first offence?

The Hon. Mr. Oddly, (hiding his face.) No, no indeed, my lady. I have often been a thief at home; but never
having

having been suspected there, I hoped to have the same good fortune here.

The Countess. A very wicked sort of reasoning this! For, granting that no one upon earth suspected you, do not you know that God sees and punishes whatever people do amiss? Perhaps, however, this event is for your benefit; and you will prove more likely to amend, when you have once been punished as you merit.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Let it be by you, my lady, or by any one, but not by my papa. Let him know nothing of the matter, I conjure you. Tell it, if you please, to my mama, but keep the matter from his knowledge.

The Countess. There again! You would not have your father know it, as you fear the blows that he might bestow upon you. Thus, it is nothing but an abjectness that guides you, even in the work of your repentance; and it is not for his peace of mind that you would conceal it from him, for you are not afraid lest your mama should know it, because she would not beat you. It is not your idea to consult her peace of mind.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. Then tell it my preceptor.

The Countess. I am sensible, indeed, how much the knowledge of your fault would mortally afflict your parents, and from that consideration, not upon your own account, consent to spare you; but on this condition, that you come with your preceptor hither, and before him let me have your solemn promise of amendment. I will request him to keep watch upon your conduct; but if ever you should break your word, I will not only mention this adventure of the counters to his lordship, but let every body else know it.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. I consent you should do so, my lady.

The Countess. You might think that, after this, I should forbid your keeping company with Julia and Augustus; but I have at heart your reformation, and will judge thereof myself. You may continue therefore coming here.

The Hon. Mr. Oddly. But how shall I dare to face your servants?

The Countess. You have nothing to fear upon that account, for I have had more care and forethought for your reputation than yourself, by telling Robert not to speak about it in the kitchen; and to hide your lie, have been compelled

compelled to one myself, that they might not suppose you guilty.

Mr. Oddly. Ah! my lady, how much am I indebted to your bounty! I shall never forget the service that you have done me. But your children?—and the little company now with them?

The Countess. I am well acquainted with their goodness, and am sure that they will forgive you. Call them. (*Mr. Oddly, with a downcast look, goes slowly towards the door, and bids them enter.*)

SCENE XVIII.

The Countess, Mr. Oddly, Augustus, Julia, Eliza, Gabriel, Lucius, Sophia.

Eliza. Go, sir, you are a disgrace to me; I will never call you brother again.

The Countess. No, my dear Eliza, he is not so guilty as you think him. He has told me every thing. It was to play a little with the counters out of doors that he took them; but when once the matter seemed considered as a theft, he was terrified at the idea of incurring my suspicion. This apparent guilt has sprung from a mistaken shame, which I am very willing to excuse; but not (*looking at the little Darvenports*) his scandalous endeavours to make you, my little dears, seem guilty.

Gabriel. Oh! my lady, we do not wish him any harm at present for it, as we know that we should forgive even such as wrong us, and particularly when we see them unhappy.

The Countess. Do you mark that, Mr. Oddly? Such a conduct ought to shew you how much nobler it is to have an elevated way of thinking, than to boast an elevated birth. You find yourself entirely at the mercy even of those whom you have insulted; and, with all the boast of your nobility, you are the object of their pity.

Mr. Oddly. Oh, what shame! but I submit to undergo it.

Gabriel. We will never introduce again the mention of this matter. It shall be a secret for the time to come between us; shan't it, brother?

Lucius. Yes, he may rely upon my silence.

Gabriel. And you, sister?

Sophia. I will not have him beat. I know what pain it gives one, (*Mr. Oddly in the transports of his gratitude embraces them.*)

Mr. Oddly. I desire, but dare not ask, to be acquainted with you for the future.

Gabriel. It will be doing us an honour, if you will still continue upon terms of friendship with us.

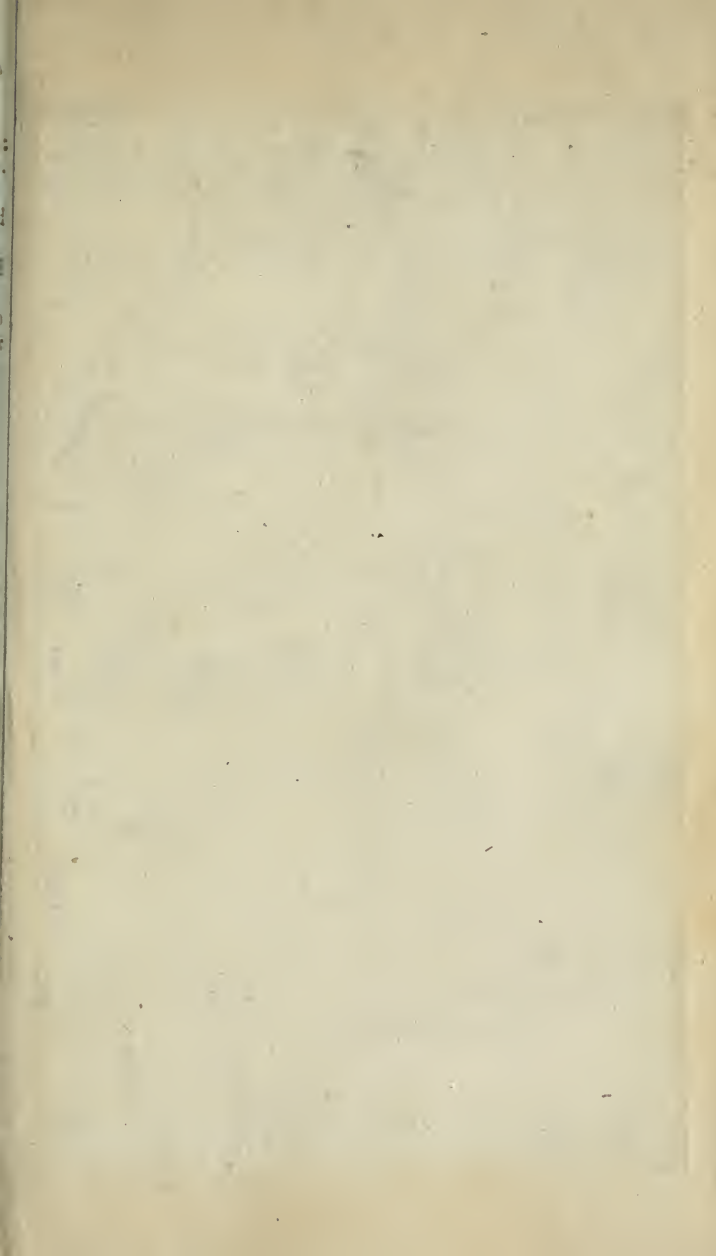
Augustus and Julia. And for our part, we shall be no less delighted with your company, as long as you regard our friends.

Eliza. You are all of you too good. He does not merit such indulgence, and papa must be informed of every thing.

The Countess. You will lose my friendship and esteem entirely, I must tell you, Miss Eliza, could you possibly be unaffected with your brother's laudable repentance, when even strangers overlook his error. Do not employ the advantage that his offence affords you, to undo him in his parents' good opinion; but, for the future, let your counsel shew him how to act, that he may merit their affection. I dare answer, you need never be ashamed of any action of his hereafter.

Mr. Oddly. I should be unworthy of such bounty, if this lesson could be blotted out from my remembrance.

Sophia. Take due care it be not, or *Beware of the conjuring Bird.*





Al Brown delin.

Foot sculp!

*For all the World, I would not be a shoelack.
 Very likely so, said John, and I, for my part, to
 that I shall never be yours.*

See page 1.

T H E
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE
FRENCH OF M. BERQUIN;
COMPLETE
IN FOUR VOLUMES.
ORNAMENTED WITH FRONTISPIECES.
A NEW CORRECTED EDITION;
WITH ADDITIONS.

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C O N T E N T S.

O F T H E

F O U R T H V O L U M E.

					<i>Page</i>
G E O R G E	—	—	—	—	1
James	—	—	—	—	6
Man is best as he is	—	—	—	—	9
Fashionable Education	—	—	—	—	21
The Good Mother	—	—	—	—	47
The proper Use of Time	—	—	—	—	49
The Blacksmith	—	—	—	—	51
The Generous Orphan	—	—	—	—	53
The Dirty Boots	—	—	—	—	55
The Tatler	—	—	—	—	57
The Provident Father	—	—	—	—	60
Julian and Rosina	—	—	—	—	63
The Separation	—	—	—	—	64
The School for Step-mothers	—	—	—	—	67
The Mountain Lute	—	—	—	—	84
Interested Kindness	—	—	—	—	94
The Sloven	—	—	—	—	98
The					

					<i>Page</i>
The Flower that never fades	—	—	—	—	101
Military Academy	—	—	—	—	107
Philip	—	—	—	—	123
Charlotte	—	—	—	—	125
The Watch	—	—	—	—	131
Caroline	—	—	—	—	138
The Wild Geese	—	—	—	—	<i>ibid.</i>
A trifling Pleasure exchanged for one much greater					140
Matilda	—	—	—	—	148
Sequel to the Military Academy	—	—	—	—	149
The Wig, the Shoulder of Mutton, the Lanterns, the					
Sack of Corn, and the Stilts	—	—	—	—	165
Backgammon	—	—	—	—	175
Innocence manifest	—	—	—	—	180
The Affectionate Mother	—	—	—	—	188
The Little Prisoner	—	—	—	—	209
Old Lawrence	—	—	—	—	215
Elspy Campbell	—	—	—	—	217
Fidele	—	—	—	—	225

T H E

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

G E O R G E.

LITTLE George was fond of walking in a wood that bordered on his father's garden: Now this wood was formed of little trees, placed very near each other, and two paths conducting through it, crossed. One day, as he was sauntering up and down, he wished to rest himself a little, with his back supported by a tree, whose stem was yet quite slender, and which therefore shook through all its branches, when his body first touched it. As it chanced, the rustling frightened a poor little bird, which flew out of a neighbouring bush, and soon disappeared.

George saw it fly away, and was vexed. He fixed his eye upon the bush, to see if it would not return: and while he was attentively considering it, he thought he saw among the branches, at a spot where they were twisted into one another, something like a tuft of hay. His curiosity induced him to draw nearer and examine it. He found this tuft of hay was hollow like a porringer: he thrust aside the branches, and saw certain little balls within it, of an oval shape, and spotted. They were placed beside each other, on a layer of grass. Sure this, said George, must be what I have heard some people call a bird's nest; and the balls are eggs. They are indeed quite little, but the bird is not so big as any of our hens.

It was his first design to carry away the nest; however, upon second thoughts, he was contented with one egg; and having taken it, ran home. He met his sister by the way, and thus addressed her: "See this little egg. I found it in a nest: there were five others with it." "Let me have it in my hand;" said George's sister. She examines it, returns it to her brother, and then asks a second time to have it. In the end, they roll it up and down a

table, just as if it were a ball. One shoves it one way, and the other pushes it another way, till, in the midst of their diversion, it falls down and breaks. They cry, and mutually accuse each other as the cause of such a great misfortune.

As it chanced, their mother hears them thus complaining; and not knowing why they weep, approaches to console them. Both begin at once. She hears their different stories, and then taking each affectionately by the hand, conducts them to a tree that overshadowed a green bank, on which she bids them both sit down.

Be comforted, dear children, said she. That you have broke the egg between you both, is truly a misfortune; but it is one, however, that should not much grieve you, since you did not mean to do so. I might notwithstanding blame you, George, with justice, for the act of having brought it from the nest. You must have seen hen's eggs disposed of in a sort of nest. The mother sits on, warms and animates them. Chickens in about three weeks are formed within them, and they pierce the shell. In some few days, they come and feed out of your hand. This egg would also have become a sort of chick, which you have killed by bringing it away. The bird that flew out of the bush as you inform me, was the mother. Doubtless she will come again, and very shortly, to her nest: she will perceive that one egg is wanting, and perhaps forsake it altogether. This is frequently the case.

Perhaps this loss of but a single egg, informs them that their asylum is discovered; they have every thing to fear from our violence; they guess that when their little ones are hatched, he who has already robbed them, will return and seize upon their tender family. If then this nest which you have been thus robbing, as I must call it, should be totally abandoned,—tell me, would you not be sorry for it?

Yes, mama, indeed, replied little George; and I am sorry that I meddled with the egg; but then I did not know a syllable of what you have been telling us; and thought no harm in bringing it to shew my sister, which is all that I meant to do.

My little fellow, I can easily believe you, said the mother. Should you do bad actions for the pleasure which some suppose there is in doing them, you would in that case

case have a very wicked heart, and I should be quite sorry that I had such a son: but that I do not fear; for, on the contrary, I know you to be a very good boy.

Mama, said the little girl, the nest, for I have seen it, out of which my brother took this egg, does not resemble in the least those swallows nests that we see about our out-house roof. My dear child, said the mother, every nest is not alike; nor yet is every bird alike; for some are great, and others little. Some are never known to perch on trees, and others live at all times in them. Some are large and stupid, others small and full of industry and cunning. Some are beautiful beyond description in their plumage, which has half a dozen colours; others are of one dull colour. Some subsist on fruits, some go in quest of insects, and a multitude of others seize on smaller birds, and eat them.

Ah the wicked creatures! cried the little girl. I do not love these last, and should be glad to spoil their nests. So too would many others, said her mama; and therefore those great birds that constantly devour the less, construct their nests in places where they cannot easily be come at; as for instance in woods, and in the holes of rocks, where men appear but very seldom; and at heights beyond our reach, however skilful we may be in climbing.

Therefore, dearest children, since these birds are greatly different from each other, not only in size, but also in their way of life, and in the colour of their feathers, it is but reasonable that they should have nests different also from each other. Thus the lark which never lives in any tree, but sings, as you have heard her, mounting in the air; constructs her nest upon the ground; the swallow builds about the roofs of houses, under what we call the eaves; the owl, which people only hear by night, seeks out old ruinous buildings, or some hollow tree to put her eggs in; and the eagle which I shewed you yesterday flying above the clouds and nearly out of sight, brings forth her young ones in the cliffs of craggy rocks. Those living round about us, make their nests in trees and hedges. Those that love the water, and who find their food therein, build theirs among those rushes that grow

near it, upon little islands, and at times upon the shore itself.

If one of these fine days we go into the little valley at the bottom of our large meadow, we shall see a number of these little creatures busy in selecting the materials they compose their nests of. One you will observe employed in carrying off a wheaten straw; another will have in his beak some wool or feathers; or dried leaves; and very probably a third some moss. The swallow, by the border of a stream, you will take notice, moistens with the water which he takes up in his beak, a little bit of earth with which he builds his habitation. Such materials as are very coarse and solid, he will take to form the outside of his nest, but lines it with the softest and the warmest. Nay, there are some birds who pull out their own feathers to make up a more comfortable bed for their little ones.

They construct large nests, or small ones, in proportion to the number of young birds that they are to hatch within them. Some will hang their nests up by a sort of thread, which thread they have the skill to form of flax, of different sorts of weeds, and of the webs of spiders. Others place it in the middle of a soft and gluey substance, whereunto they carefully stick many feathers. All do every thing in their power to make it strong and solid, and secure themselves from every enemy that Instinct bids them fear, by resorting to retired and solitary places.

There they lay their eggs. The mother, and at times the father, sits upon them in the nest, with admirable perseverance. They are taught by nature, that the warmth proceeding from their body, when they sit upon these eggs, puts every thing within them into motion, and produces little creatures, which at last are strong enough to break the shell that holds them, and come forth.

You must have often seen a fly in winter, to appearance dead. You took it in your hands, and through the warmth proceeding from them, it was brought to life. It is nearly thus with birds: the perseverance of the parents, when they brood upon their eggs, converts them into living creatures.

When the mother sits alone, the cock will bring her victuals, and sit by to please her with his music. When the little ones are once alive, they help them to get clear
of

of their confinement in the egg. Their diligence is now redoubled ; they do every thing to nourish and defend them, and are constantly employed in this interesting office. They go very far indeed to get their food, and make an equal distribution of it, every one receiving in its turn what they have brought. As long as they are very young and helpless, they contrive to bring them victuals suited to their delicacy ; but when once they are grown strong and older, they provide them food more solid.

There is one, and that a very large one, called a *pelican*, who being forced to go great distances in quest of victuals for her young ones, is provided with a sort of bag. She fills it with such aliments as she is sensible they love : she warms what she procures, and renders it by such means fitter for their tender stomachs ; she returns, and empties it before them.

In this state of being parents, they appear as if forgetting that they want food themselves, and only think upon their little family. If either rain or tempests come, they hurry to their nests, and cover it as well as they are able with their outstretched wings, so keeping out the wind and water that might hurt the brood. All night too, they are busy in the work of cherishing the little things. The fearfullest among them, that will fly away if they but hear the slightest noise, and tremble at the least degree of danger, know not what fear is when they have once a family to protect, but become courageous and intrepid : as for instance, the common hen. As great a coward as she is when by herself, she grows a very heroine, a pattern of courage, when she has young ones to defend from danger. She attacks the greatest dog, and will not even fear a man, who should attempt to take them from her.

So too do the little birds endeavour to defend their young, when any one would steal or hurt them. They will flutter round the nest, will seem to call out for assistance, will attack the invader, and pursue him. If their young be shut within a cage, they will continue to come regularly, and at all times feed them. Frequently the mother will prefer confinement with them, rather than be freed from the necessity of tending on them, and will never quit the little creatures.

Poor dear birds ! cried out the children, how we shall love you for the future ! We will never be so cruel as to do you any harm. We will only look at your nests ; and be contented to gaze on you, while employed in the delightful task of tending on your young, and to contemplate your little family, all flying round their parents.—Yes, dear children, said the mother, thus it should be. Keep your resolution as you ought, and I shall love you for it. Never injure any creature, or occasion it the least degree of pain for pleasure's sake : on saying which, the mother went in doors, embracing her dear children, who were highly pleased with what they had just learnt.

J A M E S.

A Merchant whom we shall here call James, had but a single son, whom he loved very tenderly. He was far from having a bad heart, his countenance was rather pretty, and his friends would all have been very fond of him, but that he shewed in every action, a covetous propensity which shocked as many as had opportunities of knowing him. This covetousness made him violently wish for every thing possessed by others. It even wrought upon him to so great a pitch, that he would constantly refuse to share among his play-mates, or even shew them what he had himself. His father, who possessed a very amiable character, wished greatly to reform him of this fault, but never had been able. All that he could do, was to shew how much it grieved him.

Little James, however, lost a great deal more by his propensity to avarice, than he had ever gained thereby. Did any body give him sweetmeats ? He would get away and swallow them like a churl, in some dark corner of the house, for fear lest any one should ask a part. Whilst he was hid, his father would give twice as much to his companions : he perceived it, and no longer hid himself ; but as soon as he fixed his eye on sweetmeats, or nice things, he appeared as if he would devour them ;
he

he pursued the hands of those who held them, and his own were in a sort of convulsion.

Mr. James, as we have said before, was very much afflicted in perceiving this; and that he might not be afflicted further than was absolutely necessary, he ceased to give him any more nice things, or even have them in the house.

Had little James a wind-mill, boat, or other play-thing, he would never shew it: he concealed himself in the enjoyment of it, and was never happy. Or, supposing he had any sort of fruit, he would not share it with his play-mates, but devour it all alone, refusing even those whom he happened to love most, and such as might be hungry; therefore none among his play-mates would in turn share any thing with him: they were indeed best pleased to leave his company; they never wished to have it. When he chanced to be in a quarrel, no one took his part, not even when they knew him in the right; but being in the wrong, all joined against him.

As it chanced, one day a little boy observed him with an apple in his hand, and gave him by surprize a knock upon the elbow, so that he was forced to let the apple go. He picked it up, however; but that moment, to avenge himself upon the boy that had contrived to play him such a trick, he set off to catch him, but in running fell into a slough, and was almost suffocated in the mud. He did his utmost to get out, but could not: he attempted, but without succeeding, to prevail upon his playmates to hold out their hands and help him; he observed that they only laughed at his distress, and, in derision, danced about the slough, from which he could not extricate himself. Their cry was, "Let *him* now hold out a hand to whom you have been generous! Ask assistance of those whom you have obliged!" However at length, one, more compassionate, came forward, and approaching where he stood, stretched forth his hand, and got him out in safety.—He shook off the mud that covered him, and then, to shew his gratitude to that good little boy who had delivered him, bit off about a quarter from the apple which had caused this sad disaster, and which still he held fast in his hand, and would fain have made him take it.

The good little boy, disgusted with the gift, and way of giving, took the morsel, but to fling it in his face; and this was, as it were, a signal for the rest to scout him. They pursued our little James quite home, and hallooed all the way.

He was not void of feeling, and had never yet been heated: he was therefore thrown into a thinking humour, and did not afterwards come much into his father's presence, but confined himself to his apartment for above ten days together. There he asked himself, what cause his play-mates had to hate him. He addressed himself as follows: "For what reason has my little neighbour, he that even held me out his hand when I was in the mire, such a number of good friends? Why is he loved so much, while I have not a single little boy that will seek my company, nor be my friend, nor console me in affliction?"—He discovered very soon the reason, by comparing the good boy's behaviour with his own. He recollected that he was happy to do any one a pleasure; that whenever he had any fruit, confectionary, or the like, he felt more joy in sharing it with his companion, than in eating it himself, and had no sort of amusement which he did not wish all his little acquaintances to share. He saw plainly, on this view of things, how much he differed from this little boy in disposition. He resolved at last to imitate him, and went out next day with both his pockets full of fruit, ran up to every boy that he met, and gave him some: he could not all at once, however, give up *self*, but left a little in his pocket, which he eat in private when got home.

Although his liberality was not perfect, he found occasion to be satisfied with the effect of it, since his companions now, on their part, were more generous to him; they shewed themselves more merry in his company; they took him as a partner in their little pastimes; they divided with him what they had, and he went home quite pleased.

Upon the morrow he did still a great deal better. When he met his little friends, he did not fail to pull out of his pocket every thing that he had, divided it into as many shares as there were mouths to eat it, and reserved a share no more than equal for himself. Indeed, if there was any difference,

difference, some thought that he took the least, and he was much more satisfied that day than the preceding.

By degrees he was habituated to be generous, and even to such as he could see had nothing in return to give: I mean to such as were in want. Of course he grew beloved: whenever his companions saw him, they ran up to meet him with the greatest joy upon their countenances; they were glad to give him pleasure. In short, he was now quite happy.

Such a change could not escape his father's observation, and it gave him real satisfaction. He affectionately took him in his arms, refused him nothing for the time to come, and even sought occasions to delight him. Every day little James discerned, that to be happy, it was absolutely necessary that he should not desire a solitary happiness, but wish to make those round about him happy likewise.

MAN IS BEST AS HE IS.

Mr. Linton, having in his hand a dead parrot stuffed, comes in, ascends a chair, and ties it to a cord already hanging from the ceiling.

I Fancy that unlucky Frederic will not reach it at this height. One can scarcely keep any thing from such a meddling boy. (*He puts the chair into its place again, and then goes out.*)

Frederic, (entering a moment afterwards.) Where, in the name of goodness, can papa have poked our poor dead parrot? I observed it in his hand, when first he came in here; but saw him afterwards go out without it. (*He looks round about the apartment; and, at last, spies the parrot hanging to the ceiling.*) Ah! ha! there he is! (*He takes a run, and jumps with all his might, but wants about three feet, or more, to reach the parrot.*) If I were but as active as our greyhound. (*He pulls a chair into the middle of the room, and getting on it, is as yet too short; he stands on tip-toe, and then jumps, but all without effect.* *He instantly comes*

down, and runs to fetch a folio volume, lettered Plutarch on the back; he puts this volume on the chair, mounts on it, and holds out his hands.) Shall I never reach the mark? I want, however, sadly to find out how they have stuffed it. Let me take another jump. (He bends his knees to spring, when Marcus entering perceives him, and hums the following words.)

Well leaped, in good truth! But do not let me disturb you; for however active you may be, you will need a thousand attempts before you reach it. Such a bit of manhood jump so high! Come down. Let me go up. I think, I shall not want your Plutarch. (He pulls him by the coat till he comes down, then mounts in his stead, and lifting both his hands, is still a great way from the parrot.)

Frederic, (bursting out into a laugh.) Ha! ha! ha! ha! good Mr. Manhood! By the manner of your speaking, any one would certainly have fancied you as tall as the Monument.

Marcus. But if I step upon the book? (He stands upon it, is a little nearer, but not near enough to touch the parrot. Frederic jumps about the chair, and laughs incessantly.) It is not my fault; but the thing is, this great Plutarch does not happen to be thick enough. Only think! If there had only been a few more clever fellows in antiquity, the parrot would have certainly been mine.

Frederic. Or rather mine; for, in that case, I should have got it first.

Marcus. Not that I care about it.

Frederic. No indeed, not more than Reynard, in the fable, cared about the grapes: the parrot is possibly too green!—hey, brother?

Marcus. What is the use of taking it down? I can see it very well at this distance.

Frederic, (bantering Marcus.) Yes! it is in a charming point of view! but hark ye, Marcus, I do not think that there is so much difference between our heights at last, though you are three years older.

Marcus. Only think! how vain the little creature is!—Perhaps you would like to measure with me?

Frederic. Yes, with all my heart. (They come together, back to back, and make the most of their respective heights: but

but Frederic stands a tip-toe. Marcus is astonished to see him as tall as himself, till looking down he sees the reason.)

Marcus. Ah, flyboots! is it so? Yes, yes, indeed: I grant you, if you stand so. Come, come, put down your heels.

Frederic, (then appearing greatly shorter than his brother.) It is a plaguy thing to be so short!

Mr. Linton, (coming in.) Because you cannot reach Poll? You mean so? Don't you, Frederick?

Frederic. You have been watching us then, papa?

Mr. Linton. No; but do not you see? Your feet have left it written on my *Plutarch*.

Marcus. Had we been as tall as you, we should then have been able to see Poll a great deal nearer.

Mr. Linton. Yes, and plagued him after he was dead, as much as you did while he lived. And yet you are tall enough for any sort of mischief.

Marcus. O, papa: what pleasure we should have, if we were both as tall as you!

Mr. Linton. I know you well enough: you would not, even in that case, be content.

Marcus. It is true, I had much rather be as tall as—what d'y'e call him there, the giant, who came down to shew himself for money, at the fair?

Frederic. That would be but a trifle. No; as we are wishing, and as wishes cost so little, we need hardly stop there.—You recollect our tallest cherry-tree?—Well then, I could wish to be as tall as that.

Mr. Linton. And why pray?

Frederic. Because I should not want either a ladder or a pole when the fruit was ripe. Do but think a little, brother: how delightful it would be, to walk about the orchard, with our heads among the branches of the trees, to browse on cherries, pears, and apples, and to gather them as we do currants, from the bush; would not this be charming entertainment?

Marcus. One might likewise walk along the streets, and look into the rooms on either side the way, three stories high: Ha! ha! I fancy, we should put the people into a fright!

Frederic. I should not fear the carriages, when I had occasion to cross the street. It would be only straddling.

—Look ye,—thus: (*he strides,*) and I should see carts, waggons, coaches, men, and horses, all pass under me, and should smile in derision of their littleness.

Marcus. You know the river that goes by our house in town? We needs must take a boat to cross it, or go round by Westminster or Blackfriar's bridges. Well, I might walk through it then, which would be very cooling in the summer.

Frederic. And besides all this, you know, we should be stronger, were we bigger. If a bull should venture to attack me, as I crossed the field, I would twist his neck off, just as if he were a rabbit; or else chuck him up in the air, a hundred yards high, and when he was come to the ground he should be so busy thinking what a tumble he had, that he should forget entirely to get up again.

Marcus. We should not then want horses for the plough, as we might draw it easily ourselves: and in ten steps, get quite across a very large field. I saw, last Thursday, more than fifty men at work, in driving piles to make a causeway. And how hard they worked! Well then, with such a hammer as my size would let me raise, one man might, in a single day, dispatch their work, and not be tired at night so much.

Mr. Linton. Fine talking truly, this; but do you know that after all these fine wishes, you are no more than two blockheads?

Marcus. How, papa, two blockheads?

Mr. Linton. Yes; to think that you would be happier than at present, were you bigger.

Marcus. But, papa, if we were able to do a great deal more than we do at present?

Frederic. For example: would not it be quite convenient, could we reach things very high, and take a deal of ground in travelling at a step?

Mr. Linton. Before I answer you, inform me if, becoming thus so very tall, you would have every thing besides remain as little as it was before your alteration?

Frederic. Certainly, papa.

Marcus. Yes, yes: there should be none but we three giants.

Mr. Linton. Thank you; but for my part, I am contented with my size, and would not wish to change it.

Frederic.

Frederic. Yet I think, we ought not to be near so big as you: for otherwise, it would be the children's part to whip their father.

Mr. Linton. It is a happy circumstance for me, that I shall not, in a hurry, be exposed to so much shame and danger.

Frederic. Oh! but I would spare you, recollecting how often you had shewn me favour.

Marcus, (to his father.) You do not wish then to be bigger?

Mr. Linton. No, indeed: but let us speak in this place for your brother and you only; and observe what would result from your being bigger. In the first place then, *Frederic*, if, as you wished just now, you were as tall as that same cherry-tree, how would you be able, as at present, to go out and take your walk among so many trees, as fill our orchard? You would be obliged to crawl upon all fours, and even so, you would find it very difficult to get along.

Frederic. But you forget, papa, how easily I might put out my foot against the first tree standing in my way, and root it up. It would be nothing but a wheat-stalk to me.

Mr. Linton. Thereby you would pursue a very prudent plan! so, in proportion as you wanted much more fruit to satisfy your palate, you would destroy the trees that bear it; but let us go a little farther than an orchard. There are many roads about us, upon one side shaded by a row of trees, whose branches overhang the path-way. Men that are of common heights can walk beneath those branches at their ease, and find the shade which they give quite comfortable in the scorching heat of summer, and particularly at noon-day; but you would be obliged to walk along the middle of the road, and have no shade. And then, what would become of you, when you were to make your way through any forest? What a furious overthrow of trees you would make before you could clear you self a path!

Frederic. I should be no more fatigued than were I now to make a hole sufficient for my passage through a hedge.

Marcus. I would uproot the tallest oaks, like that same mad Grecian that is mentioned in my English Sophocles.

Mr.

Mr. Linton. I should sincerely pity those condemned to live about you ; but with such long legs as you would have, you would take it in your head, no doubt, to travel ?

Frederic. Travel ! Why, papa, I would go from one end of the world to the other.

Mr. Linton. Like enough ! And without halting, I suppose ! For where, tell me, would you find a house, a chamber, or a bed, half big enough for your enormous stature ? You would certainly be forced to lie all night abroad upon a hay-stack. That would be quite charming ! Do not you think so ?

Frederic. Alas ! I should find myself as badly off as poor Gulliver in Lilliput.

Marcus. Ah ! you have not made your system quite perfect, brother, I can see.—No, that is plain ; and you must have the rest of men as big as you yourself are.

Mr. Linton. Why that is more generous, I must own. But how then would the ground suffice to feed so many monstrous giants ? In a parish that subsists at present, for instance, five hundred people, twenty would not find provision. We should each of us consume our ox in eight and forty hours, and might easily drink a butt of milk at breakfast only.

Marcus. Oh ! but I would have the oxen bigger likewise.

Mr. Linton. And how many of such oxen might be put to graze within a common meadow ?

Marcus. Truly, but a very few indeed.

Mr. Linton. I see then, that, for want of pasture, we should soon want cattle.

Marcus. Well then, there is but one thing more to order and the matter is settled. We must have the world grow bigger also.

Mr. Linton. Nothing puzzles you, I see. To be a few yards taller, you would at a minute's notice, stretch all nature. 'Tis a great thought indeed : and yet, I fancy, you would be far from finding any capital advantage, after every thing were settled as you wished.

Marcus. And why not, dear papa ?

Mr. Linton. Can you inform me what proportion means ?

Marcus. Proportion ? No.

Mr.

Mr. Linton. Then stand here by your brother. Right. Now which is tallest, you or Frederic?

Marcus. You can see yourself, papa : he does not reach my ear.

Mr. Linton. Come now, and stand by me. Now which is shortest?

Marcus. I am ; unfortunately.

Mr. Linton. It seems then, Marcus, you are at once both big and little?

Marcus. No, papa : I beg your pardon, I am neither big nor little, to speak properly. I am big respecting Frederic ; but I am little with respect to you.

Mr. Linton. And if we were to grow, all three together, ten times taller, would you then be less respecting me, or bigger in respect to Frederic, than you are at present?

Marcus. No, papa : for there would always be an equal difference.

Mr. Linton. Then that is what proportion means. It is a regular gradation.

Marcus. Ah ! I understand you now.

Mr. Linton. In that case, let us come back to your idea. If, in nature, every thing were to become bigger, still preserving its present proportion, you would be exactly at the point whence you first of all set out. You would not then be capable of frightening people in their garrets, by just looking at them through the window ; you would find it no less difficult to wade across the water, or drive piles without assistance, than at present ; and be equally unable to twist off, as you expressed it, a bull's neck, or send him up two hundred yards into the air : he would be still much bigger than yourself.

Marcus. Yes, yes ; I see he would.

Mr. Linton. Frederic, have you heard us?

Frederic. Yes, papa.

Mr. Linton. And understood the meaning of proportion?

Frederic. You shall see. Proportion is when any one grows bigger, and another does the same.

Mr. Linton. But can you give me an example?

Frederic. I believe, I can (*after having thought a little*) as thus : It would be in vain for me to tell my brother, with a boast, that when three years were past, I should be
three

three years older: he would still be oldest, as he also would be three years older than he is at present.

Mr. Linton. Excellently well conceived! And thus, though you should grow as large in stature as our cherry-tree; our cherry-tree, in turn, would have grown larger also, by the difference now between you.

Frederic. Yes, that is plain.

Mr. Linton. Could you, in that case, take the cherries with more ease than now you gather currants?

Frederic. No, papa, I should then be obliged to come to my ladder and my pole; not the same as formerly, for they would not serve me any longer. In this case it would be necessary that the proportion should be still preserved.

Mr. Linton. And would the carriages then pass between your legs?

Frederic. No, certainly: I should be still obliged to keep upon the pavement, if I would not have them throw me down.

Mr. Linton. And what advantage, Marcus, would you then derive from such a general change of nature as your pride would introduce?

Marcus. I do not see any.

Mr. Linton. Your wishes then were absurd, since the accomplishment of them could not have made you more happy.

Marcus. Truly you are right, papa. It would have been much better if we had wished to be little;—yes, quite little.

Frederic. What, as little, brother, as Gulliver's Lilliputians?

Marcus. Why not?

Mr. Linton. Ha! ha! Another strange conceit! And what can be your motives to this wish?

Marcus. Because among a number of good consequences, one should never fear a famine; since a handful of wheat would make bread enough to serve a family for four and twenty hours.

Mr. Linton. Why, truly, there might be some savings!

Marcus. And besides, we should not then have cause to go to war with one another, as a place no bigger than our garden, would be large enough to build a mighty city. Men therefore, having much more room than they want,
would

would never go to war with one another (as I have heard you say that they do) to obtain an inch or two of land.

Mr. Linton. I would not answer for them in that point, acquainted as I am with human folly: but I will not disturb so charming an arrangement by my fears; and therefore am contented to suppose that I see both peace and plenty flourishing among us, and the golden age, thanks to your good management, brought back again among us!

Marcus. Oh! that is not all. My tutor tells me, little creatures are a deal more delicate and perfect in themselves than great ones; have a much more piercing sight, a finer sense of hearing; and in smell are much superior. Is that true, papa?

Mr. Linton. In general.

Marcus. Thus then were we less by a great deal than at present, we should see, and hear, and smell many things, of which, at present, we have no knowledge.

Mr. Linton. These advantages, it is true, are very precious; yet I own, I should be sorry to renounce, for such advantages, the universal empire which we now exercise on every thing that breathes.

Marcus. There would be no occasion to renounce it; for remember, you have often told me, that man bears rule much more by his understanding, than mere strength of body.

Mr. Linton. True; because his strength of body is exactly proportioned to his understanding. But bestow upon a Lilliputian's frame the greatest and sublimest genius; give him even our inventions, and our arts advanced to that perfection which they possess among us; do you think that he would be able to employ our slightest instruments, and manage properly the meanest of our numberless machines or engines? How would he defend himself against wild beasts, when even the dog that he keeps within his dwelling, would, without designing any mischief, crush him under foot?

Marcus. But then, if every thing becomes proportionably little? There, I think, I have you.

Mr. Linton. Only to confound yourself; for granting this proportionality of littleness, and men immediately lose all the advantage that you would give them. Their deficient harvests would not keep them from the fear of
famine,

famine, and their wars, while they were no less frequent or ferocious than at present, would be more ridiculous. The inferior animals would still have finer organs, and more delicate sensations; and perhaps too, with his littleness, which could not but be laughed at, he would take upon him, as you do, to alter and reform the universe.

Marcus. I think, papa, you are much too hard upon me; one can fettle nothing with you.

Frederic. For this reason, brother; because you know nothing about the matter. There is but one way to order things as they should be.

Mr. Linton. Bravo!—so you take the man of consequence upon you.

Frederic. Yes, as well as Marcus.

Mr. Linton. Come, then, let me know how you would fettle the affair? your system must be very curious, I suppose.

Frederic. Why then, papa, we only want one thing; we only want to have a harder body, one as hard as iron.

Mr. Linton. And why so?

Frederic. You see where I have pricked my finger. It seems nothing: yet you cannot imagine how much pain it gives me.

Mr. Linton. My poor little man! I am sorry for it.

Frederic. And the wound that I received in my head about a month ago, by tumbling, as you remember, down stairs. It was but cured a week ago: feel here, papa:—there; that is the place.

Mr. Linton. I feel the scar indeed.

Frederic. What pleasure it would be to play with Pompey, and not fear his biting me. And besides, when I were old enough to be a soldier, and go fight, I should, in that case, laugh at balls and bullets. Nay, my head would blunt the broadest sword that struck it: would not that be vastly pretty?

Mr. Linton. That it would indeed!

Frederic. In that case we should want for nothing: we should be quite perfect; should we not, papa?

Mr. Linton, (taking out an orange.) See here, my little fellow: smell this orange.

Frederic.

Frederic. Oh, how fine ! It must be very good to eat. Do you design to give it me, for having settled matters better than my brother ?

Mr. Linton. No : it is not for you.

Marcus. For me, then ?

Mr. Linton. Nor for you. I mean it for a certain—I do not know if I should say, a certain person ; but however that be—one more perfect than you are.

Marcus. And who is that, papa ?

Mr. Linton. You will wonder, very likely, when I tell you :—that negro figure on my mantle-piece.

Frederic. You joke, papa ! why he can neither see, nor eat, nor smell.

Mr. Linton. And yet he is made of iron.

Frederic. Yes : and for that very reason he cannot.

Mr. Linton. What then, you would have sacrificed the satisfaction of seeing, eating, and smelling, to the boast that you could never break your head by falling from my mantle-piece ? for were you made of iron, as you wished, you would be only fit to stand there with my other bronzes.

Frederic. Oh, I do not mean so, papa ; I would be living while I had this iron body.

Mr. Linton. And how then could it be animated by that blood, and by those juices that keep up our life ? By what means could its nerves be flexible, and have that sensibility which makes us so expert or ready in the use of every limb, and renders the enjoyment of our senses so delightful ?

Frederic. Oh, dear me ! this is sad work ! I see my scheme is hardly better than my brother's.

Marcus. But, papa, since you are so clever in destroying our plans thus, it is your turn to provide us with a better in their stead.

Mr. Linton. And why should I provide one ? I am marvellously satisfied with that which God's providence has already established. Yes, dear children, I am sensible, we are completely furnished with whatever can promote our happiness ; superior in our conformation to all other animals, we tame, by virtue of our genius, the small number of those which in strength surpass us. If we have not the rapidity of stags and horses, we can make that composition which will overtake the one while he is running from

us, and can mount the other to direct him whither we think proper. We have not the wings of a bird, yet we can give wings to those tall trees that grow in forests, and can make them carry us to the remotest distances. Our sight, less piercing than an insect's, is not bounded to the narrow space in which we move about, but can take in an ample horizon, and contemplate the great miracles of nature. We are unable to gaze, like an eagle, at the sun ; but we invent an instrument which seems to draw us nearer to that luminary, so that we may measure his immensity of distance, and observe the place which he possesses in the midst of an infinity of stars that are obscured by his superior brightness. Every other sense that we have, contributes likewise to procure us a succession of enjoyments, and effect our safety. Conscious of our genius, we are every day in search of new discoveries ; we disarm the thunder, or else tell it where to fall ; we make one element resist another ; we oppose the beneficial warmth of fire to the inclemency of frost ; and keep the land from being overflowed by inundations. Sometimes we descend into the darkest bowels of the earth, and bring out thence those precious metals which are purified, and then, by an ingenious mode of mixing them together, form new substances ; and sometimes we mark out those rocks which hang just ready, as it were, to fall upon our heads, precipitate them from their height into the vallies, and soon after make them re-ascend in sumptuous edifices, or in stately pyramids that hide their summits in the clouds. The society that we form with our fellow creatures, for the satisfaction of our mutual wants, obtains us, in return for our own toil, the labour of ten thousand hands, all eager to procure us the conveniencies of life. Upon whatever side we turn, we have at our command the various productions of the universe, all brought together for our use. The sciences exalt our souls, and charm our faculties. The arts, by having introduced such numberless machines, assist us in our labour, or refresh us when we seek repose. Both memory and reflection give us the advantages enjoyed by all those who have preceded us. Together with the pleasing idea of our own personal existence, we derive happiness from others also, by the virtues of compassion and beneficence, and by the connexions of kindred and of friendship. Nevertheless, our
happiness

happiness depends upon ourselves alone, amid the host of creatures that surround us, being sure of obtaining it, if we but moderately use our strength, and make a constant application of our reason to the business of determining our conduct; so that, if we ever interrupt our happiness by going further than we should do, we have nothing to blame, in that case, but our own folly. We then seem children as you are, who, instead of gratefully enjoying the conveniencies and comforts of our situation, and courageously enduring its few evils, vex ourselves with wishing for ideal blessings, or disgrace our nature by a lack of manly courage.

FASHIONABLE EDUCATION.

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

C H A R A C T E R S.

MRS. BELLASTON.

LEONORA, - - - *her Niece.*DAVID, - - - *her Nephew.*MR. VINCENT, - { *a Clergyman, formerly Tutor*
*to the Children's Father.*DANDIPRAT, - - - *a Dancing-master.*FANNY, - - - *a Waiting Maid.**The SCENE is in the house of Mrs. Bellaston.*

S C E N E I.

Mrs. Bellaston, Mr. Vincent.

Mrs. Bellaston. NO, I cannot forgive you, Mr. Vincent, What! not come and see your well-beloved little friends, or me, these five years past!

Mr. Vincent. Consider, my good lady, the inevitable duties of my parish, the bad state in which my health is, and the fear of accidents upon the road.

Mrs. Bellaston. What, forty miles! a very long journey, truly!

Mr.

22 FASHIONABLE EDUCATION.

Mr. Vincent. Long to me, who cannot easily change place. My bodily infirmities no longer permit me to go a gadding, and especially so far from home.

Mrs. Bellaſton. And pray, to what powerful motive, Mr. Vincent, do we owe this inſtance of your reſolution?

Mr. Vincent. To the great deſire that I had of ſeeing Leonora and her brother, once more, I may ſay, before I die.

Mrs. Bellaſton. Ah! there is a fine girl! Leonora! one might come to view her from the furtheſt corner of the world! Oh, ſuch an underſtanding and vivacity!

Mr. Vincent. Indeed you make me very anxious, Mrs. Bellaſton, to behold her. Pray, where is ſhe? I long to embrace her.

Mrs. Bellaſton. She has not left her toilet yet.

Mr. Vincent. Not at this late hour! And David, why is not he yet come from ſchool? I thought he would have long ago been here, and waiting to receive me.

Mrs. Bellaſton. You remember, it was a little late when your arrival was announced laſt night. The ſervants have been very buſy all this morning, and my niece's waiting-woman could not leave her.

Mr. Vincent. Pray oblige me, by diſpatching ſome one inſtantly for David; and in the interval, I will go up ſtairs and ſee his ſiſter.

Mrs. Bellaſton. No, no, Mr. Vincent; the ſurprize of ſeeing you might overcome her ſpirits: I will prepare her for the interview. (*She goes out.*)

S C E N E II.

Mr. Vincent, (alone.)

As far as I can ſee into the matter, Mrs. Bellaſton brings her niece up by the plan that regulated her own education, and permits her to employ a deal of time in ſetting off her perſon to the beſt advantage, like a doll intended for the window of a toy-ſhop. Happy, if theſe trifles have not cauſed her to neglect the cultivation of her underſtanding.

S C E N E III.

Mr. Vincent, Mrs. Bellaſton.

Mrs. Bellaſton, (returning.) I have ſent for David; and Leonora is coming down this inſtant. She has but one feather more to ſettle.

Mr. Vincent. How! one feather! Can you ſuppoſe that I care about a feather more or leſs? Should not her anxiety to ſee me be as great as mine is?

Mrs. Bellaſton. Certainly it ſhould, and is; but then her wiſh to give you pleaſure——

Mr. Vincent. Poſſibly it will not be her feathers that will do that; but, if I recollect, you told me that you had ſent to fetch your nephew?

Mrs. Bellaſton, (ſomewhat piqued.) Oh, my nephew! You will have time enough for David.

Mr. Vincent. You ſpeak as if I was not to expect great things from him.

Mrs. Bellaſton. He is far from being vicious; but he will not attend to my inſtructions on the ſubject of good breeding.

Mr. Vincent. What, is he unpoliſhed, wild, or ruſtic?

Mrs. Bellaſton. No, not that. They tell me that his head is well ſtored with uſeful knowledge, as they call it; but that *je ne ſçai quoi* which well bred people poſſeſs, and that *bon ton*——

Mr. Vincent. If that be all that he wants, he is not a great way from perfection;—but his heart?

Mrs. Bellaſton. I think it neither good nor bad: but Leonora! how accompliſhed ſhe is! what enchanting manners! As for David, we do not ſee one another often.

Mr. Vincent. And why not?

Mrs. Bellaſton. For fear of taking him from his beloved ſtudies; and becauſe, when he comes here, he pays no heed to what I tell him on the way of living in the fashionable world. Beſides, he cannot expreſs himſelf with any ſort of grace. I ſometimes carry him into the company of women, and he never has a handſome word to ſay.

Mr. Vincent. Becauſe, as I ſuppoſe, the converſation turns upon matters to which he is quite a ſtranger.

Mrs.

Mrs. Bellaſton. But ſure a wellbred youth ſhould never be a ſtranger to ſuch topics as are ſtarted in the company of women!

Mr. Vincent. A reſpectful ſilence ſuits his preſent age; and it is his buſineſs to be ſilent, and ſo learn to ſpeak in future, when his turn comes round.

Mrs. Bellaſton. And would you make the youth a doll, that is not to have motion till his wheels are on? But you ſhall hear my Leonora talk: ſhe does it with ſuch eaſe! ſuch ſpirit! ſuch vivacity! There is no ſuch thing as following her, when once ſhe is ſet a going.

Mr. Vincent. We ſhall ſee which of them will be moſt entitled to my love. You cannot but remember, how I promiſed at their father's death to look upon them as my own. I will perform this ſacred duty. As I cannot tell how long I have to live, I am come to ſee theſe children, and to know their different characters; which I deſign to ſtudy, ſo that I may regulate accordingly the final diſpoſition of my fortune in their favour.

Mrs. Bellaſton. Such proceeding is entirely of a piece with every former token of your gratitude and generoſity. My brother even in his grave feels your beneficence: and how can I expreſs my obligations to you as I ought, for Leonora and her brother?

Mr. Vincent. What you call beneficence, dear lady, in me, is no more than duty. Your eſteemed and worthy father truſted to my care the education of his ſon, your brother; and this brother, anxious for his tutor's happineſs, preſented me the living that I poſſeſs. To him I am indebted, therefore, for my preſent happineſs; and as I have myſelf no children, his belong to me, and have a right even while I am living, and much more after I am dead, to all the worldly fortune that I poſſeſs, and which I ſtudy to increaſe for their advantage, and no other purpoſe.

Mrs. Bellaſton. I can eaſily believe you, and in that caſe Leonora, as the lovelieſt——

Mr. Vincent. If I make diſtinctions, it will not be upon account of frivolous, or outſide beauty; but ſuperior virtue, or ſuperior merit in them, will obtain the preference.

Mrs. Bellaſton. Ah! here Leonora comes.

S C E N E IV.

Mr. Vincent, Mrs. Bellaſton, and Leonora, (dressed in all the extravagance of faſhion.)

Mr. Vincent, (with aſtoniſhment.) How! Is this then Leonora?

Mrs. Bellaſton. You are ſurpriſed, I ſee, to find her at firſt ſight ſo captivating. *(To Leonora.)* You have made us wait a little, my ſweet girl.

Leonora, (making a ceremonious curſey to Mr. Vincent.) Be-
cauſe the ſervant could not place my feathers to my liking, notwithſtanding ſhe removed them half a dozen times. I ſent her off at laſt quite out of humour, and did every thing myſelf.—I hope I ſee you well, ſir.

Mr. Vincent, (going towards her, and affectionately holding out his hand.) And I hope, my dear Leonora——
(Leonora turns away, and ſeems indifferent.) Well!—are you unwilling to conſider me as if I were your father?

Mrs. Bellaſton. Yes, my dear; your father and your benefactor. I requeſt *(to Mr. Vincent)* you would excuſe her: ſhe has always been brought up in modeſty, and I have conſtantly enjoined her a reſerve.

Mr. Vincent. She would not ſure have violated either, by receiving me as children do a father. I muſt likewiſe tenderly reproach her for the circumſtance of having ſtaid ſo long up ſtairs, while I was all impatience to behold her.

Leonora. Pardon me, dear ſir; I was not fit to come before you with propriety.

Mr. Vincent. But ſurely a young lady ſhould be always fit to come before a plain man, as I am, with propriety! A modeſt and decent undreſs is all that ſhe wants, for ſuch a purpoſe, when at home.

Mrs. Bellaſton. You are right: but to receive a gueſt like Mr. Vincent! the reſpect which ſhe owes you whiſpered the neceſſity of putting on——

Mr. Vincent. One feather leſs; and might have whiſpered the propriety of being eager to come forth and meet a friend who travels forty miles to ſee her. Yes, I own, my heart would have been infinitely more delighted to behold my children—for the tendereſs with which I
VOL. IV. C think

think at all times of them, and the gratitude which I owe their father, makes them such; and therefore I repeat it—to behold my children run with open arms to meet me!

Mrs. Bellaſton. But the awe that ſeized her at firſt ſight of you——

Mr. Vincent. Let us drop the ſubject. When you ſee me next, you will receive me more affectionately. Won't you, Leonora? You are not diſpleaſed that I ſpeak thus freely to you? I was uſed to ſuch a language in your childhood: and the five long years that I have paſſed without once ſeeing you, have made no alteration in my heart. I hope, even when you are married, that I ſhall have permiſſion to continue ſuch a ſweet familiarity.

Leonora. It will be doing me a deal of honour.

Mr. Vincent. Oh! no more of theſe ſame ceremonious compliments! Say only that it will give you pleaſure. But how much you are altered for the better ſince I ſaw you laſt! An elegant appearance, eaſy manners, and a carriage——

Mrs. Bellaſton. Oh! quite charming! quite adorable!

Mr. Vincent. And yet all this is nothing, if one wants the grace of modeſty, the charm of affability, the ſweet expreſſion, goodneſs marks the countenance withal, and that perpetual ſource of pleaſure, a well cultivated underſtanding.

Mrs. Bellaſton. Yes, that ſort of cultivation which can only be purſued by intercourſe with fashionable people.

Mr. Vincent. Fashionable people, madam? And is Leonora to ſpend her life with ſuch? I have nothing left to wiſh her, if ſhe has but thoſe endearing qualities that may obtain her honour amongſt a well choſen circle of acquaintances, at times indeed abroad, but commonly at home; enſuring her the approbation of her friends, and of her own heart.

Mrs. Bellaſton. Yes, yes; that is always underſtood. I mean that ſhe ſhould learn what ſort of conduct will procure her honour and reſpect from ſuch as know what life is, as we ſay. Come, Leonora, let us hear you play ſome pretty piece on your harpſichord.

Leonora. No, dear aunt; it might not be acceptable to Mr. Vincent.

Mr.

Mr. Vincent. Not acceptable, my dearest child! I am quite delighted when I hear good music; and think no amusement more proper for you.

Mrs. Bellaston. What more worthy of our admiration, than those charming sciences called drawing, music, dancing, and perhaps, too, some few others? Leonora, give us that sweet air of Signor Squalini's composition. (*Leonora goes to her harpsichord with a discontented air, fingers the keys, and begins a sonata.*) No, no; you must sing too, Leonora.—She has such a voice, Mr. Vincent!—so sweet!—You will hear it. If you knew how much applause she got for her performance at the concert, you would be perfectly astonished. You must know, however, she is a little vain; and one must sometimes kneel, or not a note—

Mr. Vincent. I hope I shall obtain a note, without proceeding to that ceremony.—Shan't I, Leonora?

Leonora. Sir, your commands are sufficient at any time.

Mr. Vincent. No, my dear; I do not command, I only request.

Leonora, (in a whisper to her aunt, while looking for the air.) I am indebted for all this to you!

Mrs. Bellaston, (whispering Leonora.) For heaven's sake, Leonora, seem more cheerful; and do every thing that you are asked. Your fortune very possibly depends upon it.

Mr. Vincent. If your voice, my love, is not so clear as you could wish, no matter: only sing your best, and you are sure to please me.

(*Leonora plays, and sings the following words.*)

Sweetly smelling flower,
Thus waking with the morning hour,
Go to my Laura's breast, and grace
With added fragrance, that already fragrant place;
So thou wilt bloom indeed:—
But like a useless weed
If on the stalk, here, thou remain,
Thy beauty will decay;
Thy fragrance pass away;
And thy bright colours glow in vain.

Mrs. Bellaston, (clapping her hands.) Bravo! bravissimo!

Mr. Vincent. In truth it is not so much amiss, considering she is but a child. However, I supposed that I

23 FASHIONABLE EDUCATION.

should have heard a song containing something of the principles with which, no doubt, you study to inspire her.

Mrs. Bellaſton. How, dear ſir ! do not you perceive the moral of it ? (*She ſings.*)

If on the ſtalk, here, thou remain,
Thy beauty will decay ;
Thy fragrance paſs away ;
And thy bright colours glow in vain.

Which is as much as ſaying, our young women ſhould come forth and mingle with the world, if they would turn their knowledge to advantage, and not die ſhut up within their houſes.

Mr. Vincent. Truſt me, my dear lady, it is much rather there than elſewhere that worthy huſbands will be glad to find them. But what is this ? (*caſting his eyes upon a drawing.*)

Mrs. Bellaſton. That is one of Leonora's doing. Do not you find it charming ?

Mr. Vincent. It is not bad indeed, if Leonora did it all without the aſſiſtance of her maſter.

Mrs. Bellaſton. Why, to ſay the truth, ſir, he has touched it up a little.

Mr. Vincent. My opinion here again is, that Leonora would have ſhown more judgment in ſeleſting ſomething of a different ſubject ; as for inſtance, if inſtead of repreſenting thus a ſleeping ſhepherdeſs ſurpriſed by a filthy faun, ſhe had applied her pencil to ſet forth ſome virtuous action : *that* would have improved her hand as much, while it improved her heart ſtill more.

S C E N E V.

Mrs. Bellaſton, Mr. Vincent, Leonora, Fanny.

Fanny Sir, (*to Mr. Vincent,*) your portmanteau is arrived — Where will you have it put ? — In your apartment ?

Mr. Vincent, (*to Mrs. Bellaſton.*) Do you mean then, my good lady, that I ſhall have my lodging with you ?

Mrs. Bellaſton Certainly ; and by accepting it, you will do me no leſs honour than I myſelf have pleaſure in ſhowing.

Mr.

Mr. Vincent. You oblige me. Therefore, with permission, I will go see if every thing is right, and return immediately.

S C E N E VI.

Mrs. Bellaſton, Leonora.

Leonora. He is gone at laſt, then! is he?

Mrs. Bellaſton. Softly, ſoftly, Leonora! he may chance to hear you.

Leonora. Let him hear me, if he pleaſes. I am ſo vexed, I could deſtroy my drawings, tear my muſic book, and daſh my inſtrument to pieces.

Mrs. Bellaſton. Be compoſed, my dear! you have occaſion now for all your moderation.

Leonora. It is enough, I think, that I ſhewed my moderation in his preſence. You yourſelf both ſaw and heard him.

Mrs. Bellaſton. People of his age have always many oddities.

Leonora. Why then expoſe me to them? You ſhould not have ſaid a word about my ſinging, aunt. I did not like to ſing. This always comes of your deſire to ſhew me to the beſt advantage, as you ſay; and though you ſee the miſchief, you will repeat it when he comes again.

Mrs. Bellaſton. My deareſt Leonora, be perſuaded: You do not know, perhaps, that your fortune in the world depends on Mr. Vincent.

Leonora. What! my fortune?

Mrs. Bellaſton. Yes, indeed. Muſt I inform you how much you are indebted to his bounty?

Leonora. Oh! I know: as far as certain petty preſents amount, which he ſends me now and then. But ſurely I could do without his preſents!

Mrs. Bellaſton. Ah, my deareſt child! without him you would be exceedingly unhappy. What your father left you is a very triſle; and my income no great matter. With the aſſiſtance of theſe means alone, it was not poſſible that I could have given you ſuch an education as you have.

Leonora. And is it possible that I am so indebted to him? Does he likewise shew himself a friend and benefactor to my brother?

Mrs. Bellaſton. Yes; it is he that pays his board and education.

Leonora. I was never told of this.

Mrs. Bellaſton. Since you have never wanted any thing, what need was there to tell you of it? You observe by this, of what importance you should think it to keep watch upon your conduct, and behave to Mr. Vincent with respect.—But still, my dear, this is not all; for he is come expreſsly for the purpose of observing you and David before he makes his will, and gives you his estate accordingly—to each, as he ſuppoſes you to deſerve it.

Leonora. Oh! how ſorry I am now that I ſeemed ſo vexed and fretted in his preſence!

Mrs. Bellaſton. He is certainly a worthy man; but ſtill was much to blame in hearing with ſuch coldneſs your ſweet voice, and not appearing charmed with your harpſichord. But, however that be, you muſt abſolutely ſeek to pleaſe him, or your brother will obtain a preference in his will.

Leonora. Alas! he merits it much more than I do.

Mrs. Bellaſton. More? You have too mean opinion of yourſelf, my ſweeteſt, if you think ſo! And beſides, if he ſhould really obtain a preference, what would be your deſtiny? A man can always make his way through life, but what reſources can a woman have?

Leonora. What indeed! Your argument convinces me that I ſhould have learnt things much more neceſſary than the uſe of a harpſichord, dancing, or even drawing.

Mrs. Bellaſton. Why, you ſimpleton! with ſuch a fortune as by Mr. Vincent's favour you have reaſon to hope, what can you deſire in preference to the arts of ſhining in a fashionable circle? Mr. Vincent muſt be won: and with a little complaiſance, if you but ſhew it, you may do whatever you think proper with him.

S C E N E VII.

Mrs. Bellaſton, Leonora, Fanny.

Fanny. Mr. Dandiprat, the dancing-maſter, madam.

Mrs. Bellaſton. Well, deſire him to walk up. (*The ſervant retires.*)

Leonora. No, aunt; let him be ſent away to-day, I beg, or I ſhall once again fret Mr. Vincent.

Mrs. Bellaſton. He muſt abſolutely ſee you dance; you move with ſo much eaſe, you will charm him, I am certain. (*Going to the door.*) Mr. Dandiprat, come in.

S C E N E VIII.

Mrs. Bellaſton, Leonora, Dandiprat.

Mrs. Bellaſton. I appeal to you, ſir; does not Leonora dance like an angel?

Dandiprat, (bowing.) Abſolutely, madam.

Mrs. Bellaſton. Very likely I ſhall have a friend come here to ſee her dance a little. You will oblige me therefore if you make her ſhew her ſkill as much as poſſible, to pleaſe him.

Dandiprat. Certainly, madam; and my own ſkill too, you may depend on it.

S C E N E IX.

Mrs. Bellaſton, Leonora, Dandiprat, Mr. Vincent.

Mrs. Bellaſton. A-propos; for here he comes. (*To Mr. Vincent entering.*) A chair for Mr. Vincent.—Here,—here, my dear ſir.—You are come in time for Leonora's dancing leſſon; you muſt ſee how ſhe performs. You would take her for a zephyr!—Mr. Dandiprat, pray let your pupil dance the new allemand.

Leonora. I cannot dance it by myſelf.

Mrs. Bellaſton. Fear nothing! Mr. Dandiprat will dance with you; and I will hum the tune. Come, never fear! I will keep good time.

Mr. Vincent. But what hinders us from having a minuet? I like that best, and beg to have it.

Dandiprat. I shall not perform it with a grace, if I must play as well as dance.

Mr. Vincent. Sir, it is not your performance that we consider, but your pupil's.

Dandiprat. You would judge much better of her merit in a grand chaconne.

Mr. Vincent. Chaconne! what is that?

Dandiprat. It is in the higher stile of dancing.

Mr. Vincent. But Leonora never means to figure at the Opera-house. I want a minuet.

Dandiprat. As you please, sir. Come then, miss; a minuet. (*Leonora dances; Dandiprat moves with her, playing on his kit, and interrupts his music now and then with these instructions.*) Your head a little higher.—Shoulders back.—Let your arms play freely.—Sink.—One, two, and three.—Your partner.—Look at me.

Mr. Vincent, (*when the minuet is finished.*) Come, this is tolerable, Leonora. (*To Dandiprat.*) Sir, your lesson, if you please, is finished for to-day. (*Dandiprat makes a ceremonious bow to the company, and leaves the room.*)

Leonora, (*whispering Mrs. Bellafton.*) Well, aunt, you see what compliments I have had?

Mrs. Bellafton. And is it possible, my dear good sir, that you are not enchanted, ravished, nay transported? Surely your attention was diverted; or perhaps you are not recovered yet from the fatigue that your journey has occasioned you?

Mr. Vincent. I beg your pardon, madam. I have already signified to Leonora how I liked her dancing; but you would not surely see me in a transport at her merit in this way? No: I reserve my extasy for merit much more proper to excite it.

S C E N E X.

Mrs. Bellafton, Leonora, Mr. Vincent, David.

David, (*running into the room towards Mr. Vincent, and embracing him with ardour.*) O my dear, dear Mr. Vincent! my good friend and father! How rejoiced I am to see you!

Mrs.

Mrs. Bellaſton. How the boy ruſhes in! Do you mean to ſtiſſe Mr. Vincent?

Mr. Vincent. Let him do it, my good madam; for the tranſports of his joy delight me more than cold and ceremonious ſalutations. Yes, my deareſt David! come here, and let me preſs you to my heart. What pleaſing recollection you awake within me! Yes, theſe open features are the living image of your dear departed father!

Mrs. Bellaſton. Why not put your beſt clothes on? Do people ſee friends in that trim?

David. But aunt, it would have coſt me half an hour at leaſt to change my dreſs, and put my hair in order; and I never ſhould have had the patience to delay ſo long the pleaſure of ſeeing Mr. Vincent.

Mr. Vincent. And I too, my dear boy, was quite impatient, and thought every minute half an hour between the time of my arrival and this moment.

Mrs. Bellaſton. Well, ſir; have you nothing then to ſay to me or Leonora? You have not ſo much as wiſhed us a good morning.

David. Pardon me, dear aunt! I was ſo glad, I did not know what I was doing. And do you forgive me too, dear ſiſter, (*holding out his hand,*) if without intention I have diſpleaſed you. Have I, Leonora?

Leonora, (*half offended.*) No, ſir.

Mr. Vincent. Excuse him, madam, upon my account! I ſhould be ſorry to be the occaſion of reproach to him.

Mrs. Bellaſton, (*aſide.*) I can hold no longer!—Be ſo kind, good ſir, as to excuſe me: I have ſeveral orders to give the ſervants.

Mr. Vincent. Do not confine yourſelf on my account.

Mrs. Bellaſton, (*whiſpering Leonora.*) You will hardly ſtay and hear their inſupportable diſcourſe?—(*Aloud.*) Come, Leonora, I have ſomething to employ you in.

Leonora. No, aunt, I will ſtay with Mr. Vincent, if he will pleaſe to let me.

Mr. Vincent. Let you, my dear child! I ſhall be glad to have you with me. (*Mrs. Bellaſton goes out with manifeſt vexation.*)

S C E N E XI.

Mr. Vincent, Leonora, David.

Mr. Vincent. Well, David; is your master well pleased with your behaviour and improvement?

David. He himself, sir, is the proper person to answer that. One thing however I can say, that I am pretty well established in his favour.

Mr. Vincent. What are you studying at present?

David. Latin, Greek, and geography; the history of England, and the mathematics.

Leonora, (aside.) Here are many things that I scarcely know by name!

Mr. Vincent. And pray tell me, do you like them?

David. Oh! the more I learn, the more I wish to go on learning; and am not the lowest in my class, neither.

Mr. Vincent. Then too, your drawing, music, dancing—

David. Those too I am learning; but apply myself much more, this sultry weather, to the music-matter and my drawing, as the doctor says that I must not exercise myself too violently. In return, when Winter comes, I shall apply myself more closely to my dancing, when a deal of jumping will be comfortable.

Mr. Vincent. Why your plan, I must acknowledge, seems well laid.

David. Besides, sir, I shall never give a deal of time to dancing; hardly more than what the doctor lets me have for recreation. The essential thing, he tells me, is to form my heart, and cultivate my understanding, so that I may live with honour in the world, become a useful member of society, and make myself by that means happy.

Mr. Vincent, (embracing him.) You are in the right, dear boy!

Leonora, (aside.) If these are so essential, how has my aunt neglected me!

David. And yet, dear sir, though you embrace and love me so, I am not, perhaps, so good as you imagine.

Mr. Vincent. How?

David. I am very giddy, and I waste my time. I cannot rid myself of several exceptionable habits; and for

want of thought, relapse into those very faults for which I have so frequently been sorry.

Mr. Vincent. And will you still relapse into them?

David. Not if I have my thoughts about me; but I find it very difficult to keep in memory, at all times, my good resolutions.

Mr. Vincent. I am very glad to find that you can discern yourself these faults within you. To acknowledge that we do wrong, is something akin to doing well. What think you, Leonora?

Leonora. I believe, I am neither giddy, nor yet wasteful of my time; nor have I any of my brother's faults.

Mr. Vincent. Then I suppose you have other faults?

Leonora. I never heard my aunt say that I had any.

Mr. Vincent. She should know indeed, and be the first to notice them; but affection too often blinds us, so that we can see no faults in those that we love.—I do not mean to vex you, saying this, believe me.

Leonora, (aside.) What a man! He flatters David, and answers me with nothing but vexatious speeches!

Mr. Vincent. Wait here a little. I will go see if my servant has unpacked my trunks. I have something for you, and shall soon be back.

David. Yes, yes; we will wait here for you. Do not stay long.

S C E N E XII.

Leonora, David.

Leonora. I fancy, he may keep his presents to himself! They must be charming things indeed that *he* has to give us!

David. What? Dear, sister! does not every thing that you have in your apartment, and even upon your back, come from our dear benefactor? Should he have the veriest trifle in his trunk to give me, I should still be charmed in thinking on his bounty!

Leonora. Possibly you might; but I am so angry with him, with myself, and with my aunt—that I could find it in my heart to quarrel with all the world.

David. What, with me too, among the rest?—What ails you then, my poor dear sister? (*taking Leonora by the hand.*)

Leonora. Had you been so mortified!—

David. So mortified! Have you been mortified then, sister? Who has mortified you? Not my aunt, for she will hardly let you breathe for fear of catching cold; and would, I fancy, suffer you to tread upon her, if to touch the ground could hurt you.

Leonora. Yes; but Mr. Vincent! he is so captious!

David. How you talk! I think him, on the contrary, indulgent and good-natured.

Leonora. I have done nothing to his liking. When I sung and danced, I could not please him; and my drawing had no better fortune. He despises every thing that I know; and speaks of merit much more calculated to excite his approbation, than a skill in dancing.

David. Between you and me, I think him in the right.

Leonora. In the right! Then my aunt is in the wrong, according to your notion, is she? What does he mean by merit much more calculated to excite his approbation, than a skill in dancing?

David. I can tell you, and yet not be very learned.

Leonora. Oh yes! you indeed! Well then, what is it?

David. Tell me, Leonora, do you ever read?

Leonora. Yes, doubtless, when I have time.

David. And what?

Leonora. Why plays, before I go to see them; and a great variety of songs, that I may sing them to my master.

David. That is fine reading, truly, for your age! And do not you think that you might have books much more instructive?

Leonora. If I might, what time have I to read them? It is full one o'clock before I have breakfasted, and put my morning dress on. Then comes Mr. Quaver; and when he has left me, Mr. Dandiprat. I dine at four; and after dinner, dress for company, which we receive at home; or else go out a visiting, and then the day is over.

David. And is every day spent thus?

Leonora. No doubt.

David. Well, sister, I can tell you that Doctor Sharp, my master, has three daughters of about your age; but they employ their time in quite another manner.

Leonora.

Leonora. How?

David. First then, at six in Summer, and at eight in Winter, they are dressed completely for the day.

Leonora. Then they do not sleep enough, and must be very heavy long before night comes.

David. On the contrary, they are brisker far than you, because they go to bed at ten every night.

Leonora. To bed at ten!

David. At ten; that they may get up early in the morning. When you are fast asleep in bed, they have received their lessons in geography and cyphering. When the clock strikes ten, they take their needle-work in hand till noon; and then assist their mother in the house.

Leonora. Does their mother mean to make them housemaids?

David. She may hope, by means of such an education, to procure them something better. But, however that be, should they not be taught to govern servants, regulate a table, and conduct their house?

Leonora. And after dinner are they busy?

David. Why not busy? They have then their harpsichord, or writing; and at night, assemble round a table, where they read by turns in the *Spectator*, or Miss Moore's last publication, *Sacred Dramas*; while the two that are not occupied upon their book, employ themselves in mending their own clothes, or examining the linen of the house, and mending it, if needful.

Leonora. So then they never take any recreation?

David. Oh! I beg your pardon! They amuse themselves as if they were three queens; for all these tasks are intermixed with little sports, and pleasant conversation. They pay visits also, and receive them; but take care to have their work-bags, and I never saw them idle for a minute.

Leonora. This is certainly what Mr. Vincent meant. And yet my aunt has often told me, that such an education as, according to your account, the Miss Sharps receive, is only fit for tradesmen's children.

David. But supposing them to be tradesmen's children, would they find this education useless to them? They should certainly know household work, or how will they be able to direct a servant? If they know nothing of it, every one will join to cheat them; and the richer they may

may be, the greater probability there is that even the servants whom they employ, will join each other to effect their ruin.

Leonora. I protest you fright me! I know nothing of the work about a house! scarce how to hold a needle! Yet I have just been told, that we have nothing in the world, except what Mr. Vincent's bounty gives us.

David. Ah dear sister so much the worse for us! should he leave us, or should we unfortunately lose him—But possibly my aunt is rich?

Leonora. Oh no; she told me to the contrary scarce half an hour ago. She has no more than is sufficient for herself. In case then any accident should happen with respect to Mr. Vincent, what would be our fate?

David. I should be at first put to difficulties; but my master tells me that I should trust in God, and hope that he never would forsake me. His opinion is, that there are always generous people in the world, whose friendship may be gained by an exertion of one's skill to serve them in the way of some profession, and who frequently create employment for the industrious. Thus then, in the course of some few years, when I am more advanced in learning, I might undertake to teach such children as know less than I do. I should even improve myself by such an occupation, and with good behaviour on my part, be sure of living with some sort of ease and comfort, and perhaps strike out a way to fortune.

Leonora. But what benefit could I derive from all my skill in dancing, or in drawing, or in music? I should die perhaps of hunger, notwithstanding all these vain accomplishments.

David. And therefore Mr. Vincent cannot be well pleased when he discovers that you have been put to nothing but those arts which serve for ornament or pleasure.

Leonora. And vexation sometimes, David; for when I dance, or sing in company, if I am not praised as much as I suppose myself to merit, you cannot think how much I am fretted at the disappointment!—Shall I also tell you that I am often tired of those fine matters, which my aunt says serve us to pass time away with satisfaction.

David. And how do you entertain yourself then?

Leonora.

Leonora. With the opera, dress, fashions, walks, and scandal ; we tell in one house what we have observed beforehand in another. But these helps to conversation, and the art of killing time, soon fails us.

David. I believe so : They are very poor subjects of entertainment, when one thinks of those that may be found in art and nature, which not only occupy our time agreeably, but teach us to reflect upon ourselves.

Leonora. You have convinced me of it by yourself, who notwithstanding you are two years younger than I am, are so much more improved. How many useful things has my aunt neglected in my education !

S C E N E XIII.

Leonora, David, Mrs. Bellaston.

Mrs. Bellaston, (having overheard what Leonora said.) And what useful things have I neglected in your education then, Miss Thankless ? (*aside.*) But all this is due to David.

David. Well, good bye, sister, and good bye, dear aunt. I wonder Mr. Vincent stays so long up stairs. I will run and seek him, if you please. (*goes out.*)

S C E N E XIV.

Mrs. Bellaston, Leonora.

Mrs. Bellaston. The good-for-nothing blockhead ! Let his friend be once set off, and we shall see if he presumes to come into my presence again. But what has he been saying, that you think your education thus neglected ?

Leonora. Indeed, dear aunt, it is true ; for have you let me learn those useful matters which a young person ought to know ?

Mrs. Bellaston. Useful matters, my divine, dear Leonora. Is there any thing wanting in the least to your perfections ? Does not every one acknowledge that you are quite accomplished ?

Leonora. Some things I know, it is true ; but they are only such as serve to flatter vanity. Those arts that
ornament

ornament the mind, as geography, Arithmetic, History—

Mrs. Bellaſton. All downright pedantry! I ſhould be vexed to death, if I had puzzled your poor brains with ſuch old ſtuff, that is only fit for ſuch a one as David. Why Leonora, did you ever hear, where I have carried you, that fashionable women mind ſuch nonſenſe?

Leonora. No indeed; but ſtill, why not inſtruct me in thoſe houſhold arts at leaſt, that a perſon of my ſex ſhould know? Can I even hold a needle?

Mrs. Bellaſton. No; and why? becauſe I never meant you for a mantua-maker.

Leonora. But ſuppoſing Mr. Vincent to die, ſuppoſing that I was to fall into diſtreſs, what are my reſources? how ſhould I ſubſiſt?

Mrs. Bellaſton. If that be all, I have a ſingle word that will ſettle every thing, as I can tell you now that you will never want for money, but even ſwim in plenty. I have teased Mr. Vincent ſo effectually, that he means to leave you all his fortune. But here he comes himſelf. I leave you with him, as he means to tell you his intentions.

S C E N E XV.

Leonora, Mr. Vincent, David.

David, (running to his ſiſter with a watch.) Look ye! look ye, ſiſter!

Leonora. How! what is this? a watch?

David. Yes, ſiſter! and a gold one! O my dear, dear Mr. Vincent! how rejoiced I am! Pray let me go and ſhew it to the doctor. I will be there and back again immediately.

Mr. Vincent. With all my heart. Inform him, that it was not my deſign to pleaſe your vanity by ſuch a preſent, but that you might know the different hours allotted to your different ſtudies, and be always ready for your maſters.

David. Oh, I ſhall be always ready for them now, that is certain.

Mr.

Mr. Vincent. Beg him likewise to allow you the remainder of the day from school; and tell him that I mean to call upon him in the afternoon.

David. Yes, yes, I will. (*He goes out.*)

S C E N E XVI.

Mr. Vincent, Leonora, (who appears pensive.)

Mr. Vincent. Well, Leonora, why so gloomy? What is the matter with you?

Leonora. Nothing, sir.

Mr. Vincent. You are not vexed that I have made your brother such a present?

Leonora. Doubtless he will be very careful of it, and knows how to handle it!

Mr. Vincent. I have shewn him how, and there is no difficulty in the matter. You are sensible that he wanted one.

Leonora. Quite so: and I, for my part, could not find a use for such a bauble.

Mr. Vincent. I was thinking so: you have a clock upon the staircase.

Leonora. True; and yet there is hardly a young lady that I know, but has a watch.

Mr. Vincent. That is lucky; you may ask them then the hour at any time.

Leonora. I may; and when they ask the same of me, make answer that I cannot tell them.

Mr. Vincent. Leonora, Leonora, you are an envious little puss, I see! but here is to prove that you have not been forgotten. (*giving her a case.*)

Leonora, (blushing.) O, my dear good Mr. Vincent!

Mr. Vincent. Well, I see you do not know how to open it. (*he opens it himself, and shews a pair of diamond earrings.*) Are you content with these?

Leonora. Oh yes, if you are but content with me!

Mr. Vincent. To say the truth, my dear, I am not quite so: we are now alone, and I must use a little freedom in conversing with you. Your dear aunt has spared no cost to let you have agreeable accomplishments; and your appearance is a proof of her affection and good taste. I
could

could only have wished that she had been minded to bestow a useful education on you.

Leonora. David has been discoursing on this subject, and convinced me that I want every thing which would be useful to me at a future time of life; but how may I acquire a knowledge of these useful matters?

Mr. Vincent. I am acquainted with a worthy gentlewoman, who instructs young ladies in such knowledge as is suited to their sex.

Leonora. My aunt, however, mentioned that you would put me into such a state as would not need this knowledge.

Mr. Vincent. I understand you; and to shew my real disposition, leave you quite at liberty to chuse that way of life in which she meant to see you figure, since it suits your inclination. Yes, my dearest child, rely on my affection. After my decease I will give you every shilling that I possess.

Leonora. What, all your fortune?

Mr. Vincent. Yes, *Leonora*, all; but not without a fear that it will be still too little to prevent your being really unhappy.

Leonora. Is it possible?

Mr. Vincent. Are you qualified to do yourself the slightest service? or make up, upon occasion, I do not say a costly garment, but the plainest gown that you ever wore?

Leonora. Alas! sir, I was never taught.

Mr. Vincent. It is plain, then, you must always have a crowd about you to make up those articles which you have no hands to make yourself. You know, I suppose, how much fashionable women have occasion to lay out, that they may keep their title up with those who are as gay and foolish as themselves! Now tell me, are you to suppose that my property, when you are mistress of it, will suffice for this?

Leonora. I hope, sir, it will be enough, with the œconomy that I shall observe, to render me as happy as you wish me to be.

Mr. Vincent. Trust me, notwithstanding your œconomy, if you continue ignorant, it will not. And besides, when you are come of age, what prudent man will take a woman who possesses no one talent conducive to his happiness? It is plain, then, nothing but the fortune that
you

you possess will render you an eligible wife ; and this circumstance shews still stronger the necessity of securing a fortune to you after my death.

Leonora. O, sir ! but then my brother—

Mr. Vincent. He must be content with what I do in his behalf while living, and the proofs of your affection when I am dead. I mean to have him taught whatever may be useful to him in the state of life that he may prefer ; as in that, with industry, it is not improbable but he may make a fortune. I myself am an example of this probability : he need but do as I have done. I leave you to reflect on my intentions, and shall communicate them to him, as soon as he returns.

SCENE XVII.

Leonora, (alone.)

Oh, what pleasure ! heirs to all his fortune ! 'This is what my aunt desired so earnestly. I should be glad to know what David will say when Mr. Vincent tells him his intentions. He must be very jealous of me. However, I shall not forget him. No, indeed ; if I have any thing to spare. I must and will have something for him : but I hear Mr. Vincent coming back with David.—A lucky thought ! I will steal into this closet here, and listen to their conversation. (*She goes in, and shuts the door, unnoticed.*)

SCENE XVIII.

Mr. Vincent, David.

Mr. Vincent. So your master is pleased then that I have made you such a present ?

David. Yes, enchanted ; but for my part, upon second thoughts, I am sorry for it.

Mr. Vincent. Sorry, David, and why ?

David. Poor Leonora ! she must doubtless be quite vexed at having nothing, when I am master of a watch. I would not seem indifferent to your favours ; notwithstanding, if I durst, I would desire you——

Mr.

Mr. Vincent. Generous little fellow ! do not be uneasy ; Leonora has received a pair of diamond ear-rings, worth ten watches such as yours.

David. O my dear Mr. Vincent ; how I thank you !

Mr. Vincent. And I shall not confine my friendship and affection to the gift of such a trifle.

David. O my generous friend and father !

Mr. Vincent. I observe, with grief, that her education cannot but be the cause of sorrow to her hereafter.

David. So I likewise fear, sir ; my dear aunt imagines that a little drawing, dancing, singing, and the like, are all that she wants to be happy in the world.

Mr. Vincent. To these frivolous embellishments then she sacrifices the much more important cultivation of her understanding ; and forbears inspiring her with those good qualities which have alone a claim on human approbation. As your sister's reason has been so neglected, she is pleased with those applauses that are offered on the altar of her vanity. But when, in some few years, she sees how many useful matters of instruction, and how much inestimable time she has for ever lost, she will inevitably blush at her own conduct, and even execrate her flatterers ; who, on their side, will repay her hatred with their ridicule and scorn.

David. O sir, you make me tremble for my poor dear sister !

Mr. Vincent. And besides, what reasonable man will take up with a wife whose want of knowledge is so glaring ; who instead of being able to establish order and œconomy within a house, must dissipate the greatest fortune by her love of luxury ; and who will have an incapacity, no less unworthy the esteem of him that is to be her husband, than the veneration of his children. She must of necessity be as a stranger in the world, to every one about her. What would such a woman do without my friendship ?

David. O dear sir, let me beseech you, do not take away your favour from her.

Mr. Vincent. No ; for on the contrary, I am now upon the point of doing something for her.

David. Yes, dear sir ; procure her a more useful education. Leonora does not want for understanding, or good principles.

Mr.

Mr. Vincent. I would with all my heart; but at her age, can one expect that she will submit to any rigid treatment, after the indulgence that she has received at home? No, no; I see it will be better to determine upon something for her benefit, which shall take place when I am in my grave.

David. For heaven's sake, sir, do not speak so, I beseech you. No: I trust you are to live much longer for our common good; and Providence will not so soon deprive us of our second father.

Mr. Vincent. I am sensible of your affection; but the fear of death will not delay the fatal moment of its coming. Leonora's future lot gives me pain, whenever I reflect on what it may be; and in short, I am resolved to give her my whole fortune, that at least she may have wherewithal to keep herself from want.

David, (taking Mr. Vincent's hand.) Oh thank you ten times over! How rejoiced I am, sir! Shall I leave you for a moment, and go tell her this good news? But no; it will be better to conceal it from her, or at least till she has been induced to get some useful knowledge, from a notion that she must live, in future, by her industry. She will, by that means, know much better how to manage what you give her. O my dearest Leonora! after all, then, I may hope to see you happy.

Mr. Vincent. Worthy little fellow! I am no less delighted with your generosity, than understanding. Come to my arms my dear child! Could I intend to give your sister every thing, and leave you nothing? That were to the last degree unjust: and therefore I revoke my first intention. It is you that *should* be my sole heir, and with propriety I ought to make my will accordingly.

David. No, no, dear sir, preserve your first intention, and give Leonora all your fortune. I shall be much more diligent in my improvement, and more anxious to acquire useful knowledge which, I doubt not, with God's blessing, will suffice for my advancement.

Mr. Vincent. Do not be uneasy with regard to Leonora. When I said that you should be my sole heir, it was not my idea that Leonora should be left without a trifling legacy, sufficient to obtain her necessary things.

David. Well then, let us exchange; the trifling legacy for me, by way of token from you, and the rest for Leonora.

S C E N E

S C E N E the last.

Mr. Vincent, David, Leonora, (coming out of the closet, and running to embrace her brother.)

Leonora. O my dearest brother! have I merited so much affection from you?

David. Yes, dear sister, if you will but do as I could wish, and be what our good benefactor so much longs to see you.

Leonora. If! Should it be a question? I *will* be so. I discern how much the difference of our education has exalted your ideas above mine, though I am so much older. —My good friend and father, let my future fortune be whatever you think proper; I can never be unhappy, if I leave you to determine for me. I desire instruction, likewise, and will take my brother for a model.

Mr. Vincent. You will unavoidably be happy, if you keep this prudent resolution. But pray tell me, whence proceeds this change in your ideas?

Leonora. I have just heard my brother's wishes for me; his disinterestedness and generous sacrifice. I have heard too how *you* love me. I will reverence you for the future, and give up the little jealousies that I entertained against my brother. He shall be my guide and friend.

David. I will endeavour to be such, dear sister: it will be my boast and pleasure, if I prosper.

Mr. Vincent. With what pleasing sentiments, dear children, do you inspire me! I am now no longer sorry that Providence has left me childless. I consider you no less affectionately than I should do had I given you life; and think that I see your father, who looks down from heaven, well pleased in having left me such dear pledges of his love. (*Leonora and her brother take him by the hand, and bathe it with their tears.*)

Leonora. Let us not lose a moment, sir. Where does that worthy gentlewoman live, whom you mentioned to me, as a person that would teach me useful things?

Mr. Vincent. I will introduce you to her shortly. I shall stay here some few days, and will endeavour to bring over, if I can, your aunt, not all at once, but by degrees, to second my designs. You must be careful not to anger or displease her. She deserves your gratitude. She has but erred respecting what was likely to insure your happiness: her wish was not the less to make you happy. *Leonora.*

Leonora. I believe so; but renounce, from henceforth, all the nonsense that I have been put to study. No more dancing, no more drawing, no more musick, for the future.

Mr. Vincent. No, dear Leonora, that would be wrong again. On the contrary, you ought to cultivate them; for, in truth, they are desirable accomplishments. Only remember that they do not constitute all the merit that is required in a woman. They may render her more welcome in good company; be a relaxation to her after the cares attendant on a house and family, and make her still more fond of living in retirement: add another tie to the attachment of her husband, guide her in the choice of masters for her children, and enable her to further their improvement. They are only prejudicial when they feed her vanity, and make her give into a fatal dissipation, or contempt of duties in that state of life to which God's providence has called her. They are flowers, in short, that may possess some little portion of one's garden, if the rest be set apart for fruits and vegetables.

THE GOOD MOTHER.

A SONNET.

THE mother's tender heart, round whom
 Her children throng in youthful bloom,
 With love and transport overflows,
 Such as a mother only knows,
 What time her light descending hand
 Gently taps one with action bland;
 Another to her heart's close folds,
 Inmate already there, she holds.
 A third climbs joyous on her knee;
 While pleas'd the little thing to see,
 Her hand assists, and with a smile
 Kissing, she pays the arduous toil.
 Her foot, held out to serve as chair,
 Dandles a fourth when seated there;
 So too the rest, if more there be,
 Round her, close cling her progeny.

She

She reads all written in their eyes,
 Their looks, caresses, smiles and sighs,
 These speaking from the heart, declare
 The thousand little wishes there.
 Their prattle all at once is heard,
 And she replies without a word ;
 For smiles alone are her reply :
 While joyous they stand prating by.
 Yet if it chance, a word amiss,
 A quarrel for the envied kiss,
 Or aught unfit to hear or view,
 Among the little ones ensue,
 A brow dissatisfied she takes,
 Yet soon the low'ring storm there breaks :
 And while ev'n gloom o'ercasts her mien,
 That she's a mother 'tis well seen.

In this, so obvious to man's sense,
 We see God's wond'rous providence,
 That from the stores of heavenly grace,
 Pours gifts on all the human race.
 The rich, in fortune's lap high fed,
 The poor beneath their lowly shed,
 All on her smile subsist and share
 The blessings of her guardian care.
 She knows their need, she hears their cry,
 And views them with a mother's eye :
 To none, among her children, blind,
 But scattering gifts on all mankind.

Let none then, with presumptuous sense,
 Dare tax the rule of Providence
 With rigorous or even partial views ;
 If for a season she refuse
 Some blessing, to their heart thought dear,
 As if averse their prayer to hear ;
 For their soul's good, God's gracious will
 Seems to subject them thus to ill,
 That through affliction's rigid ways,
 They may attain fair Virtue's praise.
 Or rather, for such love we find
 In his compassionating mind,
 When he vouchsafes them, or denies,
 No less beneficent he is than wise.

THE PROPER USE OF TIME.

MORGAN, though a plain companion, was a special workman. He aspired at nothing in his heart so much as to become a master; but he wanted money to set up.

A merchant, who was well acquainted with his industry, was willing to supply him with an hundred pounds, that he might open shop.

One may, without much difficulty, guess at Morgan's joy. In his imagination, he already had a warehouse full of goods. He reckoned up how many customers would crowd to buy them, and what money he should have at balancing his books.

Amidst the extravagant emotions of that transport into which these notions threw him, he perceived an ale-house. Come, said he, and entered it, I will have a little pleasure with one sixpence of this money.

He demurred, however, some few moments, to call out for punch which was his favourite liquor, as his conscience loudly told him that the moment of enjoyment was not yet arrived; that he was, first of all, to think of paying what his friend had lent him; and at present that it was not honest for him to lay out a penny of the sum for things not absolutely necessary. He was ready to come out again, impressed by such right notions, but bethought himself, on the other hand, that if he spent a sixpence of his money, he should still have ninety-nine pounds nineteen shillings and a sixpence left; that such a sum was full enough to set him up in trade, and that a single half-hour's industry would compensate for such a trifling pleasure as he wished to have at present.

It was thus, that taking up the glass, he sought to quiet his interior scruples; but alas, his present conduct was to open him a door to ruin.

On the morrow, so agreeable a recollection of his pleasure at the ale-house filled his mind, that he was now less scrupulous with conscience in expending one more sixpence at it. He had ninety-nine pounds nineteen shillings still remaining.

On the following days, the love of liquor had besotted him in such a manner, that he constantly returned to his beloved ale-house, but increased the quantum of his liquor, to a shilling's worth at first; then sixpence more; and so on, till he came to half-a-crown; at which he seemed to make a stand, and every time, he could console himself with saying, It is but two-and-sixpence that I am spending. Oh, I need not fear but I shall have enough to carry on my trade.

Such then was his delusive way of reasoning, in reply to what his conscience whispered, which would now and then be heard. It did not strike him, that his fortune was an even hundred pounds, and that the useful application of the whole depended on the fit employ to which he put its parts.

You see then, my dear little friends, how by insensible gradation he at length plunged into a life of extravagance. He found no longer any joy in industry, employed entirely as he was in contemplating on his present riches, which he fancied inexhaustible; and yet, from day to day, he did not fail to find that it was diminishing. He was convinced, and his conviction all at once came over him just like a clap of thunder, that he could not make amends for his preceding dissipation, as his benefactor would not be so fond of lending him another hundred pounds, when he had seen him so misuse the first.

Quite overcome with shame and grief, the more he sought to stifle his ideas with hard drinking, so much the sooner by a great deal, did his ruin fall upon him. And at last the frightful moment came, when quite disgusted at the thought of industry, and being, as it were, an object of horror to himself, he regarded life as a burthen, since it presented him with nothing but a prospect of miserable poverty whenever he looked forward.

He renounced his country, followed by despair, and joined a gang of smugglers, formidable for the ravages which they spread through every country on the coast. But Heaven did not permit their violence to remain long unpunished. A disgraceful death soon ended his career of wickedness.

Alas! if when his reason first of all addressed him, he had listened to the reproaches of his conscience, easy in
his

his situation he might now have been enjoying, in repute and honour, the ease of a respectable and opulent old age.

You shudder, children, at his lamentable folly. Such is notwithstanding that of multitudes among us, in the use which they make of life. It was bestowed upon them that they might live happy in virtuous enjoyments, and yet they lavish it upon every shameful dissipation. They think that there will always be time enough left them, for the proper use thereof. However, in the interval, days, months, and years flow onward, and they find, at the conclusion of them, they have not made such a use as they fondly proposed. In some sort, they are even happy if their conduct does not plunge them finally into despair.

THE BLACKSMITH.

A Gentleman of fortune passing very late one night before a blacksmith's habitation, was surprized to see him busy at his forge, when every person in the neighbourhood was gone to rest. He had a curiosity to know what reason he could have for working thus at midnight, and if twelve hours labour in the day would not suffice him to provide subsistence for his family.

I do not work for myself, replied the blacksmith, but for a neighbour here of mine, who has unfortunately been burnt out. I rise two hours before the usual time of labour every morning, and continue working two hours after at at least, and sometimes longer, as is now the case, and this I do, that I may help him in his destitute condition. If I had but any thing myself, I would divide it with him; but my all is nothing, except this shop, and some small stock of metal, which I cannot sell, because it is what subsists me. Thus I work every day four hours extraordinary, which amounts to two days in the course of a week, and the earnings of those two days I can yield to him. Thank heaven, at this time of the year there is

work enough ! and while I have but strength, it is my duty to assist the unhappy.

This is very generous, my good friend, on your part, said the gentleman, as I suppose your neighbour never will be able to repay your kindness.

Truly, sir, I fear he will not : but I fear it on his account alone, not mine. However, I am sure he would rejoice to do as much for me, were I in his condition.

At these words, the gentleman, not wishing to intrude upon the blacksmith any longer, wished him a good night, and went away.

Upon the morrow, having put into his purse a note for twenty pounds, which he could afford to give away, he went out, and meant to leave it with the blacksmith, whose beneficence he was resolved to recompence, by putting it in his power to buy whatever metal he might want, at the cheapest market, to undertake more business, and to lay by a little from his labour, to support him in old age.

But what was his surprize, when the blacksmith bade him take his money back again ! I cannot lay it out, said he, because I have not earned it. I can well afford to pay for all the iron that I use, and if ever I should be in want of more, the merchant would supply me with it, on my note. It would be absolute ingratitude in me to take that profit from him which he is used to make upon his goods, when he has never hesitated to supply me with as much as I could ask, even when I had no other coat than that upon my back : but you may make a better use, sir, of this money, if you lend it, free of interest, to my unhappy neighbour. He might then recover his affairs, and I sleep out my belly full.

The gentleman, with all his rhetoric, not being able to prevail upon the blacksmith to accept his offer, followed the advice that he gave him ; and was highly gratified in thinking that he had made two happy, when at first his generosity had wished to serve one only.

THE GENEROUS ORPHAN.

MRS. Fairborne had hardly lost her husband, when a law suit in which he had been engaged was determined to her disadvantage; the greatest part of her possessions being dependent on the verdict. She was under the necessity of selling all her furniture, and some few jewels; after which, when she had placed the produce at a banker's, she withdrew into a village, where the necessary things of life were not so high, and where she apprehended that she might live with tolerable decency upon her trifling income.

Hardly had she passed a month or two in her retreat, before she was given to understand that her banker was gone off, and all her money with him. Let any one imagine the horror of her situation. Grief and sickness had long since disabled her from doing any thing like labour for her livelihood; and after having passed her youth in ease and pleasure, she had no resources left her in old age, except an alms-house, or the common refuge of the poor, beggary.

In reality, there was not one of her acquaintance who would condescend to have the least degree of interest in her sufferings. Brought by her beloved husband from a foreign country, she had no one to whom she could fly for assistance. None, except a tolerably near relation, whom she herself had brought to England; and whom, by granting him her husband's credit, she had rendered wealthy. But this man, a pattern of sordid avarice, was not likely to relieve another, when he would not even allow himself the necessary things of life.

In this helpless situation, there was, luckily, one resource still left for her subsistence. In the years of her prosperity, she had adopted a young female orphan, named Clarinda, and she now became her guardian angel. Mrs. Fairborne's former kindnesses inspired her with a wish of shewing that she was grateful for them.

No, said she, (when her unhappy mistress mentioned her design of seeking the asylum of a parish work-house.) I will never leave you. From your tenderness, I formerly

merly received the treatment of a child ; and, if in your prosperity I thought it so desirable to be related to you by adoption, I still think it more so, now, in your adversity.

Thank Heaven and your adoption, I live comfortably. Your maternal conduct was evinced in teaching me all necessary female arts ; I shall, at present, therefore, look upon it as a boast, that I can exercise my knowledge for your sake. With health and courage, I shall be at least enabled to procure a living for us both.

The unhappy widow was exceedingly affected at this generous offer. She embraced Clarinda, and with joy consented to accept it.

We are now then to suppose Clarinda, in her turn, become the mother, by adoption, of her former benefactress. She was far from thinking it enough to feed her with the produce of an unremitting labour ; she consoled her in affliction, aided her in sickness, and endeavoured by the tenderest cares, to make up for all the injustice of her lot.

The constancy and ardour of her attention did not relax a moment for two years, in which long time her mistress was made happy by her bounty ; and when death removed her, she lamented with sincerity, what she considered as a grievous loss.

Some little season after this, died also the kinsman above-mentioned, who had shewn himself so utterly insensible to every claim of gratitude and kindred. As he could not take his money with him, he supposed it would be making some atonement for his want of natural affection, if he left the injured lady all his fortune.

But this succour came too late, as Mrs. Fairborne was not able to avail herself thereof, she had not even the consolation, at her death, of knowing that such a change had happened in her fortune ; as in that case, she might easily have turned it to the benefit of her affectionate Clarinda.

The inheritance in question therefore fell, for want of heirship, to the King. As Providence would have it, the enquiries made on such a rare occurrence, brought him to a knowledge of the generous orphan's conduct.

Ah !

Ah! said he, Clarinda merits this inheritance; and therefore I renounce my rights to favour her's; and will be happy to approve myself her friend and father.

All the nation joined in the applause of such a liberal action; and Clarinda, when possessed of this honourable recompence of her gratitude, employed it in maintaining orphans, such as she had been; and took the greatest pleasure in inspiring them with sentiments, like those by which she had herself deserved her fortune.

THE DIRTY BOOTS.

FORTUNATUS, proud of his high birth, was not content with cowardly despising every one inferior to himself in point of fortune, but presumed to take such airs upon him as evinced the scorn with which he viewed them. As it chanced, one day he saw his father's footman cleaning shoes! Foo! what a filthy business! cried he, as he passed him, turning up his nose: for all the world I would not be a shoe-black.—Very likely, said John; and I, for my part, hope that I shall never be *your* shoe-black.

All the last week's weather had been very bad, but now it was grown clear and bright; on which account young Fortunatus received his father's permission to take a ride on horseback. Now the promise of this ride afforded him the greater pleasure, as the day before, when he was out, he had been hindered, by a heavy shower of rain, from going far. However, he had been already far enough to splash his boots from top to bottom, and they were not yet quite dry.

Transported with the thought of his ride, he ran down to John, who was at breakfast in the kitchen, and with an imperious tone of voice, cried out, "John, John! I am going out on horseback! Run and clean my boots! do you hear me?" John pretended that he did not, and continued at his breakfast, quite composed. In vain Fortunatus put himself into a passion, and called him a hundred names. John contented himself with answering him

very calmly, "I have told you, sir, already, if you recollect, that I hoped never to become *your* shoe-black."

In the mean time Fortunatus, seeing he could not, in spite of all his menaces, prevail upon John to do as he desired, returned quite full of rage, and made complaint about him to his father. Mr. Railton could not comprehend why John refused a business that belonged to his employment, and which hitherto he had performed without expecting orders for that purpose; so he sent to speak a little with him, and was told of the affair.

His conduct was fully approved by Mr. Railton, who not only blamed his son, but told him that he might go and clean his boots himself, or stay at home, which ever he thought proper. He forbade the other servants to assist him in this business. "You will learn, sir, (added he,) how silly it is to look with scorn on services that contribute to our comfort and convenience; services, the rigour of which you should rather strive to soften, by a gentleness of manners in yourself. Therefore, since a *shoe-black's* trade is so disgraceful, be so kind as to ennoble it, by being for the future your own shoe-black."

Such a sentence turned his promised pleasure into sorrow. He was very eager for a ride on horseback, it was such fine weather; but—to clean his boots himself! he could not stoop to such an office. On the other hand, his pride would not permit him to go out with dirty boots, in which case every one that he met would ridicule him. He applied successively to every servant in the house, with offers of money to corrupt them; but not one could be persuaded to disobey his master's order. Thus, then, Fortunatus was obliged to stay at home, till in the end his pride permitted him to stoop so low as the conditions laid upon him. On the next day John resumed his office without bidding; and the humbled Fortunatus, having exercised it once, would never afterwards gratify his pride, by vilifying what was in itself so useful.

T H E T A T L E R.

AURELIA, though sufficiently good-tempered, had contracted one great fault, and that was calumny. She published every where whatever she perceived amiss in others, though they were her dearest friends. The inexperience of her age induced her very often to ascribe indifferent actions to improper motives; and a single word or volatility of disposition, was enough to make her form the worst suspicions which, as soon as she had formed them, she would run into company, and broach as if they were undoubted facts. She frequently even added circumstances to them drawn from her imagination, only with a view of making them more likely. You may easily conceive what mischiefs such a conduct must produce. It was not long before one family was set against another in her neighbourhood. The discord afterwards affected individuals: wives and husbands, brothers, masters and domestics, were at everlasting variance with each other. Mutual confidence was on a sudden done away from those whose company the little girl frequented with her mother. People went so far, at last, as to shut up their doors against her, as they would have done against a wretched creature tainted with the plague; but neither hatred nor humiliation could correct a vice which custom had so deeply rivetted within her heart.

This glory was reserved for Dorinda, her cousin, who was the only person now that would receive her visits, and return them; as she always lived in hopes of being able, in the end, to shew her the enormity of her behaviour, and preserve her life from sorrow.

Miss Aurelia went one day to see her cousin, and employed an hour or two in telling spiteful tales of all their common friends, although she knew with what uneasiness her cousin heard them. It was all the same to her.

And now, dear Dorinda, said Miss Aurelia, having stopped for want of breath, your turn is come to tell me something. You see company enough to have a stock of little anecdotes at all times ready on your hands.

My dear Aurelia, answered Dorinda, whenever I am visiting my friends, I wish to taste the pleasure of their company; and am not such an idiot, as to lose it by remarking their defects. Besides I find within myself so many, that I cannot possibly have time to think of those in others; having every need of their indulgence, I am wise enough to grant them mine. I rather chuse to rivet my attention upon every commendable quality which they possess, and so endeavour to acquire it. One must be in a faultless state one's self, before one can proceed to note the faults of others. I congratulate you on this faultless state, which I, on the contrary, am so unhappy as to want. Continue, cousin, this employment of a charitable censor, who would lead mankind to virtue by exposing the deformity of vice. You cannot fail of meriting the esteem of others for such generous cares.

Aurelia could not fail of being conscious that she was, long ere this, become a public object of aversion and disgust; and therefore felt the severity of her cousin's sarcasm. She began from that day forward, to reflect with real seriousness upon the danger of her indiscretion. She even trembled at the recollection of those mischiefs that she had caused, and now determined to prevent their progress. It was difficult in the beginning, to throw off a custom which she had long indulged, of beholding things on the unfavourable side; but what can withstand a steady resolution? In the end, she was so totally reformed, that she applied her penetration to such objects only as deserved applause; and the detestable enjoyments of malignity within her, were succeeded by a purer satisfaction. She was now become the first to set equivocal or doubtful actions in such points of view, that others might excuse them. When she could not put them in a favourable light, it is likely, she would say, I do not know every circumstance attending them: no doubt, there were commendable motives, such as I am not acquainted with. In short, whenever, as it sometimes chanced, the case would not admit of any thing approaching to the nature of indulgence, she would pity the offending person, and impute her fault to too great precipitation or ignorance of the mischief that she was committing.

However,

However, it was very long indeed, before she could regain those hearts, which her former manners had alienated. She was come, by this time, to the age when most young women think of being settled, but could see no prospect of a husband. People had avoided her with so much care for years, that now she seemed as much forgotten, as if she had withdrawn herself into a convent from the world.

No wonder then that she should suppose herself condemned to pass her days in solitude, deprived of all those pleasures which accompany a happy marriage, and the enjoyment of a chosen set of friends: but fortune determined otherwise; for a gentleman, who came upon a visit to her father, having heard her generously undertake to shield the reputation of an absent person whom some one in the company accused, was so delighted with a goodness like his own, as to conclude that she was exactly of the turn of mind that would make him happy. He solicited her hand, and made her mistress in return both of his heart, and his fortune.

Aurelia, more and more convinced of the pernicious consequences of blasing other people's faults, and the delightful satisfaction which self-esteem, and the respect of worthy people cannot but bestow;—of worthy people I repeat, who wink at the defects of human nature;—every day proposes her example to his children, to preserve them from the ruin that she had nearly suffered.

She has given me leave to write her story in this book, for the instruction of my little friends; if there be any like her who may read it. I, for my part, know not whether there are any such: but if there should be, I persuade myself, that after the instruction of this story, they will be the better for it.

THE PROVIDENT FATHER.

The Father. **T**HIS is the first time, Charles, that I have had the opportunity of being alone with you. (*Charles kisses his father, who in turn embraces him.*) What have you been doing ever since our separation?

Charles. I have been incessantly tormented with a thousand projects that have constantly destroyed each other. I have everlastingly been working hard, yet doing nothing, like a multitude of other young people of an ardent imagination, who as yet have no employ to take up their attention.

The Father. I am pleased to find you wish for employment, and a settled state; but Charles, we ought to wait till such time as the tree is come to its full strength, if we would with it should bear fruit.

Charles. Do parts and wisdom constantly accompany a certain age? Is it so very strange to see a young man, not even in his twentieth year——

The Father. Have much more knowledge and intrinsic merit than old men, bent down beneath the weight of old age?—Agreed; but then it is very rare to see, at such a tender age, that strength of character which makes man active.

Charles. But there must surely be a time when a young man feels an irresistible degree of strength, that carries him along: a devouring fire consumes us; and I, for my part, feel a strength within me which I think equal to the labour of removing mountains.

The Father. And then you enter into a world where nothing of that sort exists; where every step that you take is limited; where you have constantly to combat envy, sordid interest, caprice, brutal stupidity, and illiberal prejudice. Believe me, the most active virtue, and an upright heart, can never hope to prove successful, if one has not therewithal an indefatigable constancy, and a penetration almost divine, to scrutinize deceit and villainy. And if these qualities are so rare, even in the wisest men, how can we hope to find them in the restless unsettled minds of youth?—Do you know to what I compare this
inward

inward consciousness of your strength? To a torch, that will indifferently carry you before children, women, and old men, but which the first breath of wind will infallibly put out. I would have the strength of manhood to concentrate in the heart, as fire within the substance of a stone: eternally invisible, when once it is struck, the eye is sure of seeing sparks come forth. However, what I say is not to shew that I ought to let you pass your time away unoccupied. At present, I am even so happy as to have procured you an employ.

Charles. An employ! O sir, how much I thank you!

The Father. Be persuaded, that the greatest joy which a father can possess, is to make his children happy.

Charles. I assure you, if ever industry, and what is more, a proper disposition, are rewarded with success, you shall not have to blush for my behaviour.

The Father. I rely, indeed, upon your zeal sufficiently to be persuaded, that at no time you will look on any occupation as unworthy of your care; for even the slightest inattention in you may draw after it the worst consequences.

Charles. I am sensible how much the honour of my king and country requires at my hands.

The Father. Such honour is a great affair, dear Charles, and should entirely occupy a feeling and an upright heart: and that your sentiments may always be adapted to each circumstance, observe and study what we call the genius of the nation; do whatever you are able to discover both its strength and weakness, and consult incessantly those most advanced in years, whose age has ripened their experience. Thus, Charles, you will never have to fear a misemployment of your knowledge, which is too frequently the fault of young men, even such as have the best propensities.

Charles. I have formed myself, I think, dear father, on the surest principles.

The Father. Take care how you establish novel systems; but attack all prejudice, and not that only, but injustice like wise. Be assiduous to eradicate them from the hearts of men. In general, never publish your designs before the proper time, and build not up your reputation on the ruins of a rival. Censure no one; but proceed in silence to the execution of your enterprizes.

Charles.

Charles. I have frequently remarked, that the desire of imitating upon one hand, and of blaming on the other hand, are very common faults; and that enthusiastic imitators and malignant critics are quite indolent, while they announce themselves to others with a deal of disgusting pomp and bustle.

The Father. I should even like——But I am too verbose. It is a father's heart that now lays itself open.

Charles. O! my father, can you possibly supply the son that loves you, and is so loved by you, with too many guides, considering that he is really so inexperienced, and has such a high career displayed before him? For your salutary counsels shall be always my directors.

The Father. Well, my child, then have a veneration and regard for truth; that is the base of every principle of action. Never labour to establish even public welfare by improper measures; and if ever any one should offer to persuade you to it, on pretences of necessity, abandon him to his remorse, and look upon him as an enemy, not openly perhaps, but so in secret, to his king and country.

Charles. How my heart is lightened of a burthen that oppressed it! and how earnestly I mean to put in practice, for the welfare of my sovereign, all the observations that I have made! With how much zeal and ardour I intend to raise my voice against abuses!

The Father. Very well! But then think, think my son, that men in vain aspire to reach perfection; and remember always, that the greatest art, the greatest effort of man's genius, is, amongst many inconveniencies, to chuse the least.

Charles. Aided by your counsel and experience, I shall soon arrive at some more elevated situation.

The Father. I should rather chuse that you would endeavour to become an useful man. To be continually going forward, and to quit one place, where we may frequently be necessary, with the view of filling up another where we shall not prove of so much use, is to betray our country, and to cheapen and degrade our merit. To be great, is to be nothing more than what we should be. And yet, after all, do not imagine that, proceeding in this manner, you will never meet with obstacles. You will,

will, it is very likely, fail at last, oppressed beneath the burthen of those benefits that you have conferred, and be condemned to live unknown ; and calumny will put upon your best intentions sinister interpretations. Be not, however, upon this account discouraged, but pursue your plans with firmness ; for a time will come when your assistance will be sought. And should even this your expectation, in itself so just, be disappointed, in such case, the consciousness of your integrity will be your recompence and consolation.

JULIAN AND ROSINA.

ONCE upon a time a certain Mr. Lorimer was reading in a corner of his parlour, while his wife and daughter were employed, in silence, at their tambour-frame ; when, on a sudden, their little Julian entered hastily, quite out of breath, his eye brim-full of tears, his hair in great disorder, and one stocking down upon his heel. He had a raquet in his hand ; and as he entered, he cried out, Come, mama, do pray, and see the mother of poor Christopher and Frederic. Alas ! they have not had a bit of any thing to eat all day. Frederic asked me to play with him at shuttlecock, to make him forget, as he said, that he was hungry ; and they do not know how they shall get any thing before to-morrow evening, at the soonest. I would fain have given them all the money in my purse ; but, would you think it ? they refused it. I made answer, Come with me, and you shall see——No, no, said they ; we are already so obliged to your mama, and dare not go again to teaze her. Then too, their poor mother, hearing this, burst out a weeping.—But I must not cry, said Julian, (crying still more,) as my papa is reading. Ah ! Rosina, had you seen them, you would certainly have cried as much as I ! and stooping as he spoke, he laid hold of Rosina's apron by the corner, to wipe his eyes.

The mother, melted into tears at this recital, and the little boy's behaviour thereupon, dropped her needle ;
and

and the father, to conceal a tear, held up his book before him.

Come, dear children, then, said Mrs. Lorimer, embracing Julian and Rosina with affection, come and let us see if we can help these three unhappy people.

While Frederic, Christopher, and the afflicted mother, knelt before their benefactress, Rosina pulled her brother by the coat, and in a whisper asked him if he recollected that nice little cake which their uncle gave them in the morning? Yes, said Julian, and turned round as if he meant to run and fetch it. Keep mama in conversation here, and make believe as if you did not know that I was gone; for I will run and fetch it. No, no, said Rosina, there is no need of that; for look, it is here.—On which the little lady, lifting up poor Frederic's hat, that lay accidentally on the table, shewed her brother the nice little cake, which she had watched the opportunity of slipping underneath it.

THE SEPARATION.

The Father and his Son in Law, (entering at opposite doors.)

The Son in Law. HAVE you considered my proposals?

The Father in Law. No; for there is nothing to consider. When a couple who have sworn everlasting love to one another in the church, and whom a child, the fruit of their reciprocal affection, would compel, as one might think, to the observance of their vows, proceed so far as to a separation, what is left then to consider? What can one do?

The Son in Law. However, I am so determined in my resolution, that it rests upon some few formalities, and nothing more, to be compleat.

The Father in Law (ringing.) Well, be it so. (*A servant enters.*) Tell my daughter she is wanted, (*The servant is withdrawing, but the father calls him back and whispers something to him.*)

The

The Son in Law. Do you approve of the allowance that I design to make her?

The Father in Law. That shall be as you yourself think fit. I take my daughter home, and hope that she will never want.

The Son in Law. However, it is proper that we should come to some agreement.

The Father in Law. Very well: do you adjust that matter as you please.

The Son in Law, (taking up a pen.) It will be done almost as soon as said. *(He sits down to write.)*

(Sophia enters.)

The Father in Law. You guess, no doubt, why I have sent for you?

Sophia. Yes; and as things have been carried thus far, I have expected the arrival of this moment with a deal of pleasure.

The Father in Law. You resolve, then, to occasion me this grief.

Sophia. I cannot possibly consent to live any longer with him.

The Son in Law, (getting up, and putting a paper into his father's hand.) This is my agreement.

The Father in Law. By this, then, you renounce each other mutually; you, sir, agreeing to pay this lady four hundred pounds a year. Is this agreed on both sides?

Sophia. Upon mine it is.

The Son in Law. No doubt.

The Father in Law. It is useless for me to remonstrate any longer.

Sophia. Indeed, sir, it is unnecessary.

The Son in Law. My resolution is fixed.

The Father in Law. Then, whatever I might wish, I am necessitated to consent. Go, sign this paper. *(They sign.)* So,—all is settled. There is, notwithstanding, one great difficulty yet. With which of you, pray, is the child to be?

Sophia. I am his mother.

The Son in Law, (speaking at the same moment.) I, his father.

The Father in Law. True, your rights, on either side, are equal; therefore——

Sophia,

Sophia. I will lose my life, much rather than my child.

The Son in Law. The child is mine, and I will never give him up.

The Father in Law. Consider this, dear children! for this circumstance should teach, nay force you to renounce your cruel purpose. Hearts that are engrossed by one and the same child, as yours are, cannot sure be enemies to one another; and it is only a misunderstanding that subsists between you.—(He takes the paper.) Shall I tear it?

The Son in Law. If you do——

Sophia. By no means, father.

The Father in Law. However, it is necessary that you should come to something of a resolution on this head. Do you consent that Charles shall stay with which of you he pleases?

Sophia. Yes, with all my heart.

The Son in Law. And mine too.

(*The father in law goes out.*)

The Son in Law. For my part, it will give me pleasure if I hear you are happy, as I part without the least resentment in my heart.

Sophia. And I too wish that you may hereafter be as happy as you have been hitherto, though I am sure you will not. (*The father in law returns with the child: the mother clasps him in her arms, and says*) Won't you stay with me, my dear?

The Child. Oh! yes, mama.

The Son in Law. (*embracing him.*) You wish to leave me, then, my precious little fellow?

The Child. No, no, papa, I will stay with you too.

The Father in Law. But, my dear, your papa and mama design to part for ever; and you must absolutely tell them which you wish to live with.

Sophia. You will live with me, my sweetest! won't you? Speak.

The Son in Law. With me, my child?

The Child. With both of you. (*They turn away: the father has his eyes fixed on them during some short pause.*) But why do you both turn away? Why look so melancholy? You were used to be so merry in each other's company. (*He pulls them towards each other.*) You shall not go!

go! I will live with you both at once. (*The son in law, and mother stooping both at once to embrace their child, meet one another, and looking at each other, affectionately embrace.*)

The Father in Law. I thank thee, Nature! Thou hast not forsaken me.

The Son in Law. Will you forget the past?

Sophia. Yes, every thing. (*They embrace again with transport.*)

The Father in Law, (*holding out the child, that they may both caress him.*) Are you determined now to part?

Sophia. No, father; never.

The Son in Law. This tender tie shall reunite us now, for ever. I will love you for the time to come, and we will both be happy.

The Father in Law, (*wiping his eyes.*) I weep; but it is for joy at such a reconciliation.

THE SCHOOL FOR STEP-MOTHERS.

A DRAMA, in One Act.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. and Mrs. FLOYD.

FRANCIS,

PRISCILLA,

ANNE,

CHARLES,

PERCIVAL,

DANIEL,

}
}
}

- Mr. Floyd's Children.

- Mrs. Floyd's Children.

- a Servant.

The SCENE is in Mr. Floyd's garden.

S C E N E I.

Francis, } **O**NCE more than I am in my garden,
(*alone.*) } where I have not been these six months!
What a pleasure every object gives me! Here is the little
summer-house, where I was used so frequently to break-
fast

fast with my dear mama. If she were living still, what happiness for both of us! She would receive me now with open arms; she would embrace me: and, on my side, I should have many little things to tell her. But, alas! (*beginning to cry*,) I have for ever lost her; and if we are still to love each other, we can only do so in another world. My dear mama! could you only hear me, it would be some comfort, since you cannot come back to see your Frank. Instead of you, I have indeed a mother; but a mother, as they call it, in law: and that, as I am told, is just as much as if one were to say, a cruel mother. What then am I now to do? I never shall dare look upon her. Oh! if I might at least have lived with grandmama! But no; papa will have me here, though poor mama is dead. Alas! I never shall be able to live here: I know it. I will therefore only see my dear papa and sisters, and go back. Yes, yes; I will go back, and must.

S C E N E II.

Francis, Daniel.

Daniel. What, master Francis! is it you come back again? How goes it with you?

Francis. In health, not much amiss, dear Daniel. And how, pray, are you?

Daniel. Quite well; and not a penny for the apothecary out of me! My draughts are made up for me at the George. But what is the matter? I can see, you have been crying.

Francis, (wiping his eyes.) Crying?

Daniel. Yes, yes, crying! Oh, you cannot conceal it! Have you met with any accident?

Francis. None, Daniel, since I left my grandmama's.

Daniel. Oh, oh! I understand: you weep for your mama; but then you have another.

Francis. A step-mother you mean? If I could only shun her! But how fare my poor dear sisters?

Daniel. How? ah! bad enough. At six they must be up. I would not advise them to lie a minute after. They would pay dear for their drowsiness.

Francis. But what have they to do up so early?

Daniel.

Daniel. Oh ! their new mother knows how to find them work ! She rules us all like slaves ! and I myself must get up with the rest ! I rose at seven this morning ; and, as early as it was, I saw both your sisters hard at work in the parlour.

Francis. But I ask you, at what ?

Daniel. Why, working for their young brothers in law.

Francis. Yes, I am told that second mothers never spare their husband's children, while they love their own : and I imagine, I must go to work too. But what is become of all my pinks and tulips ?

Daniel. Oh ! they are all taken away.

Francis. By whom ?

Daniel. By Charles and his brother.

Francis. So then, I have lost my pretty flowers ; and those two wicked little fellows have destroyed them. They have nothing now to do but take the garden from me likewise. Look ye, here they come.

S C E N E III.

Francis, Daniel, Charles, Percival.

Charles, (whispering Percival.) Percival, who is that young gentleman with Daniel ? If it were but Master Francis ?

Percival, (whispering Daniel.) Is it he ?

Daniel, (answering drily.) Yes, gentlemen.

Charles. O my dear, dear brother, welcome ! We have wished to see you !

Francis, (shrinking back.) Have we been acquainted with each other long enough, that you should thus embrace me ?

Charles. We are not acquainted with you, I acknowledge, but are all three brothers.

Francis. Yes, half brothers, sir.

Charles. Why half ? If your papa loves our mama, and she loves him, why should not we love one another ? They are man and wife, and we are therefore brothers.

Francis. If we are brothers, have you a greater right than I have here ?

Percival, (aside.) How quarrelsome he is !

Charles. Why, your papa has let us work these three weeks in it.

Francis. I was in it first! and surely you will not drive me out!

Percival. Come, Charles; let us be gone, and leave him in his peevish humour.

Charles. No, no, Percival: we must stay and be good friends with one another.

Percival. Do you like the sulky fellow, then, so much?

Francis. The sulky fellow! Do you call me sulky?

Percival. Yes, and envious, and——

Francis. You dare insult me then? and even in my garden here?

Percival. You began: but I am your match; mind that!

Charles. Hear me, Percival! Would you strike your brother? Come along, and for Heaven's sake let us not vex our new papa; and more particularly so, the very day that he is to see his son. (*He draws him away.*)

Percival. Well, I will go and tell mama. (*He and Charles both go out.*)

S C E N E IV.

Francis, Daniel.

Francis. See now if my anxieties are not beginning. They will tell their mother that I have insulted them, and she will get me anger from papa. Unhappy as I am, do not you think, Daniel, that I am to be pitied?

Daniel. Indeed you are so; however, take heart. I will be your friend; and we shall then, I think, be able to make head against them.

Francis. Yes; but my papa?

Daniel. Let me alone with him. I know a thousand tricks of these new comers, which I will tell him. They have spoilt your garden, killed your flowers, and called you names. I warrant you, they will be but badly off.

Francis. So then, my good Daniel, you will stand up for me?

Daniel. Ay, as sure as my name is Daniel.

Francis. Thank you! thank you! I am not without a friend, I see then, though I have lost mama. But did you

you notice their fine clothes? What handsome waistcoats they had on! Who worked them? can you tell?

Daniel. Their mother.

Francis. Yes, yes, I was thinking so. She will always be employed upon her favourites; but pray who will work me such a waistcoat?

Daniel. Why indeed, if you should want one, you must work it yourself.

Francis. And had not they new coats on likewise?

Daniel. Yes: they had them, 'as a present from your papa, on the day of his marriage.

Francis. Oh! he did not make me such a present. I was sent with these bad clothes into the country. It is too much! I cannot support the thought! My poor mama is dead, and my papa forgets me! I have only you now left to befriend me!

Daniel. Be of comfort! matters may turn out much better than you think: but in the first place, you must see your new mama. So follow me, and think of putting on a cheerful face, as if you were rejoiced to see her.

Francis. I can never do so.

Daniel. But you *must*, however it may go against you. I do so, though I detest her. Would you think it? she begins to tell me that I must be less frequent in my visits at the ale-house; I that was accustomed to spend half the day there, in the life-time of my last dear mistress! She indeed was quite a lady. Things are marvellously altered now, and we must alter with them. Patience! when we are once alone, I will tell you what more is to be done. At present, therefore, follow me.

Francis. But will she see by my eyes that I have been crying?

Daniel. Why you are crying still.

Francis. Then I will not go now: she would ask the reason of my tears. What answer should I give her?

Daniel. You might say, that coming home, you had been thinking of your dear mama, and therefore fell a crying.

Francis. But, provided she should speak about my quarrel with her children?

Daniel. Tell her that they began it; and call me to witness what you say. But here she comes. Go and salute her boldly.

S C E N E IV.

Mrs. Floyd, Francis.

Mrs. Floyd. Where, where is he? (*Perceiving him.*) Is it you, my dearest Francis? Then I have all my family together at last. (*She embraces him with tenderness.*) How sweet a countenance! and how happy am I, that I can call so amiable a child my son!

Francis. I should be happy too, could I but rejoice; and yet—(*sighing*)

Mrs. Floyd. What is the matter then, my dearest? You seem quite sad, my charming little man! (*Francis cries afresh, and cannot speak a word.*) You turn away and cry. What causes you these tears? Won't you inform me what afflicts you?

Francis. Nothing, nothing.

Mrs. Floyd. It is enough, however, to distress me. Say, what gives you all this sorrow, and I will comfort you, if possible. If your papa or sisters were to see you, they might fancy that you had met with some misfortune coming home; and they are pleased in thinking that they are so soon to see you. Would it grieve you to embrace them?

Francis. Believe me, I can have no greater pleasure! But shall I embrace mama? It is for her that I cry.

Mrs. Floyd. She died six months ago, and do you still cry for her?

Francis. Yes, yes; all my life! Oh, my mama! my dear mama!

Mrs. Floyd. Be calm, my little dear! Endeavour to divert your thoughts, and let us speak of her no longer, since it gives you so much sorrow.

Francis. No, no: on the contrary, let me be always speaking of her, if you mean that I should feel any comfort. Would you have your children willing to forget you after you were dead, so soon?

Mrs. Floyd. Dear little fellow! (*embracing him.*) You loved her then very much?

Francis. I find so; much more now than when she lived. She was so good!

Mrs.

Mrs. Floyd. I wish I were but able to restore her to you ; which I cannot do, and therefore I will take her place, poor little fellow, in your bosom. I will love you as she did ; and will be a mother to you.

Francis. But it never can be you that bore me, fed me with your milk, and brought me up. She was my real mother, and you only my step-mother.

Mrs. Floyd. But why give me such a name ? I have not called you my step-son.

Francis. Pray pardon me ! I did not say so to displease you. I begin to think you very kind ; at least you seem so. But then you have children of your own, and must, of course, love them much more than me.

Mrs. Floyd. You shall not find it so. Some few days hence we shall be more acquainted with each other than we can be now, and you shall see if my affection will not make you think yourself my son.

Francis. If that indeed could be, without forgetting my mama ?

Mrs. Floyd. I would not wish you to forget her : on the contrary, we will speak often of her, and your tenderness shall be a pattern for my children. Come, I long to introduce you to them.

Francis. Oh ! I have seen them already. Have they not complained of my behaviour ?

Mrs. Floyd. No, my little man. Have you had any quarrel then ? I should be very sorry for that, as all my wish is to behold you tenderly united to each other, like real brothers.

Francis. I wish nothing more than that. But where is my papa and sisters ? Let me see them.

Mrs. Floyd. Your papa will very soon be home. He went this morning to dispatch some business out of doors, that he might have the afternoon entirely to himself ; but, in the mean time, I can take you to your sisters, who will tell you what you are to think of me.

Francis. I wish them to speak of you, but not first. I have a deal to say of my mama. (*As they go out, Charles and Percival enter at the opposite side.*)

S C E N E VI.

Charles, Percival.

Percival. Why did you keep me from complaining to mama? I keep company with that little snarler! No, never. When his father once comes home, I will tell him what a waspish son he has, that he may teach him to behave a little better.

Charles. Do you think, then, that our papa will not be vexed, when told of this same difference between you both? and would it please you to afflict him?

Percival. Certainly I should be sorry for it. And yet, what can I do? since, if this little gentleman is not corrected for his rudeness the first day of coming home, there will be nothing but disputes hereafter. He will be always affronting us. I am not very deliberate in such cases: I shall certainly be warm, and tell him what he ought to know; and if hereafter he should think of taking airs on him, as just now——

Charles. I hope then, Percival, you do not mean to beat him!

Percival. But you do not suppose that I will let myself be beat by him?

Charles. No, certainly.

Percival. Then what ought I to do?

Charles. To-morrow, very likely, we shall see; but now it would be improper to disturb his father's satisfaction in seeing him.

Percival. Be it now, to-morrow, or the following day, it is all the same to Percival; but the sooner, in my thoughts, the better.

Charles. Brother, I beseech you, wait a little longer. Francis cannot be so sulky as you think.

Percival. And yet, sure, I know him as well as you!

Charles. His father and his sisters say, he is very condescending and good-natured.

Percival. Yes, indeed, he shewed his condescension and good-nature, when he turned his back upon me in reply to my civility.

Charles. That was not well; but then he does not know us yet.

Percival.

Percival. He might have tried to know us.

Charles. How you talk! perhaps something grieved him.

Percival. And are we to suffer for it?

Charles. No; but brothers must pass over many things which others have a right to take amiss.

Percival. It appears to me that he scorns to look upon us as brothers.

Charles. No: I cannot persuade myself of that.

Percival. Well, let him look a little to himself: I shall not put up with any insult from him. But he's coming with his sisters: I will withdraw. I cannot endure the thoughts of such a snappish gentleman.

Charles. For heaven's sake, brother, let us stay and share in their amusement.

Percival. No, no: I might possibly disturb them, and will go.

Charles. If you are resolved, I will follow you.—(*Aside, going out.*) I must do every thing in my power to soften him.

S C E N E VII.

Francis, Priscilla, Anne.

Priscilla, (holding Francis by the hand.) But why afflict yourself, dear brother, any longer? Our afflictions cannot bring mama to life again.

Francis. But will you promise me, at least, that we shall think a little of her every time we meet?

Priscilla. Yes, brother, I shall always think I see her with us, just as when she was alive.

Francis, (affectionately looking at them.) My dearest sisters! this idea doubles the delight that I have in seeing you.

Priscilla. I and Anne, have been wishing, this long while, to see you likewise.

Anne. And so have I brother; for now we can play all together as we used to do. Charles and his brother can play with us too. Oh! how fine that will be! (*jumping for joy*)

Francis. Pshaw! no more about your Charles and his brother, if you love me.

Priscilla. How?

Francis. They would but interrupt our pastime: they are good for nothing but to go complaining of us to their mother, and convey away our things.

Priscilla. They, brother? Can you think so badly of them?

Anne. Look ye, Frank; (*showing at etwee.*)

Francis. And who gave you that?

Anne. Why Percival: he went out and bought it for me, with a crown that his mother gave him.

Priscilla. See, too, this Morocco pocket-book. It was a present made to Charles; and he gave it me.

Francis. Ay, ay! I see you understand each other's meaning, and will all four be against me.

Priscilla and Anne. Be against you!

Francis. Certainly. I know, they hate me, having taken all my flowers away, and spoiled my garden.

Priscilla. Who has taken all your flowers away, and spoiled your garden?

Francis. Those two little fellows that you seem to admire so much.

Priscilla. We do not understand you. Have you seen your garden?

Francis. Have I seen it? What a question! Only look yourself. Where are my pinks and tulips?

Priscilla. Where? you have not then been at the terrace, under my mama's bow window?

Francis. Is there any garden there?

Anne. Ay, surely; and a very pretty one.

Priscilla. Your garden here was far too little; so mama had one marked out for all of us, behind the terrace, six times larger.

Francis. And who owns it? Doubtless your two favourites!

Priscilla. No, no; it belongs to all of us, we have each a portion.

Anne. I, as well as the rest.

Francis. And is there one for me?

Priscilla. Undoubtedly: and you are luckier by a deal than we. You have not taken any labour in the cultivation of your part, which, notwithstanding, you will find quite full of flowers.

Anne. Red, yellow, blue and white in plenty, as you will see.

Francis

Francis. Who set them for me?

Anne. Why, your brothers. They have been a month employing all their play hours upon the work. They have selected all the prettiest flowers that *their* beds supplied, and put them into yours, that at the time of your return, you might be more surprised.

Francis. And have they done all this for me? Daniel told me that they had taken all my flowers away, but did not tell me why.

Priscilla. If you give ear to Daniel, you will be worse off for it, I can tell you. Why he wished to make us quarrel with our brothers likewise. How ungrateful! Their mama consents to have him for no other reason than because ours begged papa, upon her death-bed, not to turn him off; and all his study is to make her children as unhappy as he can.

Anne. And all because mama will have him work, instead of spending half the day with idle fellows at the alehouse.

Francis. Is it so? Then I begin to see that he wanted to deceive me, when he promised to be my friend.

Priscilla. However, we must not tell any thing about it to papa; he would dismiss him: we must therefore carefully keep silence, and not ruin Daniel.

Francis. Oh! no, no, indeed; since poor mama had such a value for him.

Priscilla. You will soon see whether he told you truth.

Anne. But come now, and pay a visit to your garden, brother.

Francis. Yes, with all my heart: I long to see it.
(*Anne and Priscilla take him by the hand, and go out on one side, without perceiving Charles, who comes in with Percival on another side.*)

S C E N E VIII.

Charles, Percival.

(*They enter with two plates of cake and fruit, which they put down upon a table in the summer-house.*)

Charles. But where is he?

Percival, (looking every way.) Look ye, there he is.—
There, brother, with his sisters; going to our garden.

Charles. I am glad of that ; for only think what pleasure he will have, when he discerns how busy we have been to ornament his portion of it !

Percival. Do you think so ? I, for my part, would lay any wager that he will find fault with every thing about him, he is so queer ! The flowers, he will say, are badly chosen, or the box not planted as it should be, or the ground too moist, or too dry, and twenty other circumstances.

Charles. Yes ; but do you know that I am beginning to consider you as touchy as you fancy him ? I never saw you so before.

Percival. It is he that caused it. Have his sisters ever had occasion to complain of my behaviour ? and I only wish to live upon good terms with him. You know with what impatience I expected his arrival here, and how I ran with open arms to meet him.

Charles. True indeed ; but, as I said before, it is very likely something grieves him. He is afraid, perhaps, that his father will no longer love him, or our mother shew him less affection than he fancies she does us. If so, then surely it is our duty to make much of him in his uneasiness, and win him to be friends with us, by every gentle method in our power.

Percival. You are in the right ; I did not duly think of that.

Charles. If he is as good as every body says, think, brother, how a little kindness on our part will, in the end, affect him ; how his father will be fonder of us for it ; and what pleasure we shall give mama !

Percival. I was in the wrong, I own. Let him but come, and I will be so attentive to him, he must unavoidably forget the past.

Charles. What hinders us from running to him where he is ? The flowers that we planted for him, will make peace between us.

Percival. That is well said ; we will go immediately.—But here he comes himself.

Charles. And see how pleased he seems !

S C E N E IX.

Charles, Percival, Francis, Priscilla, Anne.

Francis, (running to embrace his brothers.) My dear good friends, my brothers, you must certainly be very much displeased with my behaviour.

Charles. We! why so?

Percival. It is over, my dear Frank, and I love you.

Francis. What a pretty garden you have made me! You have given me all your finest flowers, without my having done any thing to give you pleasure.

Charles. It is enough for us, if you are pleased with our endeavours.

Francis. If I am! Forgive me, pray, dear brothers. I insulted you: I turned away, when you came running to embrace me. I will never do so for the future. We will always be good friends; and every thing that I have shall be yours as well as mine.

Charles. Yes, yes, and every thing shall be in common to us; not our pleasures only, but our sorrows also.

Percival. Let us then embrace each other, and begin this friendship. *(They embrace.)*

Charles. This is as it should be; and now, Frank, we must go and have a little banquet that has been prepared for us by mama: we have brought it, and put it in the summer-house, as you may see. Let us enter. Enter you too, sisters, with us, and sit down.

Percival. It is your privilege, dear brother, now to do the honours of the feast. Mama will have it so; as you, she says, by your arrival, are the founder of it.

Francis. Oh! I am sure, I never shall have eaten any where with so much appetite as at this feast of friendship. *(He presents them with the cake and fruit, and they begin to eat.)*

Percival. Well; and is not this much better than to quarrel with each other?

Anne. I believe so, truly! for what quarrel can be worth these pears?

Charles. How glad mama will be to find us such friends with one another!

Priscilla. She deserves that we should afford her all the joy possible. When once you come to know her—But I remember you have seen her.

Francis. Yes, yes, Priscilla; she received me with the greatest kindness, and has so agreeable a countenance that she cannot be ill tempered. I perceived even by her tone of voice that I should be easily induced to love her.

Priscilla. And how good she is to us!

Anne. We need but please ourselves, to give her pleasure.

Priscilla. We were greatly to be pitied at the death of our mama. Papa, who is employed all day in business, could not look to us. There was for ever something wrong in our cloaths, and our education was much more neglected.

Anne. We should very probably have fallen into a habit of indolence.

Priscilla. But since our new mama is come, we are both set to rights. She gives us every entertainment suited to our age, and is a party with us in our little pleasures. One would think her much more interested in the preservation of our health, than of her own. I have not yet had time sufficient to remark that I stand in need of any thing; she makes beforehand such provision for our wants!

Anne. But lately I was ill; oh, very ill indeed! and it was herself that waited on me. She was always by my bed, and doing every thing in her power to comfort me. She made up all manner of nice things; and I believe, I should have died, but for her great attention to me.

Francis. O my dear, dear sisters! is it possible?

Priscilla. You know too, brother, that before you left us, we had not been any ways accustomed to employ our needle. Well; mama was kind enough to teach us. So that now we know—not only plain, but every sort of fine work.

Charles, (to Francis.) See here the neck and wristbands of this shirt. Mama extols the work very much! Well, Priscilla did it all herself, and it was a present from her to me.

Priscilla. Which you merited beforehand; for who made me such a garden, or presented me with such fine nose-gays?

gays? Brother Francis, you must know, mama will not have us oblige our brother, unless they likewise oblige us, and they do more to please us, than we could have thought to ask.

Anne. Yes, indeed; and as a proof, I will shew you the cork boat of Percival's making with his penknife. You shall see its nice silk rigging, satin sails, and ribbon streamers. It swims charmingly, in the fish-pond.

Percival. Since you made me such a handsome pair of garters—

Anne. Garters! I can make much better things than garters now. Ah, Frank, were you but to see a certain green and lilac striped silk purse! The green at least is all of my own fancying; ask Priscilla else. Oh, I am sure you will be delighted when you have it.

Francis. How! and have you made me, then, a purse? (*Priscilla makes a sign that Anne should hold her peace.*)

Anne, (*embarrassed.*) No, Frank; not for you:—(*in a whisper,*) yes it is; but you must know, mama enjoined me not to tell you. And besides, she means to surprize you herself with nothing less than such a nice worked waistcoat as my brothers now have on—Oh you will soon see!

Priscilla. This little giddy creature can keep no secret.

Anne. No, because there was such pleasure in revealing it. We have been always thinking of you, brother.

Francis. Oh, I thank you: but pray tell me, are you happy?

Priscilla. Are we happy? What is wanting in our situation? Our mama is really so good! I do not know how it is, but she has found the secret of converting every thing into a sort of pleasure. I have no amusement half so great as chattering with her: Even while she is joking, she instructs us.

Anne. You should see us, Francis, when we are reading certain little tales, which a friend of ours composes for us. He knows what every little boy and girl does in the world; and it would be comical if he were to put us in his book.

Priscilla. I wish he would put us in it, on account of our mama; that all the world might know the goodness of her heart; and how we love her.

82 THE SCHOOL FOR STEP-MOTHERS.

Charles. Yes, and I, too, for the sake of our papa, who treats us just as if we were even his real children.

S C E N E X.

Mr. Floyd, Francis, Priscilla, Anne, Charles, Percival.

Mr. Floyd, (who had stood by the side of the summer-house during the whole preceding scene, shows himself suddenly amongst them, crying,) Yes, and so you are within my heart. I make it all my happiness to think that I am your father. But where is Frank?

Francis, (embracing Mr. Floyd.) Here, papa. Oh how rejoiced I am to see you, dear papa.

Mr. Floyd. Kiss me once more my dear child.—And now let me inquire if you are pleased with your new brothers?

Francis. Oh! I never could have chosen better. I will love them, and do every thing in my power that they may love me likewise.

Charles. There will be no difficulty in that matter, since we are determined to do just the same.

Percival. We shall but need to recollect the pleasure that we have had this day.

Priscilla. That you may keep your promise, I will be sure to put you frequently in mind thereof.

Anne. Oh, sister! as to that, I am sure, I shall remember it without a monitor.

Mr. Floyd. I verily believe, you will do so, from what I have heard you say; for you must know, dear children, I was planted here hard by in secret, during all your conversation; and I am sure, I never shall forget it: nor I only, but another; for another has heard every thing as well as I. Come then, dear spouse, approach, and enjoy a pleasure so adapted to your goodness.

S C E N E XI.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd, Francis, Priscilla, Anne, Charles, Percival.

Mr. Floyd. Here she is, my little ones; the partner that I have chosen to promote your happiness; and not yours only, but my own. The fortune which it might have been
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been in my power to leave to you, would be nothing, in comparison of that more valuable gift, a good and proper education. We have therefore made these second nuptials to procure you every possible advantage. Three among you very much wanted a mother, who might take upon her the care of your childhood: and the other two, a father to advance you in the world. Your interests were the same, in these second nuptials; and it is for the benefit of all of us that they have been framed. Do you then promise me, dear spouse, as I on my side do, that you will never think of treating either of these children with the least degree of partiality, except indeed what his superior good behaviour may appear to merit?

Mrs. Floyd. My reply to you, dear husband, is these tears; I cannot possibly repress them; and to you, my children, these embraces (*she holds out her arms, and all the children strive with one another to come closest to her.*)

Mr. Floyd. And do you, dear little ones, on your part, promise to keep up a constant union with each other, to avoid all jealousy and quarrels, and like children of one parent, love each other? (*They take each other by the hand, and kneeling, answer,*)

Yes, papa; we do, we do.

Mr. Floyd, (raising them.) Continue then to live in such a state of friendship. You will find its charms constantly encrease, and the tie between you grow closer every day. You will be as happy from the services that you do each other, as from those little sacrifices that may frequently be needful for the sake of peace among you. Every one enjoying his own happiness, will not the less enjoy his brother's; which, in fact, he may attribute to himself. There will not be an individual round about you, but will interest himself in your prosperity, if his solicitude be worth the acquisition; and your future children will reward you by *their* tenderness, for having so well merited the affection of your parents.

THE MOUNTAIN LUTE.

FROM the highest summit of those hills which overlook the vale of Lucca in Savoy, I was contemplating the extended landscape round about me: I was quite alone, my faithful servant being left in a neighbouring city, with orders not to expect me till at the end of three days; which interval I meant to spend in rambling over that romantic country. More than half way down the hill, I saw a hamlet, which assured me of a lodging for the night. Thus free from all inquietude, and swallowed up in thought, I let my mind roam at large in contemplation, and my eye to wander from one object to another of the spacious view. But soon the sylvan choristers last long admonished me to think of retiring under cover for the night. The sun, already hid behind the opposite mountain, did but colour with his gold and purple rays the clouds which floated, as it were, just close above the trees that crown its summit. I descended slowly, mortified to see the spacious horizon, whose limits I could hardly trace, contract itself as I proceeded. The twilight now began to veil it with a shade, which by degrees grew browner, till the empress of the night dispelled this gloomy darkness with her silver beams. I sat down for a moment, to enjoy the picture. Nothing intercepted my view, throughout the vast expanse. I contemplated the infinite extent at leisure. From the trembling moon and stars which twinkled while I gazed upon them, I passed over to the calm and spotless azure of the firmament. The air was fresh, nor did the slightest breeze disturb it. Nature was absorbed in universal silence, saving the low murmur of a stream which meandered through the country at a distance. Stretched upon the grass, I might perhaps have contemplated till the rising of the sun next morning; but the music of a lute, made more harmonious by a voice, soon after struck upon my ear. I thought at first that my ravished senses were deluded by the power of my imagination, and experienced the delight of fancying myself suddenly transported in a dream to what are called the regions of enchantment. In the midst of this illusion, while both musics still continued, A lute! said I rising,

a lute upon the mountain! I turned round to that side whence the melody proceeded, and discovered through the darksome verdure of the trees, no great way distant, the white walls and garden paling of a cottage. I approached it with a beating heart; but what was my surprize, when I beheld a youthful peasant with a lute, on which he was playing with exquisite address. A woman, seated on his right hand, was looking at him with an eye of the tenderest affection. At their feet, upon the turf, were many children, boys and girls, and ancient people, all in attitudes of pleasure and attention. When I first made my appearance, several of the children came to meet me, looked at one another, and then said among themselves, What gentleman is this? The young musician turned his head, but did not leave off playing. I could not possibly withstand the first emotions of my heart. I held him out my hand; he gave me his, which I laid hold of with a sort of transport. Every body upon this rose and made a circle round us. I informed them, as concisely as I could do, of my business in that quarter of the country, and at such a time of night. We have not an inn, for many miles round, remarked the youthful peasant, as our hamlet is not near the road; but if you are content to lie in a poor cabin, we will do our best to entertain you.

If at first I was astonished at his execution on the lute, and taste in singing, I was still much more surprized at the politeness of his manners, the precision of his language, and the ease with which he spoke. You were not born, said I to him, in a cabin? Pardon me, replied he with a smile; I *was*, and even in this. But you are fatigued, I suppose; George, bring a chair. Excuse me, sir; I owe my neighbours this nocturnal entertainment which I am now giving them.

I would not take the chair, but laid myself upon the grass, as all the rest did. Every body had, by this time, resumed his former posture; and the silence which I had interrupted by appearing as I did among them, now took place again.

The youth began immediately to play upon his lute; and in the intervals of playing, sung a favourite ballad, which he did with so much sweetness, that a tear, as I could see, stood trembling in the eye of every one about him,

him, by the time that he had repeated the first couplet. I could not refrain from envying the surprizing genius of this rustic bard, whoever he might be, that could impress so powerfully an unlettered, and almost an uncivilized society of people. I was charmed in seeing how surprizingly those beauties that are drawn from nature, please the souls of all men. Of the poet's touches, none were lost; and at the last, which was the most affecting, I heard round about me, nothing but sighs, and half stifled sobs.

After some few minutes silence, the whole company rose, each wiping, as I could see, his eyes. They wished each other a good night with perfect cordiality. The neighbours, with their children, went away, and none were left, except an ancient man upon a seat beside the door, and whom till now I had not noticed; the musician, with the woman sitting by him; George, the young boy whose name I recollected; and myself.

It was painful for me to give up the charming state in which at that time I was plunged. I still continued sitting, but got up at last, and drawing near the young musician, put my arms out, as it were by instinct, to embrace him. Sweet it is, said I, to meet with people who surprize us at the first slight glance, and finish by attracting our esteem, before a quarter of an hour is passed. He answered me no other way than by an ardent grasp of my hand, while I was speaking. Dear sir, began the old man upon this, you are pleased, I perceive, with our evening's entertainment? I am glad you have conceived so suddenly a friendship for my dear Valentine, for which you shall repose you in my bed. No, father, interrupted George, who came running from the barn, I have been littering me some straw; and the gentleman shall lie in *my* bed, if he pleases. I was forced to promise that I would yield to this last offer. George, upon this, held out his hand; the old man rested on his shoulder, and went in, after wishing me a good night: and now I found myself alone with Valentine, and the young woman, who, he told me, was his spouse. I asked them, if, for my sake, they would not pass fifteen minutes more, in conversation with me, where they then were, as it was moon-light? Willingly, said Louisa, who was not a little vain of
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the attention that I had paid her husband. Yes, quite willingly, replied Valentine, who saw how much his wife desired it.

I sat down between them, with a linden tree behind me; through whose foliage, the moon darted all her brightness.

My dear friends, said I, taking the woman by the hand, pray let me know how long you have enjoyed your present happiness? These six months, answered she; and now it is upwards of a twelvemonth that Valentine is happily returned among us from his travels. You have travelled then? said I, with some surprise, excited by this intimation. Yes, sir, answered Valentine: I have visited a part of Europe.—Every thing that I see about you, interrupted I, and every thing that I hear you say, excites a deal of wonder in me! if you have no secret motive for concealing the transactions of your life, do not refuse me, I beseech you, the pleasure of hearing them. Certainly you will not, answered Louisa, with great simplicity. The gentleman seems a very civil kind of a person. Besides, I take much pleasure myself in listening to them.

He consented, with a smile, to our request and the following narrative is delivered in his own words, as far as my remembrance has preserved them.

As I have mentioned, I was born, sir, in this cottage, towards the end of the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty-four; being at present, three-and-twenty years of age. I had the misfortune to lose my mother, when an infant, being hardly weaned. My father was in easy, though not in affluent circumstances, but a law-suit into which he was forced, by one who is at present no more, but was then a very wealthy farmer, ruined him entirely; and he died of grief, when he was torn from his paternal cottage, and beheld it sold for the advantage of the lawyers. The old man whom you saw just now, and who is become my father, bought and came to settle in it. He was struck with pity, seeing me an orphan at my early time of life, and, though I was so little, told me that I should be his shepherd. I was treated very kindly by him; and his children looked upon me as their brother. Notwithstanding which, the loss of my poor father, the unkindness of my other kindred
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who forsook me, with the thought of being nothing but a stranger in the cottage where I first had my existence, and the lonely life that I led upon the mountain, all united to afflict me, and my accustomed gaiety was changed to melancholy. I consumed whole days in weeping, while my flocks were grazing round me on the plain.

(Here Louisa withdrew her hand, which I held in mine, to wipe away a falling tear, and then returned it me.)

One evening I was sitting on the summit of the mountain, and amusing my afflicted thoughts by singing, to myself, the very ballad that you have just now heard. Towards the conclusion, I observed a man among the trees. I noticed that he was dressed in brown: his countenance was very pale; he seemed quite melancholy; and he waited till my song was finished. He then came close to me, and enquired how far he might be from the public road? Oh very far, dear sir, said I; above five miles. Can you conduct me thither? I would do so gladly, but that I cannot quit my flock.—perhaps your parents may accommodate me with a lodging for the night?—Ah, sir! my parents are a great way off:—Where, then?—They lived like honest people upon earth, and they are happy now in heaven.

The tone of my voice, as he informed me afterwards, affected this good man, and my reply, he said, could not but touch him. He put several questions to me, and my answers pleased him. Night by this time being come, I brought him to our cottage; and my master entertained him hospitably. On the morrow, they had some discourse together with regard to me, and when I was prepared to reassume my daily charge, they told me that George would take it in future, as the stranger meant to have me with him. It would be useless were I to tell you what was my affliction at the thought of quitting this dear cottage, though not mine, and parting from my Louisa, whom I loved even then, though she was quite a child. My situation was not any way a happy one; and yet I could not quit it without shedding tears. I could not possibly foresee that my future destination was to be decided by the present moment. Yes, to thee benefi-

cent protector of my youth, I am a debtor for my present happiness! Thou knowest, generous man, how ardently I prayed to God for thy prosperity while thou wert living, and with what exhaustless gratitude I bless even still thy ashes! He was called *Lafont*, and had the place of organist in no great parish. You would judge imperfectly of his abilities, if you adverted to the nature and obscurity of his employment. Many travellers turned out of their road to hear his music; but their praises only made him the more modest. I much doubt, if in the course of your acquaintance, you have ever met with such a genius. He received from the affection of his father, who, when living, was a very great physician, such an education as would certainly have made *him* eminent as a physician likewise; but he rather chose to yield himself entirely to the ardent passion that he had long before conceived for music. He had married the daughter of the organist, whom he succeeded, but was childless. His dear wife, whom he had lost for several years, still lived within his heart. Her image, and his books, were now his only society in that deep melancholy which had seized upon his mind; but still, while he avoided men, he did not hate them. On the contrary, he did much good in secret. He was forty years of age when I came to him. He instructed me at first to read and write, and afterwards took pleasure in the cultivation of my voice, and teaching me to play the lute, which was his favourite instrument. He did not stop at musical instruction, he provided me selections from the works of our greatest poets. He formed at once my heart, my understanding, and my taste. Thus he acted, for five years, the part of an assiduous master, without any expectation of reward for all his pains and labour, but from him, who best knows how to recompence the services that we do to our fellow-creatures.

In the midst of all these occupations, I had never banished from my mind the recollection of my cottage, or the countenance of Louisa, the partner of my childish pastimes. I was often speaking of them to my patron, and accordingly one day—I never shall forget it, the first of June, four years ago—he rose betimes, and going, as his custom was, to take a morning's walk, bade me fol-

low.

low him. We talked of many matters while we went along, as chance presented subjects for our conversation; till at last he brought me to the very mountain where I saw him at first. Dear Valentine, said he, I have fulfilled the duty which Providence, I thought, imposed upon me, when first I saw you. I am sensible how much you sigh when you reflect upon the habitation whence I took you; and have had no other view in undertaking to protect and educate you, than at last to put you in a way of getting possession of it once again. I now shew it you; look at it: but take notice, I forbid, on pain of my displeasure, your returning thither, till such time as you have wherewithal to purchase it. I give you my own lute: I have instructed you to play upon it. Travel: you are not without a charming voice. Wherever you are heard, having no other pretensions than to the name of an itinerant musician, you will be the first of artists in your way. The novelty of the thing will never fail to bring you auditors and money: only be discreet and frugal; and when rich enough, return into your own country, and buy out your father's cottage.

My heart beat high at this discourse, and grew enlarged with hope and joy. He held me to his bosom, shedding tears. They were the first that I ever yet had seen fall from him, and they made a singular impression on me. After this, we thought of coming back, and he conducted me in silence to his house.

Upon the morrow, at the break of day, I was to leave my benefactor: he bestowed on me, at parting, the instruction which he imagined I most needed, together with two louis d'ors. In four years time I travelled on foot through Italy, all France, and Germany, equipped like what I was, a peasant of the mountains, with my hair as you may see at present, floating in large curls upon my shoulders. I took notice that the singularity of such a dress increased the effect proceeding from my music, and particularly in the capitals. Few noblemen, I suppose, ever travelled more agreeably than I did. Every where I found a good reception, and not only from the middling sort of people, but the most polite. The quality in cities made up concerts, for no other purpose than to hear me; and in villages, I verily believe, they married for the mirth of dancing to the music of my instrument. In many places

places I had advantageous offers made me to take up my residence among them. They seduced me sometimes, I acknowledge, for an instant; but as soon as I reflected again on my cottage, every thought of fortune vanished; nor of all my projects left one trace remaining. I remember still what sweet sensations seized me every time when I went over a mountain in the course of my travels, or even came in sight thereof. I sought this hamlet on it, and imagined for a moment that I could see my cottage. With my mind continually full of such an idea, I endeavoured to express my notions, and these couplets were my composition.

Sweet little cottage of my fire,
Where when a child I play'd;
To thee my longing sighs aspire,
From distant realms convey'd.

Each object lives within my mind,
Which there the eye runs o'er;
The hamlet and the hill behind,
The linden tree before.

Vast palaces, and domes renown'd,
I with indiff'rence see;
My utmost wishes would be crown'd,
Sweet rural cot, in thee.

When thy dear name I've heard or read,
Whence sprung my joy,—unless
That Heav'n beneath thy peaceful shed
Hath fixt my happiness?

My wand'rings o'er, I'd smile at care
In thee, sweet rural cot!
Louisa too, I trust, would share
My calm and humble lot.

Then come my Lute, thy happiest strain
With willing strings pursue;
My bliss, if ev'ry wish I gain,
To thee, sweet Lute, is due.

Valentine

Valentine sung these couplets with such sweetness and expression, as revived in my mind the fabulous ideas of Apollo; and methought I heard that exiled deity on earth, and in the vales of Thessaly, pouring forth his wishes to return to Olympus. I desired to speak, to cry out; but found my tongue without motion. Valentine could not but conceive the meaning of my silence, and went on as follows:

I am now about to tell you by what means I came again into possession of this precious cottage.

Towards December last, when I had taken up my dwelling for a season at Turin, and had been twice from one extremity of Italy to the other, I examined the state of my purse, and conceived myself then rich enough to pay a visit to my native mountain. I immediately set out, and after several forced journeys, came in ten days time to the city where my benefactor had resided. With what anxious expectation did I enter it! and as I went along, ask every one that I met, what tidings he could give me of him? But, alas! I was not to enjoy the pleasure of expressing what I owed him; nor to behold him, happy in the consequences of the friendship that he had shewn me. He had been dead two months. I went to pour out my tears on his tomb, and made a vow to heaven that I would call my first child by his name, if I ever should be so happy as to prove a father. On the evening of that day I gained this hamlet. Every one, I found, spoke favourably of me, without knowing at first who I was. My lute, and the remembrance of our friendship, soon obtained me Louisa's affection. I received her from her father. I bought back, with his consent, the cottage, and the field belonging to it, for two hundred crowns, with which his eldest son procured a farm below us, in the village, and has been now some time settled in it. With respect to himself, he acquiesced to pass the remnant of his days, with George his youngest son, in our cottage. It is from him that I learn the art of husbandry; for now that I am once more in possession of my little patrimony, the amount of my ambition is, to be, as was my father, a good husband, a kind parent, and a virtuous peasant. I have not, as you may see, forgot my lute, the precious instrument which made my fortune; but still keep it at my side,

and

and often take it up for my own recreation, or to please my family and neighbours.

He stopped short at this ; but still, I thought, I heard him speaking. My attention, captivated by his narrative, was turned insensibly upon his person, after he had finished. His ingenuous animated countenance, the contrast of his dress and conversation, his attachment to a rustic habitation, and the gratitude with which he cherished the remembrance of his benefactor ; his uncommon fortune, travels, and profession ; every thing, I thought, exhibited the youth, in some sort, as a being of enchantment, and superior to the ordinary race of men. Louisa first roused me from my contemplation, by her motion in the act of leaning forward to embrace him. I complimented them on their happiness, and they returned my civility with the most ingenuous expressions of friendship. We went into the cottage, where I was charmed to behold such an appearance of order and cleanliness about me. After having made a plentiful, but light repast, upon such fruits as I was told the mountain yielded, George led me to a closet which was rather narrow, but the bed that filled it was both clean and wholesome. Of this bed, the little fellow told me, he disposed with pleasure in my favour. It was not long before I fell into a sound sleep, during which my thoughts were occupied upon the grand objects that I had been contemplating in the evening, and the agreeable sensations which had so recently impressed me. I did not, all the following day, once quit this happy family, when they were either busy at work or unemployed.

Valentine related to me many entertaining matters that occurred to him in travelling, and explained how he acquired that easiness of manners and politeness of expression that had charmed me at first, and which afterwards, as I discovered, notwithstanding his great youth, conciliated the respect and love of every aged individual through the hamlet. The acuteness of his understanding, the unstudied openness of Louisa, the old man's blunt good sense, the restless curiosity of George, made their conversation interesting, and diffused an undescribable variety through every part thereof, which both charmed me, and connected them much closer to each other. I think, I

could

could have passed my life away quite happy with them. But why, said I to myself, why brood on such a contemplation? I was to leave them that very night. I confess, I felt a pang of sadness to reflect upon our separation, and imagined, by their looks, that it would occasion them some sorrow likewise. If my fortune should in future permit me to dispose of the remainder of my life with more liberty, I then intended, and do still, to make a yearly visit to this mountain, for the purpose of seeing my friends again, and filling my whole heart with those sensations of contentedness and peace which their society and habitation cannot but inspire.

INTERESTED KINDNESS.

Matthias, Simon.

Matthias. **G**OOD morning, neighbour Simon! I have half a dozen miles to go, and should be glad if you would lend me Ball.

Simon. I should be quite rejoiced, friend Matthias, to oblige you; but I must set off myself immediately to fetch three sacks of meal home from the mill. My wife wants some this very morning.

Matthias. Then she must want it still; for the mill, I can inform you, does not go to-day. I heard the miller tell Tom Groves that the water was too low.

Simon. You don't say so? That is quite unlucky; for in such case I must gallop up to London for the meal. My wife would make a fine noise, should I neglect it.

Matthias. I can spare you the journey. I have several sacks of meal at home, of which I will lend your wife as much as she can want.

Simon. Ah! master Matthias, I am sure, your meal will never suit my wife. You cannot conceive how whimsical she is!

Matthias. If she were ten times more so, I am certain, she will like it, as you sold it me yourself; the best, you assured me, that ever you had.

Simon.

Simon. Yes, yes, that is true indeed; I always have the best of every thing. You know, my good friend Matthias, no one is more ready to oblige than I am; but the mare refused this morning to eat straw; and truly I am afraid she would not be able to carry you.

Matthias. Oh, never fear! she shall not want for oats upon the road.

Simon. Oats, neighbour! Oats are very dear!

Matthias. They are so; but no matter. Having a good job in view, one never stands for trifles.

Simon. It will certainly be foggy, and the road is pretty slippery. If you should fall and break your neck——

Matthias. What fear is there of that? The mare is certainly sure-footed; and besides, you talked yourself of galloping to London.

Simon. Well then, to speak the truth, my saddle is all in pieces, and I have sent my bridle likewise to be mended.

Matthias. Luckily, I have both a bridle and a saddle hanging up at home.

Simon. Ah, like enough! But I am sure, your saddle will not fit my mare.

Matthias. Why, then, I will borrow Goodman Clodpole's.

Simon. Clodpole's! His will no more fit than yours does.

Matthias. At the worst then, there is our 'squire. His stable-boy is a friend of mine, and he can lend me one to fit her, or the deuce is in it, out of twenty that his master has, at the least.

Simon. You know, friend Matthias, no one is more willing to oblige his neighbours than myself. Believe me, you should have the beast with all my heart, but she has not been curried, I believe, these three weeks past. Her mane is quite out of order; and if any one should see her in this trim, she would not fetch two guineas, should I wish to sell her, as perhaps I may.

Matthias. Oh! a horse is very quickly curried; and my plowboy shall dispatch her in a quarter of an hour.

Simon. Yes, very likely; but I have thought a little, and now I recollect, the creature must be shod.

Matthias. Well, is not there a smith here, hard by?

Simon. Oh, yes! such a bungler for my mare! I would not trust him with my ass; and none but Spavin, the king's farrier in the Mews, at London, will suit me.

Matthias. As luck will have it, when I get to London, I shall go quite near the Mews.

Simon, (seeing Francis, his man, calls out) Frank! Frank!

Francis, (approaching.) What want you, master?

Simon. Look; here is neighbour Matthias, and he wants the loan of Ball. You know, the skin last Monday was rubbed off her back a hand's breadth, if not more. *(He tips Frank the wink.)* So go and see if she is well. *(Frank lets his master see that he understands him, and goes out.)* I think, she must be cured by this. Oh, yes! so shake hands, my good friend! I am glad I shall be able to oblige you. We must help each other in this life. Had I flatly refused to let you have the mare, you would perhaps in your turn have refused me something or another. Yes, that is plain. The worst that can be said of Simon is, that his acquaintance always find him ready when they want assistance. *(Francis now reenters.)* Well, how fares it with poor Ball?

Francis. How fares it with her, master? Bad enough indeed! About a hand's breadth, did you say? You meant about the breadth of both my shoulders. The poor creature cannot stir a step! And then too, I have promised her to Gossip Blaze, to carry her to market.

Simon. Do you hear that, neighbour? I am sorry that matters turn out thus. I would not for the world have disobligeed you, but must not refuse the mare to goody. Trust me, I am very sorry, for your sake, dear Matthias.

Matthias. And I as much for yours, dear Simon; for, to tell the truth, I had a note this morning from Lord Hazard's steward, and he tells me, that if I can but get to London time enough this very day, he will let me have the first refusal of a deal of timber that my lord is minded to cut down. It will be upwards of a hundred guineas profit to me, out of which I meant to let you have from fifteen up to twenty, as I intended that you should fell the trees. But——

Simon. What, from fifteen up to twenty guineas, did you say?

Matthias.

Matthias. Ay, truly, did I; and perhaps it might have been a great deal more. But, since your mare is out of order, I will go see if I can get old Roan, the blacksmith's horse.

Simon. Old Roan! My mare is at your service. Here, Frank! Frank! tell Gossip Blaze that she cannot have Ball to-day, as neighbour Matthias wants her; and surely I will not refuse my best friend any thing.

Matthias. But what are you to do for meal?

Simon. My wife can go without it for a fortnight.

Matthias. And then your saddle, that is all in pieces?

Simon. I was speaking of the old one: I have got another since, and you shall have the first use of it.

Matthias. So then, you would have me leave the mare at Spavin's, to be shod?

Simon. No, no: I had forgot, our neighbour shod her here last week, by way of trial; and, to do him justice, I must own he shoes extremely well.

Matthias. But if the creature has lost so much skin from off her back, as Francis says——

Simon. Oh! I know him. He delights to make things worse a great deal than they are; and I would lay any wager, it is not bigger than my little finger.

Matthias. Well then, let him curry her a little, as these three weeks past, you know——

Simon. These three weeks past! I would not have him fail to curry her a single day.

Matthias. At least, however, let him give her something that she will eat, since she refuses straw.

Simon. She did, indeed, this morning; but the reason was, that she had had a belly-full of hay. Don't be afraid of any thing! She will skim along like any bird: the road is very dry, and we shall have no fog. I wish you a good journey, and a profitable job! Come, come this moment, and I will hold the stirrup for you.

T H E S L O V E N.

U R B A N passed, and very justly, for an excellent boy. He was extremely gentle, always ready to oblige his little friends, and never once displeased his parents or instructors.

He had one great fault, however; he would lose his books, with other matters, and pay no attention to his clothes, which were in common very dirty. In one word, he was a sloven.

He had often been admonished of, and punished for, his negligence. This punishment and admonition grieved him, both on his own account, and as he knew that his friends were sorry to proceed thus harshly with him. He had many times resolved upon amendment; but the habit was so strong, that, notwithstanding every resolution, he had always the same slovenly appearance.

His papa some time ago had promised him and his three brothers, on the first fine day, to take them out upon the water. Such a day as he could wish, now came: there hardly was a capfull of wind, and he remarked the water very smooth. He therefore called the children, told them his design, and as he lived quite close beside the river, went himself into the garden and picked out the neatest boat then plying.

How rejoiced the little gentlemen appeared! and how alert to make their preparation for a day of pleasure which they had been so long expecting!

They were now all ready to set out when Mr. Weston came to take them. They jumped round about him in the transport of their joy; and Mr. Weston, on his side, was very happy to remark their satisfaction: but what was his wonder, when he saw Urban, to observe the unseemliness of his apparel.

Of his stockings, one was, as they say, about his heels; the other negligently gartered, if at all; in some sort made his leg look like a twisted column. Two great holes were in his breeches knees; his waistcoat was from top to bottom stained with grease or ink; and there was wanting half a collar to his coat.

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The father saw with sorrow, that it was impossible to take him in so slovenly a state ; as every one would have thought, with reason, that the father of so slovenly a child must be as negligent himself, to suffer such a fault. And seeing that Mr. Weston was a man of merit, and esteemed by those who knew him, he was far from wishing such addition to his character.

Urban had another coat, but that unhappily was at the taylor's to be repaired ; and it was not a trifle that would repair it, as it wanted one whole skirt, which had been torn quite off. The scowerer was to have it afterwards, and work a day, at least, in getting out the dirt and spots.

What was the consequence then, my dear little friends ? There is not one of you but may easily guess.

His brothers, who had proper clothes to put on, and whose general appearance did their father credit, were admitted into the boat. The body of it was painted blue, as were the oars. The gunnel and the edges of the oars were of a deep vermillion. In the boat there was a linen awning, that is roof, supported at the corners, to preserve the company beneath it from the sun : the watermen had nice white linen shirts on ; three musicians had their station in the stern ; they were provided with a haut-boy, clarionet and violin, and began to play a march in concert when the watermen first dipped their oars into the water, upon which a crowd who were assembled at the stairs replied thereto with joyous shoutings.

Poor Urban, who had pleased himself a long time with the thoughts of such an airing, was obliged to stay at home. It is true, he had the pleasure from a window of observing his papa and brothers go into the boat, and of following it as far upon the river as his eye would let him, while a gentle breeze swelled out the sails, and made it seem to skim along upon the surface of the water : and it is true, his brothers, after their return, related all the pleasures that they had tasted in their day's excursion ; and of which the recollection made them still jump for joy.

Another day, as he was playing in a meadow, with a little friend of his, he chanced to lose a buckle ; but instead of seeking diligently for it, he begged his comrade for a little while to lend him his, because, in walking to

and fro, the straps, which he trod on now and then, had already more than once been like to trip him up.

His little friend consented; and Urban, being quite intent on something, and extremely anxious to renew his motion, fastened it so negligently that in less than twenty minutes time he lost that also.

They were both exceedingly embarrassed when the time was come for their returning home. Night overtook them, and the grass was so high that a lamb might easily have hid himself entirely in it. How then could they find, at dusk, a thing so little? They came home clumpty clump, each leaning on the other, and quite sad; particularly Urban, who, possessing real sensibility, was grieved in having thus exposed his bosom friend and playmate to the anger of his parents.

On the morrow he appeared before the family, when they were assembled together, with a single buckle for two shoes. Sad sight for Mr. Weston! who perceived by that how much his exhortations were still thrown away.

As oft as Monday came about, he was accustomed to supply Urban and his brothers with a regular allowance, that they might not be without the means of satisfying what are usually the wants of children, but particularly any impulse to be generous. Urban's brothers had constantly the pleasure of receiving this allowance; while he, poor fellow, hardly ever had any of it, on account of stoppages for buttons, handkerchiefs, and other things that he lost.

A silver buckle costs some money; but this was not the whole. He had lost his companion's, and was therefore obliged to pay for that likewise. How was he to do it? His allowance would not have enabled him to clear this debt in three months time.

His father luckily had taught him, even in his earliest infancy, to use a pen; and, to employ the common phrase, he wrote already an exceedingly fine hand.

This, therefore, was the only-occupation by which he could earn a little money; and, to his praise I must acknowledge, he consented with a deal of willingness to an arrangement made on this occasion.

His companion's father was an eminent attorney, and employed above a dozen clerks to copy papers for him. Mr. Weston therefore offered him Urban's services in this way,

way, 'till such time as he had earned enough to pay him for the buckle; and requested that the attorney would consent to such a way of settling matters, as it was very probable Urban might be greatly benefited by it.

The attorney freely acquiesced, and down Urban sat to work in copying law proceedings, which at best were very tedious, and in general scrawled over so that he could hardly read them, whilst his brothers went a walking in the fields, or entertained themselves by playing with each other in the garden.

Oh, how many sighs did his inattention cost him! and how much pleasure did it occasion him to lose in a very few days!

He had time for making many salutary comments on his conduct; and resolving, for the time to come, upon a change. In short, he kept his resolution; so that were I now to point him out, dear little friends, to any of you, —when you noticed the cleanliness of his person, and the neatness of his general appearance, you would find it difficult to think that he could be the same little boy whose history I have just now written for your instruction as well as amusement.

THE FLOWER THAT NEVER FADES.

Araminta, Emily.

Araminta. **G**OOD morrow, dear Emily; I consider it extremely kind that you are come to see me.

Emily. My mama has just now given me leave to pass the evening with you.

Araminta. Has she? I am very glad of it. It is such fine weather! It appears to me as if our friends were much more welcome when all nature smiles about us.

Emily. So I think too. Give me your hand and let us walk. How sweetly we shall pass the time in talking with each other!

Araminta. Yes; and running after one another! Shall we fix upon the grove for our diversions?

Emily. Oh, with all my heart! A special thought! as we shall not be interrupted there.

Araminta. I shall request you only to permit my sitting down a little, so that I may give about a dozen stitches to this apron that I have brought with me.

Emily. Do: and more than that, I will help you.

Araminta. Not for all the world, Emily; though I thank you: but the truth is, that I would not have a single stitch in what I am now making but my own.

Emily. I judge, then, you design to make a present of it?

Araminta. Right.

Emily. And are you in a hurry to complete it?

Araminta. I would not for a deal but that it should be finished by the 4th of this month, which is Miss Le Fèvre's birth-day.

Emily. Miss Le Fèvre, say you? I do not recollect, at present, any one of that name among our acquaintances.

Araminta. The reason is, she is mine particularly; one who is so good to me, she seems to have no opportunity, or rather time, for being good to others. Oh an excellent and tender friend! to whom I am indebted very possibly for all my happiness.

Emily. And how so, pray, dear Araminta? I long to know her.

Araminta. Well, what think you of my governess?

Emily. Oh, she! you know you call her generally Mademoiselle.

Araminta. Yes, Mademoiselle, or Miss Le Fèvre. Now, pray have you not remarked—I do not mean when I came from France, but nearly ten months since, a wonderful change in my behaviour?

Emily. To confess the truth, I have; and think you hardly the same person that you were formerly. What can have caused so great an alteration? Till you quitted England, ay, and since you came from France, I must acknowledge you were proud and huffish. You offended every body without scruple, and the least familiarity from others was considered as an insult by you; but at present your behaviour is engaging. You have that complacency and affability which cannot but win people's hearts. I freely tell you, I myself even love you ten times more at present than I did. You took such airs upon you before

as disgusted me. I was a hundred times disposed to break off all connection with you ; whereas now, I find a real pleasure in your company and conversation. And what pleases me still more than all is, that you seem yourself much happier than before.

Araminta. And so I am, dear friend. I was an object to be pitied at the time that you mention. I occasioned all our family, and every one that wished me well, a deal of trouble. Miss Le Fèvre, in particular, was grieved to think of my behaviour, as she loved me tenderly ; and yet, while I was grieving her, I knew that she faithfully fulfilled the promise which she made to my dear mama, upon her dying-bed, of loving me with all the affection of a mother.

Emily. Every body must confess, you could not possibly have fallen into better hands ; and the advantage of your trip to France would have been really considerable had it only been the means of introducing such a person to you. I am told, there are few families but would wish to have her for their children.

Araminta. You are yet to know how much I owe her ; therefore I design to tell you. It is the story of a morning that will live for ever in my recollection : it was the morning of the 4th of this very month, and as I knew before, her birth-day. I was awake betimes. She must be still asleep, said I ; for then we did not lie together, no not even in the same apartment. I will surprise her, if I can, before she rises ; so I dressed myself as nicely as I could, then took the basket which a charming little lady, you know who, (*she squeezes Emily by the hand*) had given me as a present, and ran down into the garden to get flowers, that I might scatter them on Miss Le Fèvre's bed, as is the custom upon birth-days in her country. I stole secretly along the hedge, and, unperceived by any one, had gathered three fresh roses. I now looked about for honeysuckles, jessamin, and myrtle : I bethought myself that they grew below the arbour at the bottom of the garden. I was running thither ; but in passing by the arbour I saw Miss Le Fèvre on her knees within it, and both hands before her face ; I turned to shun her, but it was all in vain ; she heard my steps, on which she raised her head, perceived me, and called out that I should come that moment to her.

She had not as yet had time enough to wipe her eyes : I saw that she had been crying ; but her tears were not like those which I had so often seen her shed at the recital of some just or generous action. Noting her reception of me, which was friendly and affectionate, I could not but observe that she had a countenance of sorrow.

With one hand she instantly took hold of mine, and passed the other round my middle. We walked up and down the terrace twice in this position, and were silent ; for, as Mademoiselle forbore to say a word, I durst not move my lips, so much was I affected by it !

But at length she pressed me still more closely to her bosom, and beholding me with tenderness, and likewise glancing at my basket with the roses in it, I observe, said she, dear Araminta, you have lost no time to think upon my birth-day. This-affectionate attention to me would certainly make me forget the melancholy thoughts which oppress my mind upon your account, but that your happiness occasioned them. Yes, dearest Araminta, attribute only to my friendship what I am now about to mention. I am anxious to discharge my bosom of its load, that I may welcome afterward those more delightful thoughts which I owe you for the present, that, I observe, you were preparing for me.

I was dumb, and in a tremble, while she thus addressed me : it was as if my conscience had addressed me by her lips.

You, Araminta, continued she, who have received from nature such a disposition, and have had that disposition so well cultivated by the example and instructions of your good mama, will you pervert it by a fault which of itself alone must put out every virtue ? I will not mention it by name ; and now particularly, after what I have already told you. It might make you perhaps look with too much horror on yourself ; and I have no desire to mortify my lovely child. It is sufficient that your heart acknowledges this fault : and I persuade myself, I know you well enough to be assured that your utmost efforts will, in future, be excited to destroy it.

Let us not go too far back ; but only think of your behaviour yesterday.

Do you remember the decisive tone of voice with which you spoke when at breakfast, to display how much you knew of history? You cited, I must own, events sufficiently instructive to have made the company attend to what you said, but that they saw you resolved, if I may say so, to excite their admiration. You appeared so marvellously well contented with yourself, that they were really afraid of praising you, which would have unavoidably inflamed or aggravated your self-love. Remember likewise, with how much attention they gave ear to little Arabella, and were really enchanted with the grace of her recital, and the modesty with which she blushed at being thought so well informed. I saw you, my dear, turn pale with spite and envy. Tears of rage were in your eyes, and it was in vain that you strove to hide them, while the company were inwardly rejoiced to see you so compleatly humbled.

In the afternoon, when with an air of triumph in your eyes you came to shew your writing, and it passed without receiving any of those praises that you expected—with what visible vexation did you receive it back when every one had seen it!

And at night, when you accompanied Miss Arabella on the harpsichord, the bad time that you kept, perhaps on purpose, put her out; and when she asked you in a whisper to play better, what a hideous look did you then put on, instead of doing as she bade you?

Ah! for heaven's sake, interrupted I, and at the same time burst out a crying: Do not go on, for you must know, Emily, her discourse had pierced me to the heart.

It was vanity, said I to Mademoiselle: that vice which you durst not mention by its name. I never saw its frightfulness so much, believe me, as at present.

I could say no more; but she was able to discern my thoughts. Her arm in agitation pressed me once more to her bosom with a tenderness that I am unable to describe. I felt her tears fall plenteously upon my cheeks, while with her eyes she looked in silence up to heaven.

The eloquence of this mute prayer compleatly overwhelmed me. We were come, without perceiving it, to the foot of this large tree. We stopped close by this green bank, and I fell down upon it half swooning as it

were. She instantly afforded me the tenderest succour, and restored me to new life by her affectionate caresses.

Being just upon the point of going in, I said, renewing my embraces, dry your tears up, my good friend; they are the last that you shall have cause to shed on my account.

On her part, she embraced me still more tenderly, and answered, saying, You could never have rejoiced me so compleatly on my birth-day as by this noble resolution. It is the fittest nosegay for us both, the nosegay that I hope will never lose its beauty.

By degrees we both became more tranquil. She remarked the fineness of the morning; and my heart, now eased of an intolerable load, was in a proper disposition to enjoy the beauty of the day which came on very fine.

I grew sensible how sweet it is to have the experience of this calm within one's self. I begged her to instruct me by what means I might keep up so pleasing a serenity. Two hours thus passed away between us in a conversation full of friendship and affectionate instruction.

My papa, without informing me of his intention, had prepared a little banquet; we were present at it, and gave signs with how much joy our bosoms overflowed. Since then, dear friend, I have begun to put away that odious vice which made me insupportable to others and myself. I leave you then to think, if I can possibly omit, on the return of such a day, to testify my gratitude for such a worthy friend, who was the means of making it the era of my happiness.

Emily. My dearest Araminta, since we have still a little time, I will also prepare your friend a nosegay as a sign of gratitude for having heightened my enjoyment in continuing still to love you.

Araminta. Come then: now I have done; and will assist you.

THE MILITARY ACADEMY.

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

C H A R A C T E R S.

The MASTER.

An ASSISTANT.

EUGENIUS, *the master's son*:

EDWARD,

RODERICK,

THEODORE,

} *Scholars.**The SCENE is in the Master's Study.*

S C E N E I.

*The Master, the Assistant.**(The Master sits writing before his desk.)**The Assistant, (knocking at the door, and half opening it.)***W**ILL you permit me, sir, to interrupt you for a moment?*The Master.* Come in, sir, without asking leave: you know, whatever time I have belongs of justice to the duties of my place.*The Assistant.* I wish to tell you of a circumstance not very common, that has happened in the school within these few days past.*The Master.* What is it? you alarm me!*The Assistant.* Oh! there is no occasion, sir, for that: what I have to say is rather affecting than alarming. What are your ideas then of our last pupil, Edward Barton?*The Master.* For these ten days past, that he has been among us, you are sensible, I have not had an opportunity of even speaking to him. This, however, I can say in his behalf, that when his parents brought him, I remarked something in his countenance that pleased me mightily. Do any of the Assistants take offence at his behaviour?

The Assistant. The reverse. They give him all possible praise for his diligence; and the greatness of his understanding also charms them. He is come among us with more knowledge than our own scholars of three years standing generally have; in short, his school-mates only and myself have reason to be discontented with him.

The Master. How, Sir! have you reason to be discontented with him? I am sorry for it.

The Assistant. I am so indeed; but much less on my own account than on his. I do not know what it means, but there must be some deep anxiety upon his mind. I have had recourse to many methods for discovering it, but have been always baffled.

The Master. What is his behaviour?

The Assistant. In the first place, sir, he is very studious when in school, and nothing can divert him from the business of it: but in play-time he is silent and reserved among the scholars. I have given him two, who are allowed to be the sprightliest, as companions, and enjoined them to do every thing in their power to please him. He is sensible indeed to their endeavours, and acknowledges their kindness; but when all is done, their fire is utterly incapable of warming him, and he appears between them just like so much ice. *Yes, gentlemen; no, gentlemen;* and such like monosyllables, are all his answers to their questions.

The Master. He is sad, no doubt, at being separated from his parents?

The Assistant. Yes, it is very natural to think so; yet his sadness has continued now ten days; and can we think a child of only twelve years of age really susceptible of an impression for that length of time?

The Master. Not often: but a child of so much elevation as I thought his countenance indicated!

The Assistant. Pardon, sir, my contradicting you; for if that age is very lively, it is variable also, and since I have been a tutor here, I have noticed that all those who have been most afflicted at the thought of being separated from their parents, have, and very shortly, been induced by their companions to forget that separation. Now whatever Edward's notions may be on this head, what will you think when I have told you every thing?

The

The Master. You raise my curiosity. Proceed, I look to be informed of nothing on the subject of this Edward but what is great and singular!

The Assistant. Would you believe it then, sir, he refuses every thing at meal time, but a little bread and water. It is not possible that any criminal should be condemned to coarser fare than what he voluntarily chuses!

The Master. You do not tell me so? He should have lived at Sparta.

The Assistant. True, sir; but with us, where singularity must not be suffered, and the little soldier is to be submissive to general subordination, there is room to fear some danger to the rest in his example. Twenty times would I have made him eat the victuals set before him; but to all my instances, he has no otherwise made answer, than by turning towards me, and in tears,—I weep myself to think of his affecting way.

The Master. I too am not unmoved. This disobedience is, however, blameable, and must not be unpunished. If he should persist therein, whatever causes it, he cannot possibly stay here. The intention of a military school is nothing less than that the scholars should be absolutely subject to the will of their instructors.

The Assistant. His dismissal was indeed the circumstance that I feared; and therefore did I put off speaking of his disobedience to you. I was every day in hope that his resolution would be conquered; but it still continues.

The Master. Is it possible, that at his tender age he should be so far master of himself, as to conceal his thoughts from one so exercised as you are in examining the dispositions of young people?

The Assistant. He is what you called him just now, a true Spartan. His behaviour, though not tinged with a grain of pride, is perfectly seducing. Such is, I may say, his manner of concealing what afflicts him, that one cannot but be really astonished at his silence, and yet not harsh enough to think him obstinate.

The Master. I will sound him then myself. The light in which you place his portrait, adds considerably to the fair opinion that I formed on my first seeing him. If I can possibly prevail upon him to reveal the cause of his affliction,

affliction, I persuade myself, I shall be fully compensated for my trouble in obtaining it.

The Assistant. On my part, threats, entreaties, and persuasion, have been all employed without effect. Of course then, I must fear, your efforts will be no less unsuccessful, though I wish the contrary, and should be even happy if it proved so.

The Master. In the first place, I mean to question those whom you said you had enjoined to keep him company.—Who are they?

The Assistant. Theodore and Roderick: but your son Eugenius, sir, will give you better information.

The Master. How! has Edward interested *him* then?

The Assistant. He thinks more, I verily believe, of Edward, than himself. I have observed him studying his actions silently.—Then he has never uttered a syllable to you about him?

The Master. No: but I am as well pleased with his reserve as his attention. It proclaims a secret sympathy between him and the youth who has attracted him. You will oblige me by conducting them all three together here this instant.

The Assistant. I would rather send them; as who knows, sir, but they will think my presence a restraint. They will be free, if I am absent.

The Master. Right: so let them come alone; and send me Edward likewise, when you find that they have left me; or, on second thoughts, let him sit down and wait my coming in the parlour. I will be with him shortly.

S C E N E II.

The Master, (alone.)

This affair is all a mystery to me! It is very natural that Edward should grieve at being separated from his parents. It is not possible but that a boy of such great hopes should be extremely dear to every one who knows him, and have had continual marks of their indulgence; but that nothing should have mitigated his affliction in the period of ten days, surrounded by so many of his age, and all no doubt desirous to amuse him; and still more, that he should wish for nothing in the world but bread
and

and water, is inexplicable! What the children have to eat is very good, and therefore could not from its quality disgust him. Besides, he was never used at home to better fare. His father, at his bringing him to school, informed me he was far from rich, and had a numerous family to maintain. The more I think of his behaviour, still the more I think it wonderful! (*He walks about a little while in thought.*)

S C E N E III.

The Master, Eugenius, Roderick, Theodore.

Eugenius. We come, papa, according to your order. The assistant told us that we were wanted; Theodore and Roderick, and myself.

The Master. Yes, Eugenius. I desire to have a little conversation with these two young gentlemen and you.

Roderick and Theodore. It is doing us a deal of honour.

Eugenius. Yes, and pleasure too; at least *I* think so.

The Master, (to Theodore and Roderick.) I am told, you are not quite contented with your new companion's conduct?

Roderick. To confess the truth, sir, he is indeed a little of the dullest; this same master—What is his name?

Theodore. He has spoke so little to us, we do not recollect what name he goes by.

Eugenius. Edward Barton. For his name, I do not think much of that, in preference to any other; but his person, that is another thing, and I am happy to be acquainted with him.

Roderick. Edward?—a good name enough, if *Dummy* were but added. Master Edward Dummy!

Eugenius. O, papa! pray do not let Roderick ridicule poor Edward in this manner!

The Master. Master Roderick, who has authorized you to distribute epithets among your school-mates thus?

Roderick. Because he does not speak three words in half an hour. Had he come to us from the moon, I should not wonder at it. He is so pale and mopish, he would not belie his country.

The Master. Should his paleness then, or mopishness, as you are pleased to call it, make you hate him?

Roderick. I am not his enemy ; far from it, sir ; but cannot be his friend, since he does nothing to divert us, after we have taken so much pains to make him speak.

Theodore. The night, sir, is surely long enough for silence. The day was made for amusement, laughing and talking.

Roderick. Must I be dull, because *he* takes so much delight in dulness ?

Eugenius. Poor young man ! You should not call it dulness ; it is uneasiness.

Roderick. And did we not do every thing in our power to make him chearful ? But the more we play our monkey tricks to make him fall a grinning, still the more his sober sadness gains upon him. We have done with him at last at our diversions ; but still find him when we come to dinner, where he makes such faces as are enough to make us hungry again.

The Master. Has he any sickening method, as some children have, of eating ?

Roderick. He must needs be very awkward, were his manners sickening ; since he eats bread only, and drinks nothing but clear water.

Theodore. He affects a puny stomach, merely to shew us what good things he had at home.

Eugenius. You very much mistake him, if you fancy that it is from pride. I watched him yesterday, when he had good roast beef put down before him, and could see, though he concealed his face, that his eyes were full of tears.

The Master. You don't say so, Eugenius ?

Roderick. Yes, indeed, he very often whimpers ; and if once Don Quixote should return again to life, they would fight to know which of them should be called *Knight of the Woeful Visage*.

The Master. Are you so unfeeling as to make a joke of his affliction ?

Roderick. He is enough to make us also of Don Quixote's order. It is quite dismal to see such a countenance at dinner : it deprives us of our stomachs. Look ye, commend me to Theodore : he would give you a good appetite to see him eat.

The Master. You would be glad then, I suppose, to rid yourselves of Edward at your table ?

Roderick.

* *Roderick.* Yes, sir, and with all our hearts, unless he would become a little merry.

Eugenius. Well then, let him sit, papa, at mine. I should be glad to have him by me, and will take care of him.

The Master. You are not afraid then of his sadness, like these gentlemen?

Eugenius. I am doubtless sorrowful to see him sad; but merely upon that account would shew him all the friendship in my power. He would not, perhaps, be so unhappy, did he know that we pity him.

The Master. Can neither of you guess the reason of his melancholy?

Theodore. To confess the truth, I never thought of asking him.

Roderick. Why wish to know things that are sure to make one sad?

The Master. And you, Eugenius, can you let me have no better information?

Eugenius. No, indeed, papa. I should have been rejoiced to know the secret, and to console him were it in my power. These three times have I begged him to reveal it; but durst go no further, when I saw he was resolved to keep it. Doubtless he does not think me yet sufficiently his friend to trust me with it. I must therefore merit his reliance on me by my services.

The Master. But why, Eugenius, tell me nothing of all this before?

Eugenius. Because I thought that you would have forced him to conduct himself upon a footing with the rest, and have reprimanded him in case of his refusal. You have given me your permission to be always in the school; and I shall never be so mean as to betray my dear companions by telling tales. But if ever they do any thing that merits commendation, never fear but I will come and make you acquainted with it.

The Master, (embracing Eugenius.) I expected nothing less, my dear Eugenius, from your sensibility; and am quite charmed to find myself not disappointed. (*To Theodore and Roderick.*) I am sorry, gentlemen, that I cannot bestow the same eulogium on your conduct. I could certainly have wished that you had evinced a little affection, or at least some slight consideration, for poor Edward
in

in his sorrow. Go, return to your amusements: it were a pity to disturb you in them. If your turn of mind preserves you from some sort of sorrows, I am grievously afraid that it hinders you from relishing those exquisite delights which a generous heart experiences. (*Theodore and Roderick leave the room in manifest confusion.*)

S C E N E IV.

The Master, Eugenius.

The Master. It is you only that are worthy to enjoy those exquisite delights. How I rejoice to find you so compassionate towards others in their sorrow!

Eugenius. Who, papa, could possibly refrain from pitying the unhappy Edward? His dejection, and his paleness, every thing announces some uncommon cause of sorrow in his heart. So young! and yet so miserable! I avoided him at first, just like the rest, and thought him morose and savage. But when I afterwards noticed his consistency and perseverance, his condescension and politeness, I was gradually attracted by him, so as in the end to give him all my friendship; and, I think, I should conceive a great deal better of myself, could I but merit his.

The Master. You know, however, that he has behaved so as to incur the crime of disobedience?

Eugenius. Yes, at table.—I cannot possibly conceive the meaning of it; but, perhaps, he fancies that every soldier should live coarsely. After all, his singular abstemiousness is better than the gluttony of others; and the example that he holds out can injure no one. Pray then let him still continue what is so much to his liking, being, as he is, so punctual to his duty, and so diligent in school. He is the first of all his class in mathematics, geography, and drawing.

The Master. But a conduct which so openly infringes upon rule and order, cannot be excused in any circumstance, nor from any motive. I perceive, I shall be forced to send him home.

Eugenius. You do not mean so, papa? What! for so slight a fault, and one that perhaps merits praise rather than

than censure, will you send him off as if his principles were vicious? Let *me* go then with him likewise.

The Master. How, Eugenius? are you so attached to him then? For what reason?

Eugenius. I cannot tell you; yet, if you will but have a little conversation with him, you will perhaps discern the reason. How rejoiced I should be, were he but my brother! I should only have this to fear, that you would love him more than you do me at present.

The Master. I have sent for him, and mean to have some conversation with him here. I shall then discern if he is worthy of inspiring such a strong attachment, and sincerely hope that you have not misjudged in the affair. If so, I promise—but of that another time. I hear somebody knock. Step into the adjoining room, that if I call, you may come to us.

Eugenius. Yes, papa. (*Eugenius goes out. The Master rises to open the door.*)

S C E N E V.

Edward entering, bows respectfully to the Master, who sits down. Edward stands before him.

The Master. Well, master Barton, can you any way conjecture why I sent to fetch you?

Edward. Yes, sir, I am afraid I guess the reason.

The Master. Is it true, then, that you disdain the company and conversation of your school-mates, and disturb their pastimes by such whims and affectations as were never heard of in a person of your age?

Edward. I dare answer, sir, with all the deference and respect that I owe you, it was never my intention to do either.

The Master. You have been told, for instance, what rules the scholars are to observe, when at meals, and yet you choose to live on bread and water.

Edward. True, sir; I want nothing more.

The Master. The Assistant has endeavoured to convince you how improper such a singularity must be considered, and yet finds you fixed to persevere therein.

Edward. Yes, sir.

The

The Master. And think you such a perseverance commendable?

Edward. Not, sir, in your thoughts, I own.

The Master. It is then a matter of indifference to you, whether you do right or wrong in my opinion?

Edward. No, sir; for in that case, I should heed as little your reproaches as your praise. I know what obligation I am under to obey you, and have often blamed myself for not complying with your pleasure, in the regulations of this place; but still, have found it utterly impossible to do so. Heaven^s, notwithstanding, witness for me, that I am not quite so guilty, as appearances proclaim me.

The Master. I will readily allow, you are yourself persuaded of your innocence, and therefore think, that you have such reasons as will justify your disobedience.—Have you any thing to say then?

Edward. Nothing, sir.

The Master. But surely you must know, that disobedience is a bad example, even though you think that your motives will excuse you.

Edward. I have had the honour to acknowledge that myself.

The Master. That hitherto it has been tolerated from the hope of your amendment.

Edward. Never.

The Master. And in short, that by your obstinacy you have merited already the severest punishment.

Edward. I am ready to endure it.

The Master. But not ready to amend your conduct?

Edward. It is impossible.

The Master. I see then, and am sorry for it, that it will be impossible for me to keep you here a moment longer; as it would be contrary to all good, to suffer such an instance of rebellion in an Institution of this sort.

Edward. What will become of me at that rate? wretched as I am! O sir! must I then be at last a burthen to my parents, and an object of contempt for others? Have I merited this sentence?

The Master. Have you merited this sentence? When you will not place the least degree of confidence in me, do you ask that question? Would you hide a secret from
your

your father? I am here to be a father to you, and you will not shew yourself a son to me!

Edward. If such, sir, be your condescension, I will give you the possession of my heart. I could stand patiently and hear your threats, but cannot be unaffected by your friendship: yes, sir, I will lay out my whole heart before you, and make known the affliction that oppresses me.

The Master. You are willing then to think yourself my son!

Edward, (throwing himself into the Master's arms.) Are you then willing to become my second father?

The Master, (embracing him.) O my dearest Edward! call me for the future only by that name.

Edward. Well then, my second father, I have one at home so poor, that he subsists on scarcely better food than bread and water. My poor mother likewise is as much reduced as he is; I have two sisters, and as many brothers, who enjoy no better fare. And can I then indulge my appetite, and live on your good things, while they have, as it were, no more than bread to moisten with their tears? No, no; much rather would I die of hunger. I am Edward Barton, and there never was a father of that name who had a son unworthy of him.

The Master. What! has no one then solicited the government in favour of so old a soldier?

Edward. No one, sir: but he is destitute of all things, after having served his country two and twenty years with honour, and consumed the little that he had left him in soliciting a pension. On the eve of my departure for this place, I heard him read the story of Count Ugolino, who was shut up in a castle, with his family, to die of hunger. Since that moment, this sad story has been always in my mind. I think that I hear incessantly the parish bells a tolling, for the burial of my father, mother, brothers, and poor sisters. Can I then make merry, when my heart is overflowed with tears? and eat such food as my afflicted parents cannot purchase? If I could, I should no longer be Edward Barton. While my father is unhappy, in whatever corner of the earth I may be, nothing shall prevent me from enduring his affliction. If the king—

The

The Master. The king for certain knows not of your father's situation: if he did, he would have softened it. I will use my interest to convey the knowledge of it to him; and do you rely upon his justice. My dear Edward, why not tell me this before? You might perhaps have spared your family ten days distress at least.

Edward. You think then, sir, that I shall become so happy as to save him at my years?

The Master. I hope so; and at least, am certain that your behaviour has *relieved* him. Generous child! Why are you not indeed my son?

Edward. My love and gratitude consider you my father. It is a debt that I owe to your generosity, for wishing thus I were your son.

The Master, (looking at him with affection.) My dear son Edward!

Edward. Yes; I am, and will be so. You are the father too of all my family, if through your friendship they may be assisted; but alas, sir! we have been so long unhappy, it is not to be hoped—

The Master. Hoped! Edward? Should you doubt of what I tell you, it would be an insult to me. I have told you that I was certain your behaviour had relieved your parents, since relief depends upon myself alone: and therefore, (*going to his bureau and giving him a paper,*) 'till I have tried the effect of my interest, which is not inconsiderable, take this: it is a twenty pound bank note, and what your father gives you, as the first fruit of his love.

Edward, (interrupting him.) Give me; what need can I have for it? Send, oh, send your generous present to my father! there it will be useful.

The Master. He shall know that he is indebted for it to your filial piety, and now therefore, my dear Edward, you will no longer live on bread and water!

Edward. Not till my poor father is reduced again to do so.

The Master. And in future, you will be joyous with your comrades?

Edward. While my father is joyous with his wife and children.

The Master. Well then, run, and write your father an account of this transaction: I will go dress myself, and instantly

instantly set off for London. I shall see a nobleman of considerable interest this very morning.

Edward. How shall I collect my spirits, to return you thanks in such a manner as I ought, sir?

The Master, (smiling) Sir!—It seems then you forget already that you are my son?

Edward, (falling at his master's feet) O father! O! my dear, dear father! pardon me, if being, as I am, beside myself—

The Master, (raising Edward, and conducting him affectionately towards the door.) Go, go, my child, and leave me here a little. I have no less occasion to compose myself than you.

Edward. I will come back very shortly, with my letter. You must see it, so do not go, dear father, till I have once again embraced you!

The Master. No, my dearest son; I will not deny myself that pleasure. Run and write your letter: I will wait for you.

SCENE VI.

The Master, (alone.) Fortunate occurrence! Oh happy day! What a number of affecting objects all at once present themselves before me! A brave soldier, for whose services I am about to procure a recompence! and his son, whom I may form into a man, and so contribute to the glory of my country! My Eugenius, who appears so sensible of the impression made by virtue on his heart, and so worthy of the friend whom he has selected thus! My sovereign, to whose notice I shall introduce a little hero, such as his munificence may cherish! and a suffering wife and children, such as his compassion may deliver from affliction.

SCENE VII.

The Master, the Assistant.

The Master. You are come, sir, quite a-propos to share my transports.

The

The Assistant. What has caused them, my good sir? You are no less agitated than young Edward, who ran by me wild, as one might think, with pleasure; for he did not see me, did not seem as if he trod upon the ground. His eyes, as I looked at him, beamed with rapture, though the tears that he had been shedding were not quite dried up. I called out to him, but he could not hear me.

The Master. It would have charmed you, had you witnessed what has passed between us. It was a moment, such as does not twice occur in any one man's life.

The Assistant. Your hope then is not disappointed. You have wrought upon him to reveal the cause of his affliction.

The Master. But what difficulty had I to obtain my wish! what pain, it gave me to upbraid him! and how nobly he withstood me! How much honour does even his disobedience reflect upon him!

The Assistant. I foresaw as much in general, though I could not clear up the particulars, to reason on them.

The Master. Who could possibly have guessed at the excess of his affection! he was prompted to deny his appetite at table, that he might not fare in the least degree better than his parents. At so great a distance from them, he supported such privations, though he knew that by doing so, he could not succour them. What think you of so rare a youth? What think you of a father, who, surrounded by misfortunes, has been able thus to form his son to virtue? What exalted pleasure for a monarch to reward such virtue! I am proud, my friend, that I have it in my power to convey to his royal ear, intelligence of this poor youth, and his afflicted father's sufferings and deserts. There is but one thing else that would yield me greater satisfaction. I should like to be in such a situation, as to give him an account of all his meritorious subjects. I would so exalt his throne, that he should then be able to look down on every virtuous man in his dominions, while these last, by looking up, should see him in the action of applauding and encouraging their virtue. Thus, without the wretched breath of adulation, might a king be really among his subjects called their god.

The Assistant. Our king is worthy your solicitude, to interest him in behalf of Edward and his parents.

The Master. That is what I told him I would do; and how great was his gratitude? We called each other son and father, and, I verily believe, experienced the affection in our hearts, of such affinity. But do not I hear somebody coming?—I believe it is he. Step therefore into this apartment: you will find Eugenius there; I shall soon require your presence here again, if it be Edward. (*The Assistant withdraws, when Edward comes in sight.*)

The Master, (alone.) Yes, it is he; and how affectingly expressive, even at this distance, is his whole countenance!

S C E N E VIII.

The Master, Edward.

Edward, (rushing to embrace his master.) Father, dear, dear father! here is my letter.

The Master. It is not sealed, as I observe, and therefore you would have me read it?

Edward. Would? It is every line about you.

The Master, (reading.) “Papa! mama! brothers and sisters! Come all of you together, while this letter is reading. Oh that I were present, and could read it you myself! but I *am* present, and observe you. Weep no longer, as I trust, you are no longer to subsist on bread and tears. There are on earth here, generous bosoms, as in heaven: of whom, the master of our Academy, as I have found, is one. He is my father, let me call him so; or rather, the protecting angel of our family. Would you believe it! he has sent you this, as from himself, and will solicit you a pension, which he says he doubts not of obtaining for you! Fall upon your knees and bless him, as I do.—(*The master stops, and seeing Edward on his knees, with hands and eyes toward heaven, affectionately raises him and says,*) What means this my son?

Edward. I am offering you my life: It is at your disposal.

The Master. No, my dearest Edward; keep it for the accomplishment of worthy and illustrious actions. Mine is posting fast to its decay; but by your conduct, you may lengthen it.

Edward, (eagerly.) I, father! Shall I ever be so happy?—Speak! Oh speak, sir; and inform me by what means I may experience so much heart-felt satisfaction.

The Master. By your friendship for my son. (*He opens the adjoining chamber door.*) Eugenius enter, and embrace your brother.

S C E N E IX.

The Master, Edward, the Assistant, Eugenius. (Edward and Eugenius rush into each other's arms.)

The Master. Edward, he is worthy of your friendship: his affection for you went before his father's.

Edward. I could clearly see indeed that my sufferings moved him.

Eugenius. You shall never suffer for the future, but myself will be a sharer with you. Shall I not, dear Edward?

Edward, (taking Eugenius by the hand, and presenting it with his own to the Master.) Well then, my Eugenius, let us thus connect ourselves as friends for ever, in the hands of our respectable and common father.

The Master. Yes, dear children: I approve your wishes, and bestow my blessing on them. Let those happy days return, as far as your example can have influence, when the field of combat was a theatre for friendship. When warriors united the most amiable private qualities to the most undaunted courage. Let Sidney and Wolfe be your model; serve your Sovereign with fidelity like theirs. Live, as they did, admired by all mankind, and if necessary, die as they did, regretted, in the service of your country.

P H I L I P.

O H ! I'll be revenged, and make him heartily repent it, cried little Philip, while his countenance turned quite red with anger, and he walked along, not seeing Emilius, his dear friend, who, at that instant, happened to be coming towards him, and hearing what he said with some degree of pain, asked him, of whom he meant to be revenged ? Philip lifted up his eyes ; he saw his friend, and reassumed the smile with which his countenance was generally glowing. Ah ! said he, come, my friend, and you shall see of whom I will be revenged. You remember, I believe, my little *supple Jack*, that pretty cane my father gave me : see, it is all in pieces ; the farmer's son, that lives at yonder thatched cottage, has broke it. And pray why did he break it ? said Emilius. I was walking peaceably along, said Philip, with the greatest agitation, and was playing with my cane, by putting it quite round my body ; one of the two ends, by some means or another, got out of my hand when I was opposite the gate just by the wooden bridge, and where the little blackguard had put down a pitcher full of water, which he was carrying home from the well. My cane, in springing, struck the pitcher, overset but did not break it. He came up close to me, and began to call me names. I seriously assured him that I had not intended to do what I did, and was extremely sorry for the accident. He would not hear me, but got hold that moment of my *supple Jack*, and twisted it as you may see. I will make him, however, heartily repent it ; I shall find a way to be revenged of him.

He is, indeed, a very ill-natured boy, said Emilius, but is already punished very well for being so, since every one detests and shuns him. If he wishes to enjoy a little play, he never can have a companion : if he comes where any boys are met to play, they always thrust him out ; but if he will not quit them, they leave him. The hatred of all that know him cannot but sufficiently avenge you.

Yes ; but he has broke my cane, said Philip. My papa gave it me but very lately ; and it was a very pretty one as you know. My father will not fail to ask me what is become of it : he will imagine that I have lost his present ; possibly he will fall into a passion, and all on account of this little blackguard. I did him no harm. I offered to fill up his pitcher, having knocked it down without design.—The ill-natured cur ! I will be revenged of him.

Believe me, my dear friend, said Emilius, it will be better not to mind him. Your contempt is punishment enough for such a one. You are not like him ; and, depend upon it, he will shew himself at all times abler to do mischief than yourself. And now I think upon it, I must tell you what but very lately happened to him.

Unluckily for him, he saw a bee upon a flower : he tried to catch it, and pull off its wings for pastime ; but the bee contrived to sting him, and flew off in safety to the hive. Quite mad with rage, he said, as you did, I will be revenged for this ! Accordingly he cut himself a switch, thrust it through the hole into the bee-hive, and turned it about. By these means he killed several of the little creatures ; but in an instant the whole swarm flew all at once upon, and stung him in a thousand different places. You may guess how he roared with the pain, and how in his agony he tumbled himself about upon the ground. His father ran up to him, and could not, without much difficulty, put the bees to flight, by flinging bowls of water on him. He was ill, in consequence of this, for several days.

You see then, his vengeance had no very great success. Revenge not therefore his insults : he will meet with some one who will punish him, without your taking any trouble in the matter. And besides, as he is ill-natured, would you be so likewise ; for, my friend, he is much stronger than you are, and, to be sure of your revenge, you must be much more malicious than he is.

I think, said Philip, you are in the right : so come along with me. I will tell my father every thing, and he will not be angry with me, I hope ; for look you, I can easily take comfort for my broken cane, but not should he imagine that I neglected to take care of what he
gave

gave me. After this, they went together. Philip told his father what had happened. The good gentleman consoled his son, and thanked little Emilius for the advice that he had given him.

On the day succeeding, Philip had another cane, exactly like the first. He passed the farmer's house : his son was at the door, and hung his head, while Philip went along.

However Philip, some days after, saw this little peasant fall under a heavy log of wood that he was carrying home, and which prevented him from getting up again. Philip ran up to him, took the log from off his shoulder, helped him to rise, and take his load once more upon his shoulders. The ill-natured boy was now quite overwhelmed with shame at the idea of receiving aid from him whom he had served so ill, and heartily repented his behaviour. Philip afterwards went home quite satisfied. At first, he had assisted one whom he did not love, because he could not see a fellow-creature suffer without relieving him ; but afterwards he was rejoiced to think of his behaviour. " This (said Philip) is the noblest vengeance. It is impossible I should repent thereof."

C H A R L O T T E.

BEFORE the house in which Charlotte's parents lived, you must know, there was a little opening, ornamented with a grass plat, and quite overshadowed with a noble tree, from whence the eye could plainly see whatever passed along the public road. Miss Charlotte frequently would come beneath this umbrage with her little chair, and in her hand the stocking that she was making for her dear mama, who had instructed her to knit. One day, as she was sitting there, she saw a poor old man advancing very slowly towards her, on the road : his hair was of a silver white, his back was bent with age, he rested on a stick and seemed to walk in pain. Poor man ! said Charlottle, looking at him, he

seems very much in pain, and perhaps is poor besides. If so then, he is doubly miserable.

Further on, she saw a company of boys together, who came after the old man. They very quickly reached him. They remarked his thread-bare coat, which was exceedingly long skirted, and had sleeves a deal too short. His hat, quite rusty, did not escape their notice, as the flaps hung down upon his shoulders; he had hollow cheeks; and seeing him they all burst out a laughing. As it chanced, there lay a stone upon the ground before him, which he stumbled over, and was almost down: this set them once again a laughing, while the poor old man, for his part, sighed.

"I once was young as you are, said he to the boys, and did not laugh at the infirmities of such as I am now. You will in time be old yourselves; and every day you are approaching towards my time of life. You will then be sensible of the injustice of your ridicule. So saying, he went on again, but made a second stumble, and in struggling to preserve himself from falling, dropped his stick. At this, the boys renewed their laugh a third time, crying, let us see now, how he will lift it up again?

Miss Charlotte, who had heard the old man speak, and was touched with pity for him, saw his situation, put her stocking down upon the chair, ran towards him, took up his stick, put it back into his hand, and taking hold of his other arm, as if she had been very strong, exhorted him to lean upon her, and not notice any thing that the boys might say. The poor old man looked at her. "Lovely child," said he, "how good you are! I am at once consoled for all the ridicule with which they treat me. May you be for ever happy!" and so saying, they walked on together; but the boys no longer followed him as they had done before: perhaps they were ashamed of their proceeding.

Some few moments after, one of them fell down himself, and all the rest burst out a laughing as they had done before; for his part, he was very angry, and when up again, ran after his companions, pelting them with stones. He was convinced then how unjust it is to laugh at any one's distress: he formed a resolution never, for the time to come, to laugh at any old man's pain, and followed

lowed at a distance him whom he had before made the object of laughter, hoping to have the opportunity of making some atonement for his fault.

In the mean time the good old man, assisted by the friendly aid of Charlotte, went on with slow, but yet sure steps. She offered him the opportunity of stopping to repose himself a little. Do you see our house, said she? Pray stay and sit a little under that large tree: my parents are neither of them at home; you will on that account be not so well entertained; yet still, you will enjoy a little rest. The poor old man accepted Charlotte's offer. Charlotte brought him out a chair; and then, to hearten up his spirits, let him have some good small beer and bread and cheese. The child had nothing else to give.

Her guest could not refrain from thanking her continually. "Your parents are still alive?" said he. "They love you; you love them? They cannot therefore but be very happy: may they always be so!"—"And you, good old man," said Charlotte, "have you no children?"—"I had once a son," said he, "who was settled in London: he loved me affectionately, and often came to see me; but alas! he is now dead, and I am left without the least degree of consolation. Indeed, his widow is rich: she takes the lady on her, and imagines it not worth her while to know if I am dead or living, as she wishes to forget that her husband's father is a peasant. I do not even know her children, which in truth are mine."—He was so much affected while he spoke these words, that tears rolled down his withered cheeks.

The gentle Charlotte likewise was affected, and cried out, Can any one be so cruel! Ah! my mother, my dear mother, would not act so wickedly. On this, she spoke of other matters, that she might not grieve him; when he arose, and thanked Charlotte with a blessing: but she would not leave him so; she meant to go a little way still farther with him.

On the way, they saw the little boy who had been following them; for he had run a great way on before, and now was sitting on the grass. He cast his eyes down when they looked upon him; rose up after they had passed, and followed them again. The little girl observed him, but would not speak of him. She asked the old man, if he lived alone. No, little lady, answered he, I have a cot-

tage : see, there it is, beside yon tree across the meadow. You observe, it is no great distance off : it is in the middle of a little garden. I have an orchard, and a field likewise ; and I told a poor old neighbour, who some years since lost his cottage, which fell down through age, that if he would but come and live with me, he should in future cultivate my ground. I told him, that I would live with him, that he should enjoy whatever I might have, and I would only ask him to provide me necessaries. He agreed. He never had a child : he is extremely good and honest ; and, for my part, I am quite at ease in his society. And yet, in spite of all his diligence, at times I think myself deserted. I no longer see my son, and I was constantly accustomed to receive from him the tenderest tokens of affection. In the very place where I have seen him run to meet me, I am now assisted only by the hand of strangers. I no longer see his children, who have utterly forgot me : I shall live far distant from them : I shall die, and very likely never see them more.—Alas ! if their poor father were but still living !—He could not utter one word more.

The gentle Charlotte, touched with these complaints, said to him, I will come and see you with my mother : we will frequently be with you. But her kindness only served to aggravate his grief. The sensibility and kindness of the little girl made him recollect of how much consolation he was utterly deprived ; and in returning her his thanks, the tears, which he could not help shedding, hindered him from seeing where he walked.

He took his handkerchief to wipe his eyes, and, troubled by sad thoughts, instead of putting it again into his pocket, let it drop upon the ground, without perceiving what he did ; nor did his young companion notice it. The boy however, who was following them, observed the whole transaction, picked it up, and ran to give it him. “ Here, good old man,” said he, “ you dropped your handkerchief : it was on the ground.”

Thank you, thank you heartily, my little friend, answered the old man. God’s providence be praised for all things ! Here is an honest little gentleman, who does not ridicule old age, and laugh at the afflictions that attend it. Oh ! no, no ; you do not look with scorn upon a poor old man. I see it in your eyes. You are not of the number

ber of those wicked little fellows whom you must certainly have passed, although you were not with them. Charlotte recollected having seen the little boy among them, and remarked his laughing just as they did, but she would not say a word about it; for although she did not at all approve the boy's behaviour, yet her good nature would not suffer her to give him pain, by telling what she knew.

The little culprit, in the mean time, held down his head, and thought of lying more than once; but he had not been used to such a crime. His heart, besides, was not so wicked that he needed to conceal the truth, lest people should despise him. "Pardon me," said he; "I was among them, and insulted you as they did; but am now very sorry for it. I have found out, some time past, that when I mix with children of my age, or thereabouts, I am more mischievous than when alone. Had I been by myself, I should never have laughed at your stumbling; but, on the contrary, my first desire would certainly have been to help you. I should be very happy to assist you now, if I could, in order to make amends for my offence."

"You have already done so, my good little friend," said he. You have a deal of candour and good-nature, and will certainly become an honest man. I dare believe as much. Come, therefore, both of you to my abode. It is just before us; but a few steps more, and we shall be there. I will let you have some milk, and we will drink together."—At this invitation of the good old man, our little boy was very happy. Charlotte would have wished to decline it, but did not, from a fear of grieving him. They reached the habitation: he brought out some milk, two porringers, and a loaf of bread a little coarse, it must be owned, but very good. They all sat down upon the grass, and made a comfortable meal. "What pleasure you both give me," said the good old man. "Yes, truly, I am very much delighted upon this occasion. I have found out two good little friends, who neither scorn the poor man, nor the infirm. My sleep at night will be the sweeter for it."

Both the boy and girl, as they sat beside him, testified their joy and gratitude; but yet their looks were more expressive than their words. However, they began to

think of going. Charlotte feared lest her parents might come home, and be uneasy at her absence; and the little man expressed how he was grieved so soon to quit him: but his mother, he feared, would scold him, should he think of staying longer.

"She must then be very cross, this mother that you dread so much," said the poor old man.—"Not always," said the little boy. "However, she is sometimes so; and though she loves me, yet I fear her greatly."—"And your father?"—"Oh! I scarce knew him: he has been dead these four years."—"Dead these four years!" interrupted the old man, and fixed his eyes upon the child. "Should it be he?—I have some recollection of his features!—Should it be little Francis?"—"Yes, Francis is my name."

The old man stood for some few moments motionless, and with an altered voice, his eye brim full of tears, and with extended arms, cried out to Francis, "My dear child! you do not recollect your grandfather?—Embrace me!—You have the very features of my son. My dearest child, you no longer thought of me."—Francis tenderly caressed him, but endeavoured all in vain to speak. Little Charlotte too shed tears of joy, to see the old man comforted.

"You see him," said the good man, "you see him!" He is in reality the living picture of his father. Yes, he is my son!—My son affectionately loved me, and his son will love me too. I shall not be so wretched as I feared in my old age; nor will the evening of my life be passed without some joy. I shall depart in peace. But I forget that by detaining you, I may subject you to your mother's anger: I was so much pleased, that I forgot that circumstance. Depart then, my dear boy! I do not wish that my joy should cost you tears. Depart, and love your mother; be obedient to her, even though you should not come and see me. It will be very hard, however, should you quit me now for ever. Come and see me, if you can, provided you do not disobey, or tell a story, to obtain permission."

Turning then to Charlotte: "And for you, dear little maid," said he, "I am convinced, you ought to leave me, as your parents would be certainly uneasy, should you stay too long. I owe you all my joy, and shall for ever

bless

blefs you. Come at times, and fee me. Dó not, I be-
feech you, my dear children, utterly forget me! May you
both be happy!"

At these words the children went away, affectionately
holding one another by the hand. They did not speak,
but every now and then they looked behind them; while
the old man, on his side, continued looking constantly at
them, and did not turn to go into his cottage until they
were out of sight. Little Charlotte got home safe. Her
parents were not yet returned; however, they came home
very soon after her. She told them where she had been,
and what she had done. It was the subject of their even-
ing's conversation.

On the morrow, they all went to see the good old man;
and in the sequel, frequently repeated their kind visit.
Francis likewise came to see his grandfather, who was re-
joiced to see him, to hear him speak, and to receive the
most affectionate caresses from him; while, for his part,
Francis was as much rejoiced, excepting when he did not
see his Charlotte: he was then quite sorrowful, and went
home sad. The more he grew towards manhood, still
the more he loved her; and accordingly, when he was
old enough to take a wife, he would espouse no other
woman, though she was not rich. The old man lived
to see them married, blessed them, and soon after died in
peace.

THE WATCH.

YOUNG Clara, at her return from a visit which
she had just before been paying to an intimate ac-
quaintance, appeared quite pensive and sad. She found
her sisters entertaining one another with that innocent and
lively joy which heaven seems delighted to infuse into the
sports of infancy. Instead of making one among them
with her usual playfulness, she moved to a corner of the
room, sat there as if it vexed her to behold their gaiety,
and when the little ones began to prattle, in hopes that
she would join in their diversion, replied peevishly to what
they asked her. When the father, who loved Clara ex-

ceedingly, beheld her thus dejected, which was but very seldom the case, he began to be uneasy, put her on his knee, and taking her affectionately by the hand, enquired what ailed his little child, that she appeared so melancholy? "Nothing, nothing," answered Clara at first, to all his questions; but at length, on being pressed more earnestly to tell him every thing, she replied, that all the little ladies whom she had seen that evening at her friend's, where she had been a visiting, had each received a very pretty present from their parents, or else friends, by way of fairing; though not one among them was so far advanced in learning as herself. She mentioned more particularly one Miss Richmond, whose uncle had, that very morning, purchased her a very fine gold watch. "Oh! what pleasure," added she, "Miss Richmond must feel, in having such a handsome watch beside her!"

"This then is the cause of your uneasiness, I find?" said Mr. Ford with a smile. "Thank heaven, it is not so bad as I imagined! I supposed that you might have met with some unhappy accident. And what would you do then, my dear sweet Clara, with a watch?"

Clara. What others do, papa. I would have it fastened to my girdle, and look at it every moment of the day, that I might know what time it was.

Mr. Ford. What! every moment, Clara? Your moments then are very precious; or perhaps your hours of needle-work and study hang too heavy on you?

Clara. No, papa; for you have often told me that I am at present in the happiest season of my life.

Mr. Ford. Well then, my child, if you have no occasion for a watch, but to know the hour, we have a clock here, at the stair-case foot, and that will always tell you.

Clara. Yes, papa; but then I need not mention, that up stairs I cannot always hear it strike, and Bridget is very seldom there, to come down for me, and see what o'clock it is. Now, when I want to know, if I descend myself, that takes up much time; whereas a watch at hand would let me know the time at once: nor should I then need trouble any one, or lose a moment of the day myself.

Mr. Ford. It is true, a watch must be exceedingly convenient, though it were but to inform one's writing-master
tha

that he has staid his time out, if through friendship or politeness he should wish to sit a little longer with one.

Clara. Dear papa! how pleased you are to vex me upon all occasions with your banter!

Mr. Ford. Well then, Clara, if you desire more serious conversation, tell me frankly, why you so much wish to have a watch?

Clara. I have, papa, already.

Mr. Ford. But I wish to know your real motive. You are sensible, words alone never satisfy me.—You are afraid, perhaps, to tell me. Well then, I *will* for you; and you will say yourself, that I deal more frankly with you, than you with me. The reason why you want a watch is this: that when folks pass you, they may say, “Oh! see what a charming watch that little lady has! She must be vastly rich indeed!”—Now tell me, do not you think it very pitiful to boast of being richer than other people, and to display fine things about you for the multitude to admire? Do you fancy that any reasonable person will esteem a little lady more, because her father has a great deal of money? You yourself, do you esteem those more who may be richer than you are? When you behold a handsome watch, and are not in the least acquainted with the wearer of it, far from saying, “There is a worthy little lady with a pretty watch before her!” do not you rather say, “What a charming watch that little lady wears!”—It is plain, that if a watch does honour to any body, it is to the workman; but the wearer of it, if she claims any merit from the possession of such a bauble, I should despise for her vanity.

Clara. You speak, papa, as if you were persuaded that I desire a watch from such a motive.

Mr. Ford. I must confess, I grievously suspect as much; but you will not allow it. Well then, I think, I shall compel you very soon to such a confession.

Clara. Oh! do not tell me so, papa! for you must own, a watch is very useful, since you always have one—you that talk so much against my vanity.

Mr. Ford. It is true; but then you know, I cannot do without one. What I have to do at home is often interrupted by my public avocations or employment; so that I must be exact and punctual in allowing each the necessary time.

Clara

Clara. And must not I attend, papa, to a dozen different studies in the day? What would any of my masters say, if, when they came, I had prepared to sit down with another, knowing nothing of the hour?

Mr. Ford. You are right. You see, by this, I am not obstinate. Whenever I hear reason, I can say, I love to be persuaded: and so, Clara, you may depend upon a watch. I will give you one.

Clara. Ah! now you joke, papa!

Mr. Ford. No, certainly; for you shall have one: but on this proviso, that you do not forget to take it with you when you go abroad.

Clara. Can you suppose that I shall forget it? Oh! how glad I should have been of one this afternoon; when I was visiting at Miss Mills's!

Mr. Ford. You may go there again to-morrow morning.

Clara. So I may; and very probably Miss Richmond will still be there, so let me have it early in the morning.

Mr. Ford. You shall have it now. You know my little room up stairs? Beside my bed, you will find a watch: that shall be yours, Clara.

Clara. What! that great-kettle of a watch, papa! as old, for aught I know, as King Harry the Eighth. The case of it would serve to hold my little Pompey's breakfast of bread and milk.

Mr. Ford. It is a very good one, I assure you; and was all the fashion at the time it was made, for so my father told me. When he died, I found it with the rest of his effects, and was resolved to keep it for myself. But since I put it into your possession, I consider that it will not leave the family; and, as I shall often see it at your side, it will still serve to remind me of my father.

Clara. Yes; but what will people say, who are but ten years younger than my grandpapa would be at present?

Mr. Ford. Just the thing I expected! You perceive, the motive of utility which you insisted on just now with such importance, was merely a pretext to hide your vanity; for this same watch would do you all the service that you could possibly derive from one enriched with diamonds. Why take up your thoughts with what the world may say concerning you? However, in this case they will
applaud!

applaud your judgment, which could chuse a watch for real service, not for empty appearance.

Clara. But, papa, why hinder me from having such a watch, as will at once be strong, and cut a handsome figure?

Mr. Ford. You suppose, then, that would make you happy?

Clara. Yes; quite happy.

Mr. Ford. I could wish that my fortune were sufficient to convince you, by experience, how fallacious is the happiness proceeding from such trifles. Look ye; I would lay whatever wager you thought proper, that before a fortnight were well over, you would hardly cast a look upon your watch; that in a month you would forget to wind it up, and very quickly after cease to keep it in a better state of order than your own ideas.

Clara. Do not talk of wagers, papa! You would be sure to lose!

Mr. Ford. No, I will not lay; not that I apprehend I should come off the loser, but because a trial would be necessary, which might cost you dear as long as you live.

Clara. So then you think, papa, that a handsome watch would only make me miserable?

Mr. Ford. Think so, Clara? I am sure it would have that effect; for all our happiness on earth consists in being satisfied with such a situation as the will of Providence has meant us. There is no condition in the world so humble, or so elevated, but a vain ambition in it may induce us to imagine ourselves in want of every thing that our neighbour possesses. It is ambition that torments the husbandman, however easy in his circumstances, and inclines him to behold his neighbour's field with envy, while it stimulates the master of a mighty empire, and persuades him that some province bordering on his realm is wanting to complete the figure of its boundary. Thence spring those cruel wars which princes carry on to desolate their people; and those law-suits in which individuals are engaged, or those quarrels that disgrace man's nature. What were your ideas with regard to that Miss Richmond that you mentioned just now, when you were looking at the handsome watch that she displayed at her side? Did you feel within your bosom that alacrity of friendship still subsisting in her favour, which you once cherished? Think, would

you have done her, at that moment, any service, or at least with equal joy as yesterday? That secret enmity with which her watch inspired you against her, would not such a watch inspire your friend, or very possibly your sisters, with the same against you also? Think then, for how despicable an enjoyment you would break the dearest ties of friendship and alliance, and the affection which nature plants within us! Who would think herself happy upon such conditions?

Clara. O papa, you make me shudder!

Mr. Ford. Then, my sweet Clara, entertain no more of these unreasonable wishes; they cannot but destroy your happiness. What is there wanting, that you can find really useful, in the situation which Providence allots you? Have you not good food in plenty? and convenient raiment for the various seasons of the year? Does not my love provide you masters to improve your understanding, while I form your heart, and do my utmost to endue you with those several accomplishments that will in future make you welcome to all decent company? You want, it seems, at present, a gold watch enriched with diamonds! Should I get you such a watch, how would you look tomorrow upon your false pearl ear-rings? Would you leave off teasing me, till I had bought you real pearls? Nor would this be all; for you would then want foreign lace, fine silks, and waiting-women to attend you. People cannot go on foot, like others, through the streets, when they are pompously set out from head to foot; but must have footmen, fashionable carriages, and high-bred horses. You would want all these, and having once obtained them, would be fit indeed to go to operas and assemblies, or pay visits at the houses of our first-rate quality; but to receive them in your turn, you must possess a splendid habitation, and give sumptuous entertainments. Consider then, if I should satisfy your first caprice, how many wants would follow! They would every day go on increasing, till in consequence of having wished to rise above your station in one article of luxury, you would, perhaps, come to want the necessary things of life. Look round about you, and observe how many suffer real indigence at present, who so lately, as I may say, as yesterday, were wasting an estate sufficient for their happiness. Reflect what very probably would be your case, and that too

of

of your sisters, if my great affection for you did not, as it does at present, turn these sad examples into matters of instruction! I have frequently been tired while I was walking through the streets upon my business. A good carriage would have eased my fatigue, as much as it would have flattered my vanity. By allotting to the purchase of a coach the money that I lay out on your education, maintenance and amusements, I might possibly be rolling in it for a time; but in the end, what would my fortune be, and yours? I should behold you every day sink deeper than the day before into stupidity, and have no reason to expect from you, in my old age, those cares which I had refused your childhood. For a few short years, consumed in all the insolence of luxury, I should be doomed to languish out the remnant of my life in that well merited contempt which a guilty poverty draws after it. With what assurance could I think to answer at the judgment-seat of God, for the omission of those duties towards you, which the will of Providence imposes upon every father; when I should have nothing to leave you for your inheritance but the sad example of my guilty conduct? I should then finish my life in the convulsions of remorse, despair, and terror; and your curses might even execrate my ashes.

O! papa, cried Clara, embracing him, how foolishly have I been wishing! But no watch set with diamonds now! On the contrary, if I had one, I would instantly return it.

Mr. Ford was rejoiced to see his daughter so open to reason and persuasion, and embraced her with the greatest heart-felt satisfaction.

From that happy moment, Clara resumed her former gaiety; and whenever afterwards she saw any of her little friends make boast of precious stones, or other ornaments about them, was inclined much rather to take pity on their vanity, than to look on them with the slightest envy.

C A R O L I N E.

THE amiable little Caroline, of whom I have spoken once or twice before, went out to Hampstead for a few weeks with her mama. She had taken some new shoes for wear during her stay there; but by dint of running about in the garden, which was the usual scene of her play, they were all very soon out at the toes. Her mama bought her a pair for the present in the village, and having occasion for some herself, sent orders to her shoe-maker in town to make her a few pair, and to bring them up to Hampstead himself. The man came in a few days, and when Caroline's mother had tried hers, she sent for the little girl to have her measure taken; but she was not to be found. The servants went to seek for her in the garden, the pleasure-ground, and all the rooms in the house: but no Caroline. The shoe-maker, after waiting a considerable time, went away; and he had not been gone many minutes, before, all of a sudden, Miss Caroline made her appearance.

Where have you been my dear? said her mother. Behind the curtain, mama, in your bed-chamber, answered she.

But why did you hide yourself child? Because the shoe-maker was here.

Well, are you frightened at the sight of your shoe-maker? No, mama, but he would have seen, by my shoes, that they were not of his making. All that I could say would have been of no service. He would have thought that I had taken away my custom from him. Poor Mr. Vamp, how grieved he would have been!

THE WILD GEES E.

LITTLE Richard Delaval one morning saw a great number of wild geese flying through the air; and was astonished at the height and order of their progress.

Look, papa, said Richard, you take care to feed your geese, but pray who feeds these wild geese?

Mr.

Mr. Delaval. Nobody, my dear.

Richard. Then how do they live?

Mr. Delaval. By seeking food themselves; you see they have wings.

Richard. So have our geese that walk about the poultry-yard. Why do not they fly?

Mr. Delaval. Because all creatures that are once made tame, degenerate, as we say, or lose a great deal of their strength and instinct.

Richard. Luckily they are not very badly off; for Martha gives them as much food as they want.

Mr. Delaval. It is true, she feeds them regularly: but I need tell you why;—that we may eat them, when they are fat: but the wild geese have no fear of this sort hanging over them. As they get food without assistance, they enjoy the privileges of their freedom: and thus it is too among mankind. He that should without a blush rely entirely on the care and forethought of another for his maintenance, would lose his birth-right, and be forced to sell himself for bread; while he, who on the other hand provides for what he wants, acquires new faculties, and is abundantly supported. Not that we should live apart from one another, or be wholly occupied upon ourselves; for on the contrary, these birds, by whose behaviour I would have you regulate your conduct, form among themselves a regular society. They sit upon the eggs, and nurse the young ones of such mothers as have lost their lives by any accident. They likewise aid each other in their long and painful flights. They take their station in the front, by turns, to guide the flock, and regulate their flight. Now, Richard, you must know, these sorts of geese originally formed but one. Such difference will a different way of life effect in every creature!

Richard. O papa! no creeping in a poultry-yard for me! Give me those that enjoy their liberty and fly wherever they please.

A TRIFLING PLEASURE EXCHANGED FOR ONE MUCH GREATER.

Mrs. Darley, and her daughters Celia, Harriet, and Louisa.

Louisa. **D**O you see, mama, we are ready? I could with the boat were come.

Mrs. Darley. A little patience! It is not fix yet. And till the watermen appear, I think we had best walk up and down the garden.

Harriet. Yes, yes; up and down the path that leads directly to the water. When the boat comes, we may then step in, sit down, and off directly. (*They force their mother towards the walk.*)

Celia. Dear mama! how fine a morning! one can hardly see a cloud. And look how bright the sun makes the water; just as if it were full of diamonds. We shall have a great deal of pleasure, and be very happy to see our good nurse.

Mrs. Darley. And she will be as happy, I am sure, to see you likewise.

Harriet. Pray mama, how far does Maria live from this?

Mrs. Darley. We shall be at least an hour upon the water; and then we shall have almost another hour's walk; for Maria's house is at a good distance from the water.

Harriet. Charming! charming! we shall have a better appetite for breakfast. And when breakfast is over, tell us how shall we divert ourselves, mama?

Mrs. Darley. We will take a turn or two, if you think proper, in a grove that is near the house. And there you may amuse yourselves, and not be interrupted; run about, catch butterflies, and let them go again.

Celia. Let me conduct you, sisters. I have been there before with my mama; and I will take you to a little pond, so clear that any one may see the gravel at the bottom.

Mrs. Darley. Right. I wonder that I forgot the pond. We will sit beside it in the shade, and read a little book that I have taken care to put into my pocket.

Harriet.

Harriet. What! a story-book, mama? And will it make us laugh?

Mrs. Darley. You shall see.

Celia. But pray, mama, do not let us come from nurse's till the moon is up; and then you will sing us that sweet song, you know, that makes one cry so much. To be by moon-light on the water, and hear such a song, must be delightful, sure!

Harriet, (who has run a little forward during this last speech.) The boat! the boat! I see it coming. Where is Louisa? At the bottom of the garden, when the boat stays for us!—Louisa, (*running towards her*) the boat! the boat!

Louisa, (coming up.) The boat? that is charming!—However, give me each of you a six-pence: there is a woman and a poor old man, with four small children, at the garden-gate, to whom I will take the money, with a six-pence of my own. I shall not detain you long.

Mrs. Darley. Where did you meet with these poor people?

Louisa. At the gate below: the gardener opened it to throw out some weeds that he had been raking up just before. I put my head out, to observe if any one was going by, and two poor children came up to me. O mama, how tattered! and how hungry they both seemed! there were two other children, not far off, as little as my brother Paul.

Mrs. Darley. Come; we will go and see them.

Louisa. Yes, yes, that we will. I bade them wait till I returned with something for them. (*They all go together towards the garden door, and enter into conversation with them. The old man is seated on a stone; the woman leans against the pallisadoes, with a sucking infant in her arms. A girl about ten years old has one a little older than the infant; and a boy is picking up the pebbles for amusement.*)

Mrs. Darley, (aside.) What a piteous sight! (*Aloud*) Poor woman! you can hardly stand. Sit down upon this stone. Whence come you, pray?

The Poor Woman. From Portsmouth, my good lady. I was married to a fisherman. One night they pressed him, and he served two years on board a man of war. He came home almost dying with the scurvy. He had lost his strength, and could not work. I was obliged to sell his

nets, that I might buy him physic ; but his illness lasted very long. Our creditors laid hold of every thing that we had ; and as we could not pay our debts, our landlord turned us out of doors. A neighbour, very nearly as distressed as we were, took us in, and robbed his children of a part of what they had to eat, that we might not be left to perish. Being brought to such a distressed situation, I fell ill with grief ; and shortly after, my poor husband died. As soon as I was a little better, I resolved to be no further burthensome to my good benefactor, but set out to seek assistance from a worthy lady with whom I once lived as servant, at Epsom. We are still a great way from it ; and I do not know how we shall be able to reach it. I am not able to go any farther.

Mrs. Darley. And who may that poor man be ?

The Poor Woman. He is my father, madam. He has lived a great while with us ; and I thought I should have been in circumstances to have still provided for him, but I am disappointed in my hopes. Alas ! his situation adds to my affliction. Having neither shoes nor stockings, he was walking yesterday across a common, and unfortunately a thorn run into his foot. I took it out ; but his fatigue has grievously inflamed the wound : his leg is now quite swelled, and he can hardly touch the ground, it gives him so much pain ; for heaven's sake, my good lady, have the charity to give me two or three old rags to wrap the wound up when I have washed it, and a bit of bread for these poor children.

Mrs. Darley. You shall have whatever you want. I will go up into the house, and see what I have that I can give you. In the mean time come into the garden, and sit down on these four chairs. *(She takes her daughters, who had all the while been listening to the woman's conversation, and goes up the garden with them. Celia had expressed her pity at the tale, by shedding tears : Louisa, by dividing into equal parts among the little ones, a bit of cake that she had provided for her journey, as refreshment by the way : and Harriet, by relieving her that had the infant, of her burthen, as she seemed quite exhausted.)*

Mrs. Darley, (in conversation with her daughters, while they are walking towards the house.) Well, children, what think you of these six poor people ? Run you, Celia, with your sister, to the cook, and help her to prepare them something

something for their breakfast. I will pay a visit to your father's wardrobe, and get linen, shoes, and stockings for the poor old man. I am sorry that I can be of no great service to them.

Celia. Indeed, it will be no great matter for them in their situation. Do not you recollect, they are still to walk as far as Epsom? They must go very slowly, as the old man is lame. If then they should be taken ill upon the road?—Mama, you are very charitable to the poor; suppose you were to let them have a little money that they may go by some waggon, and have a trifle over, to supply them when they come to Epsom, until they find the lady that they mention?

Mrs. Darley. Do you know me then so little, my dear Celia, as to think that I should not have this notion of myself, if I were able? But alas! it is no way in my power; for you are sensible, we are not rich. I cannot possibly afford them as much as would be necessary for their relief in that way.

Celia. If what we have were sufficient?

Harriet. We would give it to them with all our hearts.

Mrs. Darley. And how much have you?

Celia. I have—let me see—one, two, three, four, and six-pence, and these half-pence; four and ten-pence.

Harriet. I have half-a-crown.

Mrs. Darley. And you, Louisa?

Louisa. I have nothing left me; I had six-pence just this moment, but I slipped it into the poor man's hand.

Mrs. Darley. You have then, you two, but seven and six-pence nearly; which is half enough to pay their carriage? I can think of but one way to complete the money.

Celia. And what is that, mama?

Mrs. Darley. I do not know how to mention it.

Harriet. Why not?

Louisa. Fear nothing; let us know it.

Mrs. Darley. The excursion that we intend to make to-day, I have promised you a long time: it is to recompense your good behaviour; and believe me, I have denied myself this month past, many things, that I might save as much as it will cost us; for you know we must not only pay for the boat, but when we reach a town, we must lay out a little to give Maria, as a present, for the expence that

that we put her to in treating us. This money is in my purse; but I consider it belongs to you, and leave you to employ it at your pleasure. Should we add it to your pocket-money, there would be then a sufficiency to have a cart for these poor people, and to procure them victuals until they reach Epsom: but the sacrifice, I must acknowledge, is too great. I dare not recommend it. Our long wished for day's excursion would be lost this year.

Louisa. Dear me!

Mrs. Darley. To say the truth, I shall myself be sorry it were lost. So run Louisa, and tell the watermen that we are coming.

Louisa. Presently, mama. (*She stops, and views her sisters with concern.*)

Harriet. What shall we do?

Celia. For my part, I know what I would do.

Harriet. And I, too, were it not for poor Louisa.

Louisa. Oh! do not pity me! I am only grieved upon Maria's account: but I will write to her by the coach that goes at nine.

Celia, (joyfully.) Well then, mama, we are all of us agreed. So take our money, and let these poor people have it.

Mrs. Darley. But perhaps you have not thought enough. Reflect how fine a day it is; and what pleasure you would have.

Celia. But I shall have no pleasure when I think that I am sailing at my ease, while six poor people drag along the road, just ready to drop down with weariness, because I had no pity on them.

Harriet. Are they not the same as we are? They will certainly have enough to suffer before they die, and we should not grudge them the small assistance that we can give them.

Mrs. Darley. Do you say nothing, Louisa?

Louisa. I was thinking all the while, mama, that our pleasure is not lost; for we shall follow them a mile or two, while they are riding in the cart, which will be still a walk for us, and very pleasant.

Mrs. Darley, (embracing them.) O my lovely children! How rejoiced I am to find that you have such feeling and compassion! You will never want enjoyments in the world, since

since you can turn your disappointments into pleasures. Come then, we will not lose a moment's time in having this enjoyment.

(*Mrs. Darley now goes in, and sends a servant out to pay the watermen. The three young children go and come between the house and garden, with assistance for the man, the woman, and her children; Celia helps the woman, while she tends the old man's wound, and Harriet and Louisa give the children victuals; after which they all return to their mama.*)

Harriet. Ah, my dear mama! you should have seen with how much eagerness and joy the children looked at both Louisa and myself, when we were come with milk and bread to feed them! They all crowded about their mother, looked up in her face, and were so glad that they did not know what to do!

Louisa. For my part, I began to be afraid they would have eat me up, so famished were they, and desirous to be eating!

Celia. Sure, mama, the elder girl must be a charming child. She would not touch a bit till she had made her little brother eat, who is too young as yet to feed alone.

Mrs. Darley. Poor thing! she is greatly to be pitied. If the care of looking to the little ones be always laid upon her, she will have no opportunity of getting any thing like knowledge, and be very miserable all her life-time; whereas, had she the means of learning some business, she might prove of service to her mother, and assist her in bringing up the others.

Louisa. Well, mama, do one thing for her. Let her stay with us. I will teach her whatever I know myself. She will be able very soon to knit and sew, when she may sell her work, and send the money to her mother.

Harriet. No bad thought, mama, I take it.

Celia. Yes; do us this pleasure, pray mama; for what a pity that the poor girl should come to want, merely for not knowing how to work at any business, like the poor old woman that we all know. She would then turn beggar, and receive no benefit from what we are now doing for her.

Mrs. Darley. But do you know, my dear, what you would undertake? Reflect a little.

Celia. Why, mama?

Mrs. Darley. I will tell you why. If we should take this girl into the house, we must give her cloaths. I cannot go to the expence, unless you are willing that I shall take a little from *your* dress, and make up by that means what it will cost. And so, instead of those silk slips that I meant to give you very shortly, you must be content with linen gowns, or perhaps stuff, and have no feathers or Italian flowers upon your head; nothing but a ribband round your hat.

Celia. And yet, mama, I told Miss Raby and her sister Kitty that I should very shortly have a fine silk slip as good as theirs.

Harriet. A linen gown will never look so well as one of silk, will it, pray?

Mrs. Darley. Certainly it will not.

Harriet, (having thought a little.) But if that will not become me so well as silk would, the poor girl will cut a much worse figure in her rags.

Celia. And then, if she continues thus half uncovered much longer, she may run the risque of being taken ill, besides the inconveniences that want of clean cloathing may bring upon her; for you know, mama, you have often told me how unwholesome dirty cloaths are.

Mrs. Darley. Yes, indeed, I have; but you, Louisa, what say you to my proposal? Should you like to put a stuff gown on?

Louisa. Oh! very much, mama. One jumps the better for it. I remember what the *Children's Friend* said lately in the story of poor Matilda, whose fine cloaths occasioned her so much anxiety, when she was out a walking with her little friends and sought to mortify them with the sight of her silk slip, embroidered shoes, and frizzled head of hair.

Mrs. Darley. Well then, we are likely, I perceive, to fix on something; and yet this is not the whole. Louisa, it was you that first offered to instruct the little girl in sewing; and of course I ought to give the preference to you in such a charge; but then you must confess yourself a deal too giddy for it, and besides not qualified entirely. Neither I or Celia can pretend to undertake it, as the business of the house already takes up our attention. Well then, Harriet, I give that employment to you.

Harriet. Thank you, dear mama.

Mrs.

Mrs. Darley. Wait some few days, however, till you thank me. You can hardly guess what patience you will need to go through the employ. I know you, Harriet; you are sometimes very hasty; and at first you must expect that the little girl will hardly comprehend your meaning. You will beat her perhaps; if you do so, I shall then be forced, against my will, to punish you. Well, dare you promise me that you will never let your peevish disposition get the better of you?

Harriet. I must say the truth, mama, that is what I cannot promise: I suppose, you recollect the other day when you reproved me. I could then have laid my life that I should never do the same again; but you had hardly left the room, when poor Louisa went to put her stockings on, and broke a stitch that ran from top to bottom. I had so much work to take it up again, I fell into a passion, and even beat her. I was quite ashamed a moment after; but it was done, and could not be mended then.

Mrs. Darley. It is singular, indeed, that children who have need themselves of such indulgence, should have none for others! Truly, you would cut a pretty figure in society if I were never to correct you for this fault.

Harriet. I wish for nothing half so much as to be cured of it.

Celia. For my part, dear mama, I think, no method can be half so good for such a purpose, as to trust her with this office.

Harriet. I may quarrel with my sister, since she is not my debtor: but depend upon it, I will be much more patient and good-natured with my scholar, otherwise she might imagine that I was grieved for having been of service to her.

Mrs. Darley. And dear Celia, you must have an eye to see that they do things properly.

Celia. Yes, yes, mama, I will be the inspector general.

Mrs. Darley. Come then, let us make haste, and carry our poor people this good news. I hope, their joy will both encourage and reward your kindness.

M A T I L D A.

YOU remember, my dear little friends, the raging heat that made last summer so remarkable. I recollect it, I assure you, to my sorrow; since by having an effect upon my health, it hindered me, for many weeks, from satisfying your impatience to hear from me. To indemnify you, therefore, for so tedious, though unwilling a delay, I shall relate an interesting circumstance which happened when that heat was at the greatest.

I went down to Windsor on a visit to a lady, who instils such excellent principles into her children as justify the choice that was made of her mother to superintend the education of a certain august family. We were all engaged in innocent amusement, when a furious storm began to rise: the thunder rolled above us with a dreadful noise, and shook the house to its very foundation, while the lightning seemed as if it would consume the dwelling every moment. One young lady of the company could not help being frightened. There were heard cries and shrieks proceeding from a chamber-maid in one of the apartments. In the midst of this confusion, little Matilda disappeared. Her noble mother, who was passing from one chamber to another, saw her kneeling in a corner.

The Mother. What are you about there, my dear child?

Matilda. Oh, nothing, nothing.

The Mother. Are you frightened at the storm?

Matilda. Oh, no, mama. You have instructed me yourself, if you remember, not to fear the thunder; and you saw just now I was not in the least afraid.

The Mother. And why then were you kneeling?

Matilda. I observed Eliza tremble; I heard Kitty cry; and that made me unhappy. I was praying therefore for them, and for every one that is afraid of thunder.

SEQUEL TO THE MILITARY ACADEMY.

A DRAMA, in One Act.

CHARACTERS.

CAPTAIN BARTON.

Mrs. BARTON.

EDWARD,

PAUL,

THEODORE,

CLAUDIA,

ISABEL,

The MASTER of the Military Academy.

EUGENIUS, - - his Son.

PIPES, - - - an old Serjeant.

SCENE, *An apartment in Mr. Barton's House.*

SCENE I.

Paul, Theodore, Claudia, Isabel, Pipes. (Claudia and Isabel are both employed; the one in reading, and the other at her tambour-frame. Theodore has a pencil, and is drawing. Paul shoulders Pipes's crutch.

Pipes, (to Paul,) MAKE ready!—Present!—Fire!—Come: very well!—Another lesson will compleat you.—Give me back my crutch. (To Claudia and Isabel.) You will never let me teach you then?

Claudia. Teach us?

Isabel. Young ladies?

Pipes. And why not? A soldier's children should all learn their exercise. One never looks so well as with a firelock.

Claudia. Particularly when a crutch must represent it.

Pipes. True! but I mistake it frequently myself, Miss Claudia; and incline to put it rather on than underneath my shoulder. It is, in truth, a sort of instinct in me, my first motion. Ah, poor Pipes! to have a crutch, instead

of musquet in my hand. 'These ten years I have carried it about, and am not yet accustomed to its use.

Paul. But recollect, Pipes; at your age you would certainly have been otherwise dismissed.

Pipes. Dismiss? what mean you, master Paul? Had it not been for my wooden leg, I should have died a soldier. Cursed leg! Ten hundred times a day I find myself disposed to make a bonfire of it! Instead of a fine white spatterdash, when I see nothing but a wooden stump! I hardly know myself, and fall into a passion.

Theodore. Would you wish to have it otherwise? Why, man, it is nothing but the fortune of war.

Isabel. And is it thus that Theodore comforts you! Do not be afflicted, Pipes.

Pipes. You are in the right, my dear Miss Isabel; for after all, it bears me witness that I have seen hot service. If my leg had not been in the fire, it would hardly be so dry now. In fact, I know some legs, that are, at present, in their place, because they carried the wearers of them out of danger; and I would not change my wooden leg for twenty such. Young gentlemen, it is happy for you both that you are to serve: but take my counsel, and lose arms as well as legs, much rather than receive the least degree of spot in your honour, for want of courage.

Theodore. Yes, I promise you, I will.

Paul. And so will I: when I am fighting, I will have you always in my thoughts.

Pipes. Do, master Paul. Your brave father and myself. *Barton* and *Pipes* shall be your charging words. With these two names between your lips, you will always be first to do your duty.

S C E N E II.

Theodore, Paul, Claudia, Isabel, Pipes, Captain Barton
(who has entered towards the close of the preceding scene.)

The Children, (seeing Capt. Barton, run together towards him, and cry all at once,) Here is papà!

Capt. Barton, (embracing them.) Good morrow to you all, my dears! Good morrow to you, Pipes, *(holding out his hand,)* and thank you heartily for your instructions to my children.

Pipes.

Pipes. Ah! sir, my instructions I bestow upon them with a great deal of pleasure, when you are not by; but seeing you, I am almost sorry.

Capt. Barton. And why so, my friend?

Pipes. Because I see, by your example, what the fruits of it are. If I am wise then, shall I study to make soldiers of your children, that they may be dismissed, after they have worn themselves out in the service!

Capt. Barton. But why call my fortune back thus to remembrance, since I myself have laboured to forget it, and complain no longer of what you suppose hard usage.

Pipes. Please your honour, then I will complain for both. Bombs and cannons! is it not a shame! What, turn me off for having one leg less? A soldier is always fit for duty, if his heart and his head are left him. If they think that we cripples make no shew at a review, why, let them keep us for a battle: we will be put into a corps apart; we won't even condescend to mix with others. No affront to your Grenadiers or your Highlanders, we will be first of all, I warrant you, dear master.

Capt. Barton, (smiling.) Good old friend! how much I am pleased to see this fire of youth and courage burning still within you!

Pipes. I am quite vexed to see you smile, when you should storm much more than I do. I am a vulgar dog; I am nobody; and they may think that they ought to overlook me, having lost a limb: but *you*, a Captain, who have had so many wounds in twenty battles, and have such a family of children, to put such a one as you on what they call half-pay, and send him off without a pension! who can think of such a treatment, and be patient!

Capt. Barton. I find fault with no one. There are others more unhappy (*He turns to Paul and the rest, who seem uneasy.*) My good little ones, you have done enough this morning to require some recreation. Go, then; but first visit your mama: she is in her chamber.

The Children. Yes, papa; and afterwards we will come back to study.

S C E N E III.

Captain Barton, Pipes.

Capt. Barton. My old friend, I am pleased with your affection; but still I do not like that you should speak before my children as you do. I would not have them think themselves authorized to hate their fellow-creatures: such a notion would discourage them in their pursuit of fortune; and besides, they are destined to acquire themselves a reputation by their actions. Is it likely that they should take pains for such a purpose, if they are told beforehand that men merit only their contempt?

Pipes, (ironically.) Yes, yes; your honour has great reason to defend mankind, they have respected you so much!

Capt. Barton. There are more good than wicked men about us; and if there were only you, that thought would reconcile me to humanity.

Pipes, (bowing.) Oh, Captain!

Capt. Barton. You have been so willing to attach yourself to my ill fortune! and besides, you know, I am indebted to your friendship for the preservation of my life.

Pipes. And if I saved it, I was under obligation to do nothing less, my worthy Captain, for your having sent me to the drill to often. Had it not been for your honour, Pipes would have turned out a vagabond and drunkard, like many others. It was your attention that made a man of me; I should have been my whole life long a common soldier, had you let me grovel on. From rank to rank I have been promoted, and at last made serjeant; and that is something, every one will grant me! and no inconsiderable lift towards colonel. But a plague upon the musquet-ball, say I, that to my heart of oak has added this deal leg!

Capt. Barton. Come, Pipes, you have now repose, and that is as good as honour always.

Pipes. I shall never have repose as long as I observe your honour ill at ease. The produce of your farm, this year, has failed, and I am now become a burthen to you.

Capt. Barton. Can a child become a burthen to his father? And pray, are you not as one among my children?

dren? Thanks to heaven! I shall be always sure of a subsistence. If our ration is a little less, there shall be still an equal share for you, Pipes.

Pipes. And I take it; but have hopes that I shall be able to acknowledge all your favours handsomely, as I have met with an employment.

Capt. Barton. So much the better, Pipes! I am charmed to hear that you have so, for *your* sake. What is it?

Pipes. Could you have supposed what I am now going to tell you? But it is true, sir, that a hosier offered me, the other day, employment in his shop, if I would knit him stockings.

Capt. Barton. Very good: at least, you will not be idle, by accepting it.

Pipes. How, sir, very good? I could have knocked the fellow down, but that my crutch had tumbled on the ground.

Capt. Barton. I hope this knocking people down is not the employment that you mean?

Pipes. It would be better far than what the hosier meant to give me. A fine sight, indeed! Pipes knitting like a woman! I would see his stock of knitting-needles at Jericho first; and yet, this circumstance made me think a little. I can work, it is true, said I to myself; so I went to Mr. Wilkinson's, and told him that I would furbish up his old sword blades, if he would but employ an ancient soldier. He consented: so that I shall have the handling still of warlike weapons, and, beside, receive a shilling a day. Let me beg, captain, that you will accept it for my maintenance.

Capt. Barton. No, no, my friend: keep what you earn yourself. A drop of liquor, now and then, is necessary to a person of your age.

Pipes. A drop of liquor! Oh! I will take care how I play at such a game as that again. I know myself too well. I should drink a single drop to-day; a pint would hardly be enough to-morrow, and so on.

Capt. Barton. But you have other calls for money; and for my part, I want nothing.

Pipes. Nothing! when you almost live on bread and water? Nay, now captain, you are far too proud, believe me; and refuse my shilling, for no other reason than because I am not your equal!—A vengeance on this wooden

leg of mine, that has prevented me from being now a colonel, for what any one can tell!

Capt. Barton. You do not know me yet, I can see, my friend; for were I to accept a gift from any one, it should be only from the king and you.

Pipes. What, both of us together thus! and in a breath?

Capt. Barton. My king is but my master. In my friend, I see a sort of God: and you, Pipes, are the only friend that is left me.

Pipes, (throwing himself into the captain's arms.) Well then, my friend—Captain, take my shilling!

Capt. Barton. I have already told you, I could put it to no use, and did not misinform you; but, on second thoughts, a time may come, when I shall need a great deal more. Lay by as much as you can save out of this daily shilling, that whenever I may want your savings, you may then assist me.

Pipes. Oh! I understand you. It is for my sake, rather than your own, that you counsel me to act thus savingly. No matter: I will pursue your counsel literally; and my money shall be sacred. It shall go in nothing but tobacco; and I will take care how I fall into a passion, that I may not break my pipe.

Capt. Barton. I praise your resolution; but at present go and smoke one to the honour of our friendship. Mrs. Barton, I observe, is coming; and I wish to have a little conversation with her, by myself.

Pipes. Yes, yes, I will leave you; and besides, a little air will be of service to me. Your discourse has had I do not know what effect upon my spirits. I shall quickly be composed again.

S C E N E IV.

Captain Barton, Mrs. Barton.

Mrs. Barton. What circumstance has happened, my dear life? You sent the children to me; and I thought I saw upon their countenances something not quite natural to them. I conceived it not so proper to ask *them* the reason, but would come and know the whole from you. Hide nothing from me, I beseech you! Has any new misfortune

tune happened, that it is in my power to lighten by giving you comfort?

Capt. Barton. No, my dear! With your assistance, I can bear all sorrows; and if unforeseen affliction were to come upon me, would not hesitate to tell you of it, after the experience that I have had of your philosophy and fortitude. But be of comfort! Thank Heaven, nothing fatal or unfortunate has happened!

Mrs. Barton. What then could occasion the uneasiness that I noticed in their countenances?

Capt. Barton. Our old soldier caused it, whose excess of zeal and friendship for me carried him so far, while they were present, as to vent complaints concerning the injustice of my lot. I observed that they were affected by the strength of his expressions; and because I apprehended such invectives might inspire discouragement, I directed them to go into your chamber; so that Pipes's murmurs might not make a bad impression on them, being followed instantly by your caresses.

Mrs. Barton. Poor unhappy little things! Alas, they know not what a sad condition they are to experience upon earth!

Capt. Barton. I hope their fortune will not be so lamentable, as your motherly affection seems to fear; for hitherto, at least, they have no great occasion to complain of their condition.

Mrs. Barton. What! my dear, when they are utterly deprived of all the advantages that they might reasonably have expected in life?

Capt. Barton. They never knew them; therefore, never can the want of those advantages afflict them. Possibly they might have only served to soften and unnerve their strength, as well as understanding. The hard life to which they have been used, has given them a robust and sound constitution, and an energy of mind. Instead of pursuing frivolous or puerile amusements, they already know how to convert their labour into pleasure. If God's providence should grant them any of the gifts of fortune, they will therefore yield the more enjoyment: but, supposing they are all decreed to pass away their days in the privation of this life's conveniences, they will have learnt to undergo their fortune without murmurs or complainings. Shall I tell you what I think, my dear? I do not look on

the condition to which we are destined, as so very lamentable; for, surrounded by the pleasures of the world, should we have known those tender sentiments for each other, which we certainly have learnt, in what men call the school of adversity? Hurried on by pleasure, we should each have gone in quest of friends who would have left us in adversity, and perhaps aggravated our afflictions by their treachery; while now, afflicted as we are, we are convinced that we have it in our power to make each other happy, by our mutual love and friendship. There are many miserable individuals in the world, who are even destitute of bread to eat: we have never experienced such a want, though we have not stooped to procure our bread by dishonour. If, as is the case, we are necessitated to put up with what may certainly be called a very common diet, that our children may not want for education,—we enjoy, on the other hand, their gratitude, and their improvement in knowledge. We are conscious to ourselves that we have neglected no one tittle of our duty to them. Every generous notion that they possess is our work: it is our lessons and example that have enabled them to possess it. They will do no laudable or virtuous action in their future lives but what an honest pride will permit us to attribute to ourselves; and granting that any one among them should be raised into distinction by his merit, I am confident, he will not leave us in old age, when we may more particularly want his succour.

Mrs. Barton. O my dear, my worthy husband! how does your fortitude sustain me!

Capt. Barton. On the contrary, dear partner, it is your constancy that upholds my fortitude. Without support, I should have long since sunk beneath the burthen of my sorrows; but seeing you renounce the delicacies, and subdue the weaknesses inseparable from your sex, that you might properly discharge your duty, how could I have seemed less firm than you were, and not have blushed at being called a man?

Mrs. Barton. Ascribe not so much honour to me, for the sacrifices that I have made. They must be nothing to a mother's sensibility: and I would make still greater, if, on such conditions, I might have the prospect of a happier fortune to befall my children. But, my dear, have you renounced all thoughts of soliciting your friends? Are you

you without a hope, that such solicitations would be attended with success?

Capt. Barton. You know the issue of my former applications. If then I experienced nothing but denials, when more recent services spoke for me, shall I hope a better fortune now? and if the hollow-hearted friend, who then deceived me, would not second my just expectations with his influence, who will now espouse the application of a man so many years forgot? My very silence since that period would be urged as a pretext for new refusals, and fresh disappointments but re-open wounds as yet not quite healed up. I have thrown away almost my whole dependence to procure me nothing but vexation; I shall therefore hardly be so rash, as to consume what is left me in such steps as, if they failed, would end in desperation.

Mrs. Barton. Desperation?

Capt. Barton. Yes; though they should cost me nothing but the time that I must purloin from the instruction of my children. If I durst have any hopes, and should again be disappointed, I am convinced, I could not possibly survive; or should, at least, drag on the wretched remnant of my life in sorrow. No, dear spouse; let us not imitate those parents, who imagine that they have done enough, in yielding some small portion of their superfluities, and that too with reluctance, that their children may obtain an education. Let us prove our love, by dedicating even our necessities to their wants. Let us consent to live on bread, if such a sacrifice be needful, that in future they may shew themselves to have been educated in a manner worthy of us.

Mrs. Barton. And I trust in the Almighty, that they will do so; for sure, we have not given life to monsters.

Capt. Barton. I have already such a hope concerning Edward. Child although he is, yet I have frequently remarked his depth of understanding, openness of temper, and ingenuous way of thinking; qualities that I would desire to find in my friend. He will have two motives for seeking advancement, and those such as operate very forcibly on noble minds: he will have obstacles to overcome, and thereby so much the more glory to acquire. With what ardour have I observed him, and particularly these two years last past, to resign himself entirely up to study, and digest the greatest difficulties! With what enthusiasm

thusiasm has he been seized at the recital of some glorious action! I have often noted him retiring, as it were in thought, that he might narrowly examine the transactions both of Rome and Sparta, and observe the infancy of their most celebrated heroes. In a search like this, no wonder that the achievements of a Cyrus should inflame his nature to resemble him in temperance, fortitude, and reputation. On the whole, I verily believe that nothing but some happy circumstance is wanting, to proclaim him such already, as he may one day shew himself to be.

Mrs. Barton. But, my dear, in such a situation as he is doomed to at present, when, alas! can we have hope that this happy circumstance will happen?

Capt. Barton. To the weak man it can hardly ever happen: a great heart will frequently create it. Yes, my Edward, there is hardly any thing that I have not room to hope from you.

S C E N E V.

Captain Barton, Mrs. Barton, Paul, Theodore, Claudia, Isabel.

Paul. You were speaking, I believe, papa, about my brother?

Capt. Barton. True; I was so, Paul. You are sensible, there is scarce a moment of the day, in which I do not think of one or other of you.

Isabel. Have you had any letter from him?

Capt. Barton. Not to-day; but then I know him, my dear child, so well, that I can tell, at any time, what he is about, without his writing to me. For example; I am sure that, at this very moment, he is thinking to afford me a proof of his affection, by a diligent attention to his studies. Paul, I am sure his good behaviour will be serviceable to your introduction, when the time comes round that you must go to school, and have the same instructor.

Paul. And for my part, as, you know, papa, I am to go before Theodore, I will do every thing in my power to introduce *him* likewise, with the same degree of credit.

Capt. Barton. I was sure within myself that you would have made me such a promise. In your present situation,
my

my dear little fellows, destitute, as you are sensible you are, of wealth and patrons, your advancement in the world must be at first entirely owing to yourselves, since it depends upon the efforts you will make, at all times, to excel each other. And what is more, the elevation of all three may be the happy consequence of good behaviour in one only; as the bad behaviour of one only may involve the other two, and be a bar to their good fortune. So that you may see, on one hand, what disgrace, and, on the other hand, what honour, may be expected from the turn of your conduct.

Paul. But papa, you know, we heard Pipes say just now, that you had not been recompensed for your service?

Theodore. I am sure, however, you were never found deficient in your duty.

Isabel. So pray tell us why the king has for so many years forgot you?

Capt. Barton. Possibly, because there have been many to reward, much worthier than myself; or else, because the expences of his government prevent his generosity: besides, I have neglected, for a long, long time indeed, all applications to his justice, that the time which they would have taken up might be better employed upon your education. But when once you enter into public life, you will be able, by a proper conduct on your part, to turn his royal eye upon your father; and if so, I shall enjoy his benefits twice over.

Paul. Oh! if it depends upon my conduct——

Theodore. What! and shall we then be able to repay you every thing that you have done on our account?

Capt. Barton. Yes; and to the full. I will not raise the value of those sacrifices which your good mother and myself have made to your instruction. We have constantly submitted to them unrepiningly, and even with the greatest pleasure. Providence already recompenses us, by planting in your hearts the promise of those virtues that will gratify our hopes. But if you were in future to deceive us, and conduct yourselves in such a manner that the fruit of all our sacrifices would be lost, what then would be the dismal consequences?—your poor sisters brought to poverty! your mother in despair! and my grey hairs descending to the grave with sorrow!

Paul.

Paul. No; it never shall be so.

Theodore. And therefore, if you love us, be assured, we shall do every thing in our power to make you happy.

Capt. Barton. My existence totally depends upon you; and through you I am to live or die.

Paul. In that case, you will live while we have one single drop of blood within us.

Theodore. We will rather die a thousand times, than willingly dishonour you.

Capt. Barton. Well, I receive, my children, this assurance in the sight of Heaven, and can have nothing else to wish. I will be indebted to you for the greatest happiness that is to be enjoyed in this world.

Claudia. O papa, how badly off are we, who cannot by our conduct make you happy!

Capt. Barton. You may make my happiness still greater, by so acting as, in this retirement, to occasion me the permanent and tranquil joys peculiar to a father. What will there be wanting to my happiness, if, while your brothers honour my old age by their laudable actions, you, together with your sister, comfort it with your attention, and adorn it with your virtues? What additional felicity can I entreat of Heaven, if I but live to see you merit the distinction gained you by the fame and glory of your brothers? (*He takes Mrs. Barton by the hand, whom an excess of sensibility had rendered speechless, during all the scene.*) Dearest wife! can you imagine what would be our transports at so fair a prospect, when both joy and honour, caused by each of those to whom we gave birth, should fill up our dwelling!

Paul. You say nothing, dear mama!

Claudia. You weep!

Mrs. Barton. It is for joy, my children. I was indulging myself before-hand, in the happiness which your father has just described.

Paul. Oh! we promise that we will do our utmost not to disappoint you. Yes, upon our knees we promise you. And as for Edward, I will answer for him just as he himself would, were he present. (*They fall upon their knees before her: she affectionately raises, and embraces them; as does likewise their father.*)

S C E N E VI.

Captain Barton, Mrs. Barton, Paul, Theodore, Claudia, Isabel, Pipes.

Pipes, (rushing all at once into the room.) O my worthy captain!

Capt. Barton. What is the matter?

Pipes. I have seen him! He is returned!

Capt. Barton. Returned?—who, Pipes?

Pipes. He, sir; my best friend! the only friend I have! except, indeed, your honour!

Capt. Barton. Edward, do you mean?

Mrs. Barton. My son?

Paul. My brother?

Claudia and Isabel. Where—where is he?

Theodore. O my dearest Pipes, is Edward coming?

Pipes. Do you ask me, when I have told you? Why, he almost beat me backward, throwing, as he did, his arms about my neck. The excellent young man! still, still the same! He is coming after me. I hear him on the stairs.

Mrs. Barton. But why does he return? Oh, heaven! he has been only ten days absent! Is it possible, that—

Capt. Barton, (interrupting her.) What! suspect my Edward? This is the first reason for displeasure that you have ever caused me!

Mrs. Barton. Pardon my uneasiness! And yet, what are we to suppose on this occasion?

Capt. Barton. Any thing, or every thing, much rather than imagine that he has done amiss.

S C E N E VII.

Captain Barton, Mrs. Barton, Edward, Paul, Theodore, Claudia, Isabel, Pipes.

Edward, (entering to his father, who springs forward and embraces him.) My dear, dear father! how rejoiced I am to see you!

Capt. Barton. My dear Edward! is it you?—Kiss me, my dear child! and again!—What can be the reason of your coming back so unexpectedly?

Edward.

Edward. It is mentioned in this paper. Read, read, read! (*He gives a paper; and then running up to his mother, falls into her arms*) My dear mama! you will be very happy! (*He returns to his brothers and sisters, and salutes them.*) And how are you, dearest Isabel and Claudia?—and you, Paul and Theodore? You were far from expecting to see me so soon, were you not? However, you will be glad of my return, when you know the reason of it.

Isabel. Oh! we are glad already, without knowing it.

Edward. I had drawn up a letter yesterday for my papa; with good news in it, and the promise of much better: but my master being then upon the point of setting out for London, on the subject of that better news, thought proper to detain the letter; and succeeding in the object of his journey, it was instantly determined that I should come myself this morning; which was full as well, I fancy: was it not?

Claudia. Oh! certainly.

Capt. Barton. What is this! A pension of three hundred pounds a year, the king allows me!

Mrs Barton. Is it possible?

Pipes. Bombs and cannons! if it were but true!

All the Children. How, how, papa?

Capt. Barton. There, read the whole yourself, dear spouse!—And who is the generous man that has thus condescended to enumerate my services in presence of the king, when every one besides him had abandoned me? The king then knows that I have not served him without some degree of honour! O my prince! I could certainly have been happy, though deprived of your munificence, but not of your esteem. Dear Edward! who has been my benefactor?

SCENE the last.

Captain Barton, Mrs. Barton, Paul, Theodore, Claudia, Isabel, Pipes, Edward, the Master of the Military School, Eugenius.

(Edward runs out hastily, and very soon returns, bringing in his master by the hand.)

Edward. Here is our friend, and second father. See here too, my brother Eugenius. A new son, for you and my mama.

The Master. Pardon me, sir, that I have been so free as to intrude upon you without leave: I was not willing, I confess, to lose the affecting scene, to which I am witness at present.

Capt. Barton. You may well expect the liberty of being witness to it, since it is all of your creation.

Mrs. Barton. And has wherewithal, no doubt, to gratify your benevolent heart.

The Master. I am indeed most happy, madam, to perform a character therein, though not the hero. It is to Edward, to your son, that the honour of that character appertains.

Mrs. Barton. To Edward!

Capt. Barton. To my son?

The Master. You had deprived yourself of every comfort in this life, that you might form his heart and understanding; and on his part, he deprived himself of his enjoyments, to evince the gratitude that he owed you. Pardon me, good sir, if I appear acquainted with the secrets of your family. Your son has not betrayed them. It was I who read them in his bosom. Ever since his first commencement with us, he would take no sustenance but bread and water. All our menaces were not sufficient to procure an explanation of his motives for such abstinence; and by insinuation only did I come to know it. He resolved to be no happier than his father, who denied himself so many things on his account. We spoke about you, and I learned your situation. I have had no other merit than the trifling one of causing intimation of it to be made to our good sovereign; but your name, it seems, was in
his

his recollection; and he said, as I was told, that he thought himself quite happy, in the means of recompensing, as he did, your ancient services, as well as the care that you took in bestowing such an education on your children, as must render them the most valuable of his subjects. The worthy nobleman who mentioned your affair to his majesty, even told me, that in saying these words, he shed tears.

Capt. Barton. O sir! forgive the weaknesses of nature. I had strength sufficient to endure misfortunes; but not half enough to bear such joy! My son! my dearest Edward! are you capable of such generous affection to your father?

Edward. Pardon me: I have but for a moment done in your behalf, what you have been doing for so many years, on my account. (*He turns towards his mother, who is just upon the point of fainting.*) My dear mama! do not die, I beseech you, now that you are rich.

(*Mrs. Barton is revived in consequence of his solicitude, and almost overwhelms him with embraces.*)

The Master. What an affecting picture! Edward, you remember that I also mean to be your father?

Edward. Oh yes; always, always! So, papa, embrace Eugenius my new brother: we have sworn for ever to love one another.

Eugenius. Yes; and I, on my side, never shall forget my promise. (*They embrace each other ardently; as do Captain Barton and the Master.*)

The Master. I have been so free, sir, as to bring him with me to your house, that he might contemplate the virtues that flourish in it. He had read the heart of Edward many days before myself; and he it was who first of all desired his friendship.

Captain Barton. If you give him thus a friend, in the person of my son, I ought to find another for him in the person of his father.

The Master. I can wish for nothing with such ardour, as I do such a title; and, on my part, offer you my pledge of friendship. (*Holding out his hand*)

Pipes. I can be no longer an indifferent looker on! (*he lets fall his crutch, and rushes in between them.*) Excuse me, sir; but where my Captain gives his heart, mine also must

must go with it. You are a generous man! were you not, Pipes would never flatter you, by calling you so.

Capt. Barton. You will pardon, sir, the bluntness of a soldier: he is full of honour, and this mark of his affection for me, cannot be a matter of indifference to you. It has been my consolation under many sorrows.

The Master. Say you so? then I take his affection in good part. Your hand comrade; for soldiers are all brothers.

Pipes. O my other good supporter, where are you now? But I will dance without you at the thought of such a happy day.

THE WIG, THE SHOULDER OF MUTTON,
THE LANTERNS, THE SACK OF CORN,
AND THE STILTS.

MR. Friendly was one afternoon at home, and in the drawing room with his four children, Lambert, Charlotte, Dorothy and Felix, when three gentlemen whose names were Vernon, Fairfield, and Fitzwilliam, came to see him. They were Mr. Friendly's oldest friends; the children likewise loved them greatly, and were very much rejoiced to see them. They would always listen to their conversation with a greedy ear, as being not only instructive, but amusing; and on this particular occasion sat with such attention, that they let the night come on without once thinking that they wanted candles. Mr. Vernon was, by this time, relating a very curious circumstance that happened to him in his travels, when a dreadful noise was heard from the second pair of stairs. The children crowded together in a fright, behind their father's elbow chair, instead of going out and seeing what was the matter, as Mr. Friendly thought they would have done. He had bid Lambert, his eldest son, step out; but Lambert passed the order to his sister Charlotte; Charlotte to her younger sister Dorothy; and Dorothy, to Felix.

During

During these negotiations, which indeed were all transacted in a minute's time, the noise continued, and came nearer; but not one among them left his station.

Mr. Friendly eyed them, with a look which seemed to ask if he, or his friends, should take the trouble to rise, and see what accident had happened?

Upon this the four began their march together, towards the door, but in the figure of a square battalion, each supported by the other. They were now come near the door, when Lambert, with a fearful step, advanced his foot and opened it; but instantly fell back into his former place. The little ones, however, were not in the least delivered from their terror, when they saw an apparition clothed in white, and crawling on all fours. In short, our *Sefias*, at the sight, turned tail, and setting up a shriek, retreated towards their father, who rose from his seat, and going towards the landing-place, cried out, who is there?

I, sir, replied a voice, that seemed to issue from the flooring.

I, said Mr. Friendly? And pray who are you?

The barber's boy, sir, looking for your wig.

Think, little friends, what bursts of laughter now succeeded their preceding silence. Mr. Friendly rang the bell for light, and when it came, perceived the wig-box broken to pieces, and the unfortunate wig entangled about the boy's right foot.

The tumult of this laughable adventure scarce was over, when the father ridiculed the folly of his children, asking what they had been thus afraid of? They could hardly tell themselves, as having been accustomed from the cradle not to be afraid at night; and as the several servants in the family were expressly forbidden to tell them any foolish stories about ghosts or goblins.

Their preceding conversation being thus deranged, it came at last to turn upon this subject, and they wished to know what could occasion those surprising fears, so common to all children in darknefs.

It is the natural effects of darknefs, and that only, answered Mr. Vernon. As children cannot properly distinguish objects round them in the dark, their imagination, which is always smitten with the marvellous, shapes

shapes them out extraordinary figures, by enlarging or contracting what they look at, just as circumstances govern. Upon this, the notion of their weakness easily persuades them they are utterly unable to resist those monsters which they think armed to hurt them. Terror thus obtains possession of them, and too frequently impresses fears which have the worst of consequences.

They would be ashamed, said Mr. Friendly, if they saw, in open day, what often gives them so much fright by night.

It was for all the world, said Lambert, just as if I saw it: but I needed only touch it, and then I knew very well what it was.

Oh yes, said Charlotte, you have given us indeed an admirable token of your courage. *Needed only to touch it!* And therefore, I suppose, you would have let me *touch* the door, but that I pushed you forward.

It becomes you well, to talk about my fear, said Lambert; you that got behind poor Felix.

And poor little Dorothy behind me, added the fly Felix.

Come, said Mr. Friendly, I can see, you have nothing to reproach each other with. But Lambert's notion is not, upon that account, less rational; for as in all the monstrous shapes that we image out continually to ourselves, we have but natural accidents to fear; we may ward off all danger by the sense of feeling which distinguishes what frequently deceives the sight. It is the neglect of this precaution in our infancy, that makes so many of us fancy ghosts in every object round about us. I remember, on this head, a story, comical enough, which I will tell you.

The four children now came round their father, crying out, a story! oh a story! and their father thus began it.

In my father's house, there lived a maid-servant, who one night was sent for beer into the cellar. We were all seated at the table, but could not set eyes upon the servant or beer. My mother, who was rather of a hasty temper, rose from table, and went out to call her. As it chanced, the cellar-door was open, but she could not make the servant hear. My mother ordered me to bring a candle, and go down into the cellar with her. I went first to light the way: but as I looked straight forward,

did not mind my sleeps, and all at once fell over something rather soft. My light went out, and getting up, I put my hand upon another hand, quite motionless and cold. Upon the cry that I uttered, down came the cook maid, with a candle. She drew near, and we discovered the poor girl stretched all along upon the ground, face downward, in a swoon. We raised her up, and let her have a smelling bottle. She recovered her spirits; but had hardly lifted up her eyes, when she cried out: There! there she is! there still! Who is there? replied my mother. That tall white woman, answered she, there hanging in the corner. See! see! see! We looked the way that she pointed; and in fact did see, as she described it, something white and of a tolerable length suspended in a corner. Is it only *that*? replied the cook-maid, bursting out a laughing. Why that is nothing but a leg of mutton which I bought last night. I hung it there, that it might be quite fresh, and cool; and put a napkin round it, to keep off the flies. She ran immediately, took off the napkin, and exhibited the leg of mutton to her fellow-servant, who stood trembling with fear. It was above a quarter of an hour before she was convinced of her ridiculous mistake. She would at first insist upon it, that the phantom stared her in the face with saucer eyes; that she had turned to run away but that the ghost had followed her, fastened on her petticoat, and seized upon the candle in her hand. What happened after this she could not tell.

It is very easy to explain all this, said Mr. Vernon; and assign the reason, why your servant fancied thus extravagantly. When the fright first seized her and she swooned, the circulation of the blood was stopped, and she could not run away; she thought she had been held. Her limbs were deprived of strength, so that she could not hold the candle, and therefore supposed that the spectre took it from her.

We are happy, added he, that the understanding and good sense of people has begun to dissipate these foolish notions concerning ghosts and goblins. There was once a time of so much ignorance, that these ideas mixed with superstitious notions, and deprived the boldest of their courage; but thank heaven, they are at length completely done away in towns; though they subsist, as strong as ever,

in the country, which is still supposed to be inhabited by witches, and a train of evil spirits. What I am going now to tell you, is a laughable example of it.

Tom Stubbs, a labouring man, one evening was returning from a fair, with Edmund and Susan, his two children. It was towards the end of autumn, when the day shuts in betimes.

Tom going by an ale house, told the children that he would enter and refresh himself a little, ordering them, as they were well acquainted with the road before them, to go onward, and in half a dozen minutes he would overtake them. Edmund and Susan therefore went on slowly, talking of the drollery of a puppet-show that they had been seeing, and, as well as they were able, talking like the wooden figures in it. All at once, about the middle of a path which passing round the corner of a little wood, came, where they stood into the public road, their eye was caught by something very bright that seemed to dance upon the ground, or rise and fall by turns. The father having formerly been a soldier, had frequently told them that they must never be afraid of what by night and at a distance might assume a frightful figure, but go boldly up to it, when they would find it nothing. Edmund had forgot all this instruction. He could hardly speak, he shook all over, and perspired abundantly; whereas his sister laughed to see him frightened, saying that she would go and see the apparition nearer. Edmund all in vain, assured her that it was a ghost, who certainly would twist her neck off. She was not discouraged by these foolish notions, but went onward towards the light, without once stopping.

She was come within a dozen yards of it, when, behold ye, she discerned the very puppet-show-man who had entertained her at the fair, and who was seeking something with his lantern.

For in drawing out his handkerchief, his purse had followed; and for upwards of ten minutes, he had looked about to find it on the ground, about the spot. Susan, who had always her wits about her, went and searched the hedges, and found it hanging on a sprig. The show-man gave her, as a recompence, the punchinello which had made her laugh so much; and as they went along, instructed her how to twitch the strings, and

to make it play in that diverting manner that she had lately seen.

They were hardly at home, when Tom came in. The puppet-man informed him of what had happened, and extolled Susan's courage. It was now extremely dark, however, and little Edmund was not to be seen. Tom began to fear some accident; and therefore took a link, and with Susan, ran to see if he could find him.

They went very fast, and hallooed, as they ran, by turns. At last they heard, a great way off, the voice of some one in distress. They made up to it, and found Edmund in a ditch, unable to get out. He was quite covered with a cake of mud from head to foot, and had his face and hands torn sadly with the brambles.

How the deuce came you here? said his father, as he helped him out.

Ah father, I was running with my head turned towards a jack-a-lantern that ran after me, and, as I could not see my way before me, I tumbled in here. I wanted to get out, but could find only brambles to lay hold of. See how they have scratched my face and hands; and thereupon he began his cries and lamentations afresh.

Tom reproved him very roughly for his cowardice; but Edmund was a deal more vexed when told his sister's luck. He could not be consoled for having lost his share in the diverting punchinello which she knew, by this time, how to play off with great dexterity.

The lantern, in your tale, said Mr. Fairfield, makes me recollect a singular adventure with a lantern in it, that performed its part so well, as to affright, not merely such a little peasant as your Edmund, but a whole village.

I was coming home one night on horse-back, from a visit that I had just before been making to a number of the neighbouring villages, where I had quartered my recruits. There had fallen a great deal of rain that day, since noon, and during all the evening, which had broken up the road, and it was raining still with equal violence; but being forced to join my Company the next morning, I set out, provided with a lantern, having to pass a narrow defile between two mountains.

I had

I had cleared it, when a gust of wind took off my hat, and carried it so far that I despaired of recovering it again, and therefore gave the matter up. By great good fortune I had on me a large scarlet cloak. I covered up my head and shoulders with it, leaving nothing but a little hole to see my way and breathe through; and for fear the wind should take a fancy to my cloak, as well as hat, I passed my right arm round my body to secure it, so that riding on in this position, you may easily conceive that my lantern, which I held in my right hand, was under my left shoulder. At the entrance of a village, on a hill, I met three travellers, who no sooner saw me, than they ran away, as if they were possessed. For my part, I went on upon the gallop, and when come into the town, alighted at an inn, where I designed to rest myself a little; but soon after who should enter but my three poltroons, as pale as death itself. They told the landlord and his people, trembling as they spoke, that on the road they had encountered a great figure of a man all over blood, whose head was like a flame of fire, and to increase the wonder, placed beneath his shoulder. He was mounted on a dreadful horse, said they, quite black before, and grey behind, which, notwithstanding it was lame, he spurred and whipped right up the mountain with extraordinary swiftness. Here they ended their relation. They had taken care to spread the alarm as they were flying from this wondrous apparition, and the people had come with them to the inn in such a drove, that upwards of a hundred were all squeezed together, opening their mouths and ears at this tremendous story. To make up in some sort for my dismal journey, I resolved to laugh a little and be merry at their cost, intending at the same time to cure them of such frights, by showing them their folly in the present instance. With this view I mounted my horse again behind the inn, went round about till I had rode the distance of half a mile; when turning I disposed of my accoutrements, that is to say, my cloak and lantern, as before, and on I came upon a gallop towards the inn. You should have seen the frightened mob of peasants how they hid their faces at the sight and crowded into the passage. There was no one but the host that had courage to remain and keep his eye upon me. I was now before the door, on which I shifted the position of my lantern, let my cloak

drop down upon my shoulders, and appeared the same figure as he had seen me by his kitchen fire. It was not without real difficulty that we could bring the simple people who had crowded in for safety from their terror: the three travellers in particular, as the first impression was still strong within them, could not credit what they saw. We finished by a hearty laugh at their expense, and drinking to the man whose head was like a flame of fire and placed beneath his shoulder. This was what I meant to tell you, and perhaps if such conviction of their groundless apprehensions had not been afforded them, the story of my strange appearance would have passed from one old woman to another, and for centuries occasioned mortal fears through all the country.

It depended only on me too, in the same manner, said Mr. Fitzwilliam, to afford the subject of a fine story to the gossips of my county, in an adventure that befel me one night, about the time of my leaving school.

I was come home at Midsummer, and had received an invitation from my uncle, to be with him for a month or thereabouts. While I was there, I had occasion to get up one night, or rather morning. I was obliged to pass along a gallery, and had nothing but the moon to guide my steps, and she was very much obscured by clouds. In going by a window which opened to the garden, I saw a monstrous figure, moving at a little distance from the gallery where I was. The moon, which cast a faint light on the monster, gave it an appearance rather frightful. It was like a great Colossus, with the upper part inclining forwards. As it went away I saw it by degrees diminish. All at once, however, it appeared to come in two. One half seemed motionless and dead, the other greatly agitated; but as neither of the two approached me, in the fear that seized me I had strength enough to bawl out help! help! help! I had but time to utter these three words, before the living half of the phantom ran up to the gallery where I was, and in a suppliant accent, said to me, ah master Charles, do not cry out for heaven's sake. I remembered, as I thought, the voice; and therefore taking courage went up boldly to it, crying out who are you? Some housebreaker doubtless.—No, no, master, I am Sam the coachman. Sam the coachman! answered I; and what are you about at such an hour as this?

this? I followed him, for he was now gone from me, and perceived a sack of something placed against the wall. I now saw clearly what had given him so monstrous an appearance; and why he seemed to come in two, when he had thrown the sack off his shoulders. I demanded what the sack had in it. I am going, answered he, betimes to town. Last night I quite forgot to bring my horses their supply of oats, and they must eat before they leave the stable. So I rose to get it; but pray do not speak a word about it in the house, I beg you: they might think me very careless, and perhaps a thief. It came into my head, upon the spot, that he might in fact be what he seemed afraid of being thought. I had myself the night before, I remembered, met him with a sack of oats upon his back. Besides, it was not towards the stable that he was going; he was very near a little door which opened at the bottom of the garden towards a lane; and besides, I thought two sacks of oats were more a great deal than three horses, for my uncle had but three, could want. At breakfast I informed my uncle of this business. After some examination, it was found that the coachman had a false key in his possession, by means of which he had at different times purloined the corn intended for the horses.

Now, if when the phantom had approached, and called me by my name, I had not overcome my first fright, but run away to shun him, with what terrible ideas should I have been possessed all night? The idea of this monster might, perhaps, have accompanied me my whole life, and rendered me a coward, if it had not touched my brain, and robbed me of my understanding.

In effect, this apprehension of Mr. Fitzwilliam's was by no means groundless. I have myself been very lately told of an unhappy incident, which shows how terrible the effects of fear may be on children. I will tell it you at length, my little friends, and I hope, the story will not fail to cure you of a wish to frighten one another when it is dark, if ever you give way to such a practice.

Charles Pomeroy, a child of great vivacity and understanding, had adopted such a turn towards music, that besides his daily lesson on the organ, which his master came to give him every morning, he would go at night upon a visit to his master, who resided in the neighbourhood, and there repeat it.

Charles's brother Augustus was a good boy likewise, but had something of a turn towards drollery; and spent the time, when Charles was at his book, in scheming how he might play off some trick or other, no ways minding who became the object of his wagging. He took notice that his brother frequently came home alone, and sometimes when it was dark, and turned his thoughts upon a contrivance to frighten him a little. He could walk in stilts. One evening, therefore, at the time that his brother was expected home, he put himself into a pair of very high ones, wrapped a great white sheet about him, which trailed far behind upon the ground; and took a broad brimmed hat, which first of all he flapped, and having covered it with crape, of a sufficient length to hang a great way down on every side, but most of all before him, put it on his head. Thus frightfully equipped, he placed himself upright, and at a little distance from the house, close by the garden-gate, through which his brother always entered coming home. This last was now returning in the innocent delight peculiar to a child, and humming to himself the tune that he had been playing. He was scarce come within a dozen paces of the gate, when he perceived the vast Colossus, which held out its arms, advancing to attack him. Agitated with a mortal fright, at such an apparition, he fell down upon the ground, deprived of understanding. Poor Augustus, who had not foreseen the consequences of his fatal frolic, threw away his mask immediately, and fell upon his brother's almost breathless body; and did every thing in his power to reanimate him: but alas! the unhappy little fellow, as he found, was every thing but absolutely dead. His parents instantly came running to the spot, and with a great deal of difficulty brought him back to life. He opened his eyes, and viewed them with a vacant stupid look. They called him by every tender name; but he appeared as if he did not comprehend them. He endeavoured, but in vain, to speak: his tongue essayed to do so, but without articulation. He is now deaf, dumb and foolish, and will very probably remain so all his life-time. Six or seven months have passed, since this deplorable occurrence, and the doctors who attend him have, as yet, done nothing towards his cure. Imagine little friends, if you are able, the distress and sorrow of his parents. It would certainly
have

have been better, both for them and him too, had he died upon the spot. They would not then have every day before them such a piteous object of affliction and despair. But their distress is nothing in comparison to Augustus's. Since the unhappy accident, he has been like a skeleton, much more than a human creature. He can neither eat nor sleep. His tears exhaust him. Twenty times a day he walks about the room, and suddenly stops short: he wrings his hands, pulls up his hair, and curses even his birth. He calls and embraces his dear brother, who no longer knows him. I have seen them both, and cannot tell which of the two is most unhappy.

B A C K G A M M O N.

MR. Parker had been buying, for his children, Anthony and Sylvia, what they call a draft-board, and backgammon table at the back, with thirty men, two red Morocco boxes, and a pair of dice.

The children did not know, as yet, both games; they were a little skilled in drafts; but then backgammon was all Greek or Hebrew to them; so they begged their dear papa to give them some instruction in it. Mr. Parker, who was always ready to make one in their diversions, undertook the task with pleasure; and by turns, sat down with both, while he that was not in the game, looked on for improvement.

I shall not detain you with describing how they reckoned up the pips upon the dice when they had thrown them, by the assistance of their fingers; or the blunders that they were every minute making. I chuse rather to inform you, that in little better than a month, they understood backgammon tolerably well; and could sit down and play with one another. Sylvia bent her study to secure the hit; but Anthony, much more ambitious, would be satisfied with nothing but the gammon.

Their papa, one day, stood by, while they were playing.—After some bad throws, Anthony lost all temper, and his moves of course were very injudicious; but his

sister, who was calm and steady, carried every thing before her.

Anthony, like other players, while he shook the dice-box, did not fail to name the points that he wanted, either to fill up his table, or defeat his adversary. *Cinq* and *quatre*, cried he! *Size* and *trey*! but no: they would not come; and it was always deuce and ace, or double treys, or something to the full as bad, that turned up in their stead. He stamped upon the ground, or when he threw the dice, was so outrageous, as to fling the dice-box after, crying out, Was ever any thing so cross-grained and unlucky? one would think the matter were contrived to spite me!

Sylvia, on the other hand, when she, in throwing, called for such a number as she wanted, and was disappointed, far from giving way to useless lamentation, thought within herself what *move* would be the most judicious, after her bad throw; and frequently her father was surprised to see how she would make amends for want of luck, and in an instant, as it were, recover, when he thought her on the point of being worsted.

And whenever victory declared for her with all the honours of a triumph, she would constantly and modestly avoid the glory of her conquest; while poor Anthony, ashamed of being beaten, durst not lift his eyes up. Upon one of these occasions, when his father had been standing by, and noticed his bad playing, he addressed him to the following purport: Anthony, you have richly merited to lose this game.

Anthony. And not this only, but the others, I acknowledge, for my fault in playing with a person that is constantly so lucky.

Mr. Parker. It would seem then, to hear you talk, that luck is every thing, at such a game as this?

Anthony. No, papa; but when one has such throws as—

Mr. Parker. It was scarcely possible that your throws should benefit you, when you played your men so injudiciously, and Sylvia with so much attention: but you talk of having had such throws, and there your fault lies; for you paid attention to your sister's dice, instead of noticing her men, that you might learn to move as she did. What would be your notions of a gardener, who, without consulting the variety of seasons, should conduct himself by chance

chance in his plantation, and complain that in the end, his fruit was not so good or plentiful as his neighbour's who had been attentive to all circumstances in the prosecution of his labour.

Anthony. O papa, that is very different.

Mr. Parker. And in what, pray? let me know.

Anthony. I cannot well answer you in that. I think it so, however.

Mr. Parker. I am ashamed, on your account, to see you have recourse to such poor shifts as little minds employ, when they resolve before hand to support their cause; for tell me, have you really discerned in my comparison any thing that hinders it from having a relation to the subject of which we are speaking?

Anthony. To say the truth then, no. I did not once think of it. I was only anxious to avoid the appearances of being worsted in the argument.

Mr. Parker. You may see, then, what you get by such evasions. You were only to be blamed for wanting judgment; and you added instantly thereto what is much more to be condemned, a want of justice. By using such a pitiful subterfuge against an adversary of common sense, do you think that he will become its dupe, and yield you up the conquest? Never. He will see the folly of it first, and afterwards the meanness. You will find, you might have been entitled to his pity, but will meet with his contempt; and not *his* only, but your own.

Anthony. I hope, papa, I have not made you angry, that you speak so to me?

Mr. Parker. You are sensible that I never spare reproof, when I see any thing that leads, however round-about, to meanness or injustice. Such a lesson you will get from no one but your father; and I give it you from motives of affection, that another may not have occasion to bestow it on you from moroseness. The confession which you first made me, of not having once considered what you spoke, and which only could proceed from an ingenuous turn of mind, persuades me that you will never want another lesson of the kind.—Embrace me, my dear fellow.

Anthony. Oh with all my heart! I know papa, you save me many mortifying minutes.

Mr. Parker. I can hit upon no other way of doing so, than this of giving you instruction; but at present, let us

come to the comparison that I instanced; and I hope we shall be no less able to derive improvement from it, than illustrate what we were speaking of before.

Anthony. Let us see then, papa: I promise I will not seek to contradict you: but, provided I observe it vary in the least from what you meant it to explain, you give me leave in that case——

Mr. Parker. I desire no gentler treatment. I shall be rejoiced to have you give me juster notions; for believe me, when I tell you, that a rational self-love finds satisfaction, even in confessing its mistakes. Self-love, if rational, has always an unfeigned respect for truth, a veneration for reciprocal or mutual justice; and that reason, which can spring thus nobly from its fall, is in the way of never stumbling.

Anthony. Ah papa! I see, I must this long while keep a tight rein on mine.

Mr. Parker. You must; but loosen *that* at least of your imagination, so that you may follow while I show the way. I told you, that a player at backgammon should pursue the conduct of a skilful gardener in his garden. If the one endeavours to procure his tree a handsome looking trunk, and make such disposition of the branches, as may get him the most fruit, the other is employed in bringing up his men in such a manner, that whatever points he throws, he may be able to fill up his tables, more or less. Those points depend no more upon the one, than the variety of seasons on the other; but what equally depends on both, is this: that they should be upon their guard, in consequence of these uncertainties, and not expose the object for which they are labouring, without precaution on their part. The order of a game has many favourable and unfavourable turns, as has the order of the seasons many beneficial and malignant influences. Now the lucky chances, I may say, have a resemblance to those kindly heats which introduce fertility; and the unlucky to those nipping winds in summer, that are obstacles to vegetation. The great point is to foresee these changes. He that plays, is with discretion to run some few risques, when nothing need be feared from his adversary, but to stand upon his guard whenever he is in force; and he that plants is to expose his tree, that it may have the beneficial influence of the sun, when all the elements are mixed in
kindly

kindly union ; but to defend it when the weather happens to grow stormy.

Anthony. Very well, papa ; things hitherto square marvellously well : but at backgammon, a good player, you are sensible, not only profits by his own dexterity, but is the better for his adversary's want of judgment, and the faults that he makes ; whereas the gardener, if he plays a game, must play it by himself in your comparison.

Mr. Parker. True, Anthony ; but you must not expect that a comparison will take in every object and relation : mine is limited to those I have mentioned.

Anthony. Do you think so ? Well then, I will proceed a little further with it, if you please, papa. I look on all the gardeners of the village, as if playing with each other, to determine which shall bring the best and greatest quantity of fruit to market. He that plays most skilfully, will do so ; and of course dispose of it at higher prices, if the rest, through ignorance and inattention, shall have less or worse to sell ; and consequently he will win the game.

Mr. Parker. Well argued, Anthony ! You now see, I hope, what advantages one may derive from entering into rational debate, where neither party seeks to lay a snare to catch the other, and to satisfy his miserable vanity, but where both wish to give reciprocal instruction, by an interchange of what they know respectively. I only saw one face belonging to the object which I exhibited to your consideration ; but exciting your attention towards it, I have furnished you with the occasion of discovering one that had escaped me, and which very likely may enable me, in my turn, to discern some other that it may still possess. Men have obtained no sort of knowledge otherwise than by assembling and comparing those ideas with which meditation has supplied them, in cultivating any branch of science. I compare them to as many lamps, that should be placed to burn before reflectors of a thousand different surfaces, but every one reverberating to a common center. It is the bundle of these rays, some far more brilliant than the rest indeed, but strengthened all by one another, that makes up that glare of light collected in the focus of their union. I shall really be glad, if you inure yourself betimes, Anthony, to consider all the objects of which you would judge, by comparing them with others that already are familiar to your understanding ; by contrasting them with

one another, and remarking, in this contralt, every circumstance by which they may resemble, or be foreign to each other. This same method is most natural and sure. It is a method which *they* have followed, who, by exercising their imagination, have attained to the sublimity and pathos of a Homer, a Voltaire, a Milton; who, by studying the affections of the human heart, have made themselves a Sophocles, a Moliere, or a Shakespeare; who, by rising to the origin of our ideas, have become a Condillac, or Locke; who, by investigating nature, have acquired the praises of an Aristotle, a Buffon, an Edwards; who, by meditating on the title to give law, and form societies, have been a Montesquieu, a Mably, a Rousseau, a Blackstone; and in short, who by pervading the mysterious order of the planetary system, have transmitted to us, together with the benefit of their researches, the illustrious names of a Copernicus, a Kepler, a Bernouilli, and a Franklin; but particularly, of a Newton: men all famous in the different sciences to which their genius led them, and whose names I intimate thus early to you, that in time you may be animated with a wish of studying the immortal labours which they have left behind them.

INNOCENCE MADE MANIFEST.

P A R T I.

LEAVE we the degenerate crew
 Who at female virtue rail:
 Husbands, to your wives be true,
 And your peace can never fail.
 For false rumours, should your wrath
 Arm itself against their life?
 Those who urge their breach of troth
 With their virtue are at strife.

Ancient story proves this truth,
 Now the subject of my song:
 Sweet it is, by speaking sooth,
 To acquit the sex of wrong.

Yet

Yet what pleasure can this give,
 If my heart no other feel?
 Wives, if you but happy live,
 I'm rewarded for my zeal.

Beauteous in her prime of days,
 Brabant's daughter, meek and mild,
 Blanch attracted gen'ral praise,
 Gentle as a new-born child.
 Twenty barons for her strove;
 Siffroi only gain'd the prize:
 Hymen quickly crown'd his love
 With indissoluble ties.

But tho' wedded, still they seem'd
 Nymph and lover as before;
 In their countenances beam'd
 Smiles of love, a countless store!
 Tender cares! the speaking eye!—
 Ev'n the faithful turtle dove,
 Had she flown their dwelling nigh,
 Might have learnt from them to love.

But sad tidings soon he hears;
 Farewel all his love's delight!
 Saladin in arms appears;
 Siffroi must go join the fight.
 Many a wound within his heart
 Love and Fame contending make:
 Fame is sweet—but then to part!—
 Robb'd of Blanch, his heart must break.

Up at early dawn he hies;
 Grief his manly cheek o'erflows,
 While he views her, as she lies
 Wrapt in undisturb'd repose.
 But the more his wish inclin'd
 With her charms to feast his view,
 Ev'n the more he dreads to find
 Danger in the soft adieu.

Going, he returns; but (Fame
 Loudly chiding from afar)
 Mounts his steed, and urg'd by shame,
 Rushes to the field of war.

Blanch awakes ; what pain to prove !
 Widow'd when so newly wed !
 Oh ! what anguish wounds her love,
 When she finds her Siffroi fled !

Siffroi's seneschal, who burn'd
 Long a captive to her charms,
 Hastening ere his lord return'd,
 Basely tempts her to his arms.
 Blanch his daring hope reprov'd
 Less severely than she ought ;
 Wherefore he, by fury mov'd,
 Thus his impious vengeance wrought :

Less at length, a prey to care,
 Blanch this news to Siffroi sent :
 In my swelling womb I bear
 What will both our loves content.
 No, writes he, my injur'd lord,
 Blanch deludes your ardent vows :
 Read these letters, they afford
 Proofs how she can treat her spouse.

No one pang had Siffroi known,
 'Rest' of all his rich domain ;
 Blanch's cheerless state alone
 Would have cost his bosom pain.
 But that thus the perjur'd fair
 Should his love and name disgrace,
 'Tis too much, he cries, to bear !
 Vengeance must of love take place !

In his mind's first wrathful plight
 No calm reasoning he'll allow :
 Death should, as he thinks, requite
 Those who break the marriage vow.
 He resolves : but ah ! his heart
 Shock'd at Blanch's dreadful fate,
 Countermands the murdering part :
 Wretched Siffroi, 'tis too late !

P A R T II.

Soon as the first mandate came,
 On dire thoughts of blood intent,
 Moves th' assassin to his aim,
 Fearing Siffroi may relent :
 Blanch had with a son, it seems,
 After nine long months been blest ;
 Weak defence against the schemes
 Cherish'd in a villain's breast !

To two thieves, a hellish pair,
 This vile murder is assign'd :
 To the forest Blanch they bear,
 Wife nor child must pity find.
 Would you, friends, she said and knelt,
 Prove more cruel than needs must ?
 If compassion e'er you felt,
 Spare my child, or kill me first !

Innocence, how strong thy charm !
 Of this murderous pair, so fierce,
 One, though lifted is his arm,
 Wants a heart the wife to pierce.
 Piteous breast and flowing eyes,
 Wherefore do ye thus relent ?
 I can't strike ! the villain cries ;
 Here then let your life be spent.

Blanch, with fear and fright half dead,
 Hastens to take up her child ;
 And, all trembling as she fled,
 Traverses the pathless wild.
 In the transports of her joy,
 How she clasps him to her heart !
 Tracing in th' unhappy boy,
 Siffroi, still her soul's best part.

Soon comes sharp inquietude,
 These vain transports to ensue !
 In a place so wild and rude,
 Helpless pair ! what will you do ?

Day descends: Blanch wanders long,
 Nothing knowing where to go;
 While, oh grief! her pangs so strong,
 Stop her milk's late plenteous flow.

How shall I describe her fears,
 Her unutterable smart?
 While she feeds the babe with tears,
 Warm'd by pressure to her heart.
 If he cries, she feels his pain
 Pierce her tender bosom through:
 If he ceases to complain,
 Thinks him dead, and mourns anew.

Night comes on;—to grief resign'd,
 She awaits returning day;
 Then she wanders forth to find
 Fruit her hunger to allay:
 Hastening back, she sees with joy,
 Wond'rous sight! a gentle doe,
 Kindly, to the famish'd boy
 Nourishment and milk bestow.

God, who all we need canst give,
 Mothers are thy work alone!—
 Hoping now the child may live,
 Grief she feels not of her own.
 To a cave not far from thence,
 Now the doe her guest precedes,
 Points her future residence,
 And with care the infant feeds.

Thus thought Blanch 'twould be her fate,
 Life's whole course to pass away,
 In a solitary state,
 Known by none but beasts of prey.
 Unripe fruits her only food:
 Nothing but dry leaves her bed:
 Winds that sweep the solitude
 Pierce her wild and dreary shed.

Dreams of soft'ring hope, at least
 Grant the succour you can give!
 Famine, God can turn to feast;
 Therefore, Blanch, in patience live!

If he smites us, he's our fire,
 And his children he holds dear:
 Comfort then! his darting fire
 Wickedness alone needs fear.

P A R T III.

Than the seneschal not less,
 Thinking Blanch among the dead,
 Siffroi feels the keen distress
 By a troubled conscience bred:
 If he drives her from his mind,
 Thither she returns again;
 Often too his heart's inclin'd
 To suppose her free from stain.

Torn with anguish, tir'd of breath,
 He would gladly die in fight;
 But stern Fate will not by death
 Terminate his wretched plight.
 Spent with weariness, one day
 By the foe was Siffroi ta'en;
 Sev'n long years in bonds he lay,
 And, when free, repass'd the main.

He arrives, o'erwhelm'd with grief;
 Ev'n his native plains, so gay,
 Can afford him no relief,
 Nor his bitter pangs allay.
 Tasteless seems the festive bowl,
 Dull the pomp of courtly show:—
 Siffroi, for thy tortur'd soul
 Fate reserves another blow.

Verging now to life's last goal,
 Does the seneschal repent,
 And behind him leaves a scroll
 Proving Blanch was innocent.
 Oh! what horror Siffroi then
 Felt, when he beheld and read—
 Blanch through me, he cries, of men
 Guiltiest, has unjustly bled.

Thenceforth

Thenceforth does a haggard fiend
 Stalk where'er he turns his sight;
 On his path by day attend,
 And disturb his sleep by night.
 Blanch he sees in fun'ral shroud
 With her babe go glaring by:
 Fierce they frown, and yelling loud,
 Cruel spouse and father cry.

Wine and pleasure both in vain
 Minister their soothing balm:
 Respite he finds none from pain,
 'Toss'd by tempest without calm,
 Most however he's inclin'd
 To pursue the stag's swift pace;
 Least distracted, when his mind
 Meets the turmoil of the chase.

One day, as it chanc'd, his dart
 Pierc'd a deer,—the creature fled:
 He pursues her steps, in part
 Guided by the blood she shed.
 But while traversing the wild,
 What strange objects soon appear!
 Lo a female and a child,
 Comforting the wounded deer!

On this female form, half bare,
 Scarcely had he turn'd his view,
 Than she redden'd, and her hair
 Instantly before her threw.
 From the world, cry'd Siffroi, torn
 With this child what do you here?
 Sev'n long years, said Blanch, I mourn
 One though cruel, still most dear.

Cruel, Siffroi cried, and why?
 By a villain's arts, said she,
 Was his ear deceiv'd, and I
 An adult're's thought to be.

What

What then are you ?—but proceed.

Blanch I was, when fortune smil'd.

Siffroi springing off his steed

Cries aloud, My wife and child !

Yes, 'tis you, with joy intense !

He repeats, and many a kiss,

Oh I know your innocence

But believ'd you dead ere this.

Cruel as I was, dear wife,

To reduce you to this state !

No, said Blanch, you give me life,

If you own my truth, though late.

But, by this time, round about,

Crowding his companions throng :

See your mistress ? he cries out,

She for whom we griev'd so long :

See my son too ; of his face

Ev'ry feature calls him so.

Come, and from this dreary place,

To my palace let us go.

On the train proceeds, and near

Follow the now happy pair

Close to them the gentle deer,

Proud the playful child to bear.

Family, thrice fortunate !

All your sufferings now are o'er,

Now at length you prove a fate

Happier than you knew before.

THE AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

L E T T E R I.

To Mrs. Torrington.

MADAM,

THIS address, perhaps, will cause you some surprize; or possibly you may have looked for such a greeting.—I, for my part, find it necessary; and of course, without another line of preface, I pass over to the subject which extorts this letter from me.

You may well remember, there was once a time when I sincerely loved you, and when you yourself appeared to merit my affection. Now that time is past. You have found out an object worthier of your love than I am. Since you act from the idea of promoting your felicity by such a preference, I do not wish to thwart you.—We are free.—Do you retire where you think fit, while I live where I please; and that is here. I grant you a week's time to make your choice. I go away to-morrow morning, and shall stay from home till Monday next, that you may not be incommoded with my presence, or endure that trouble, of which it does not suit me in the least to be a witness. Respecting our three children, you may be at peace on their account. Their mother, after her behaviour, must no longer have the least communication with them; and whenever I think fit to make enquiry, I shall find some governess who will not be wholly unqualified to bring them up according to their birth. Receive for ever my adieu. Enjoy in peace your new condition, and endeavour, as much as you can, to blot out the remembrance of that man, who formerly was proud to subscribe himself your loving husband, but is now no more than, &c.

ARTHUR TORRINGTON,

L E T-

L E T T E R II.

To Mr. Torrington.

S I R,

I Should in vain endeavour to describe the different emotions raised within my soul, by the perusal of your letter. You resolve that a separation shall take place between us. Since you judge an open rupture needful, I submit to your good pleasure. If when we were first united, any one had told me that all our mutual vows would come to this, I should certainly not have been persuaded that such an event was possible. Nevertheless it has taken place. In my misfortunes however I have still one consolation left me ; namely that in heaven there is a God, who has the means of manifesting innocence. My conscience clears me of reproach. My heart has no idea of an object worthier of me, as you say, than you are. It has always been devoted to you only. I protest all this, not making use of oaths, but by a simple affirmation which my heart pronounces with assurance. I will make no effort to convince you of my innocence, and your injustice. I shall patiently pursue the path which God's providence points out for me. God's providence, I say, which hitherto has heaped its blessings on me ; and, I hope, will still continue so to do. It is a cruel step, sir, to take all my children from me. I may think, the mother who first gave them life in anguish, has a greater title to them than a father ; and the laws would grant me the society of one, at least : but do not imagine that I have such a doubt of your paternal tenderness and wish to make them happy, as to have recourse to legal aid against you. I will figure to myself with resignation, that God's will by death, has torn them from me, or that I myself am dead, and shall be very quickly followed by them. Farewel, and be at all times happy, most unjust, yet dearest husband. Every night and morning I will pray to God that, for your own repose, he may remove the mist of error from before
your

your eyes, convincing you how faithful and affectionate a spouse you are at present wronging, in the person of your desolate

AMELIA TORRINGTON.

S C E N E I.

Mrs. Torrington, Harriet, Sophia, Caroline.

Harriet. Here we are, mama.

Mrs. Torrington. Come hither, my dear children. Sit down by me: I have something to tell you.

Caroline. Take me on your knee, do, pray, mama. (*Mrs. Torrington takes up Caroline, kisses her, and weeps.*)

Harriet. What is the matter, dear mama? why do you cry?

Sophia. I have done nothing, at least, that I know of, to displease you.

Caroline. Nor I either, dear mama.

The Children, (while their mother cannot speak for tears.) Mama! dear, dear mama!

Mrs. Torrington, (restraining her tears.) Do not be uneasy, my sweet children I beseech you. Do not cry thus, or you will certainly distract me.

Harriet. Then why did you cry yourself, first of all? Why did you weep so yesterday? the day before? and every day since you received my papa's last letter?

Mrs. Torrington. Do not ask me, my poor girl! You will know all time enough. All that I can tell you at present, my dear children, is, that I am forced to leave you tomorrow morning early.

Sophia. And do not you intend then to take me this time, as I was promised? Harriet you remember, went with you last year.

Mrs. Torrington. I wish I could, my life; and not you only, but your sisters likewise; but it is not in my power.

Harriet. At least, mama, I hope you mean to return very soon.

Sophia. And won't you bring me something pretty?

Caroline. And me too?

Harriet. What, sisters! can you see how sad mama is, and yet think of asking her for play-things?—If I durst—

Mrs. Torrington. Well? what, my dearest Harriet?

Harriet, (bursting into tears.) You will never come back to us. I know it. You are always sorrowful when you quit us; but yet you never wept so much as now, when you were going on a little journey.

Mrs. Torrington. Do not alarm yourself, Harriet. In about six weeks I shall come back and see you.

Sophia. In about six weeks! and what are we to do, so long, without you?

Caroline. I can never play so well, you know, mama, as when you are with me?

Mrs. Torrington. Your papa will come back next Monday.

Harriet. And not find you here then, to receive him!

Sophia. He will be very sorry, when he comes, to find you absent.

Caroline. So pray stay at least till he comes back.

Mrs. Torrington. It will but give him greater pleasure, at the time of my return, to see me; and six weeks will soon be past.

Harriet. You won't inform us; but I know very well that papa—

Mrs. Torrington. Dear child, you wound my heart; and I have grieved enough already, at the thought of parting with you. Pray be comforted. We shall see one another again very soon. Receive this kiss as an assurance.

Harriet, (clinging round her neck.) Oh, if it were true!

Mrs. Torrington. When six weeks are once past, you will see. I promise you, and you know, I never yet deceived you. Take care of your health, dear babes, and study to amuse yourselves till I return. *(She embraces them one after the other.)* Harriet and Sophia, you that are the eldest, take what care you can that nothing happens to poor little Caroline. Think frequently of me, and I, on my part, will do so of you. —Farewel, farewel; *(She forces herself from them, and goes out; while they stand motionless with grief, and cry bitterly.)*

L E T T E R III.

To Mrs. Villars.

Dear and Worthy FRIEND,

I Send you my three girls, and earnestly conjure you to bestow your tenderest care upon them, so that they may find a second mother in you. After the deplorable event that has deprived them of the mother who first gave them life, I look upon it as a special blessing that your ladyship so generously condescends to superintend their education. I am sensible how great a burthen I wish you to undertake, and how utterly unable I shall ever be to shew my gratitude for such a favour. But then what will not a father dare to do for his children? Condescend, therefore my dearest Madam, upon that account, to pardon my paternal indiscretion, and dispose for ever both of me and every thing belonging to me. There is one particular that I cannot sufficiently recommend to your attention; namely, the selection of a proper governess. Endeavour to secure them one according to your principles and mine. There are so few, Madam, fit for any thing but dressing and undressing dolls! and rather than deliver up my children to such creatures, I would leave them in a wilderness, to vegetate, without receiving any education. But as souls that afterwards prove worthy of each other, have a sort of reciprocal attraction, by a secret sympathy subsisting in them, I am not without the hope that in so elegant a place as Bath, you will at least be able to procure some woman of a suitable behaviour, with sense sufficient, and knowledge to bring up my children as I wish. I beg that you would suppose yourself at liberty to enter into any terms with such a one as you yourself think proper, since I mean to spare no cost upon a point of such importance. I am quite impatient for a letter from you. It would highly please me, if your ladyship would charge my eldest daughter Harriet with some part of the correspondence that will be between us; as by such means, she will come herself to write correctly betimes, and to express herself with some degree of ease. It is in
your

your power to render more supportable the great misfortune that I have undergone, and to give me in my children all the joy of which their mother has deprived me. In reality, I cherish such a hope within me, to drive out the uneasiness that otherwise would overwhelm me; and subscribe myself, with every sentiment of gratitude, esteem and friendship,

Yours, &c.

ARTHUR TORRINGTON.

S C E N E II.

Mrs. Torrington, Jenny, (the maid) and Crape, (her footman.)

Crape, (entering.) Here is my lady Harbord's answer, madam, to your letter, with her compliments.

Mrs. Torrington. That is well! Is Benjamin in the house? Bid him come up: and come you with him likewise.

Mrs. Torrington, (having read the letter.) Thank Heaven!—I have succeeded.—*(To her maid,)* Hold, Jenny: it is meant for you.

Jenny, (reading.) “ I am quite happy, madam, to receive the chambermaid that you recommend me. One, of whom you speak so very handsomely, must be a valuable servant; and I thank you for the preference that you have afforded me on this occasion. She may come whenever she thinks fit.” *(giving back the letter with a trembling hand.)* Alas, my dearest mistress! what have I done then, that you are sending me away? In what have I deserved dismissal?

Mrs. Torrington. You have not deserved it, my poor Jenny. You have, at all times, been a dutiful girl, and if, hereafter, Providence should otherwise dispose my lot, I will have none but you to wait upon me. But at present, it is impossible that you should continue with me any longer. We must absolutely part. Be comforted it will not, I persuade myself, be long before I have you back. I would, till then, have given you wherewithal to live, but that I fear the danger that might threaten your

youth and inexperience. You will be, with Lady Harbord, no less happy than you were with me, as I have recommended you to her protection in a very earnest manner. Take this little present as a token of remembrance; there is likewise in the bottom drawer of my bureau, a quantity of clothes and linen which I give you. Go, my poor dear Jenny, and do not cry before me thus. My eyes are full enough of tears already. Go; and, when you have put all your things together, I will see you once more.

Jenny, (wringing her hands.) And must I quit you then, my dearest lady? No; I cannot live without you; I will follow you wherever you are going.

Mrs. Torrington, (with firmness.) Let me beg, dear Jenny, if you love me, not to hurt my mind at present with your lamentations: leave me to myself. I want to be alone. Go, go, my poor dear friend. I have already mentioned that I would see you once again before we part.

Jenny, (going out.) My worthiest mistress!

Mrs. Torrington, Benjamin, (her coachman,) Crape, (the footman.)

Benjamin. Do you want me, madam? Are you going out this morning?

Mrs. Torrington. Wait a little, Benjamin. *(to Crape.)* Crape, how much may be coming to you?

Crape. Only for a quarter, madam.

Mrs. Torrington. There it is, besides a half year more; that you may have a trifle for your subsistence till you find another place, as my affairs oblige me to leave home. I have been pleased with your behaviour in my service, and drawn up this character, which you may shew, wherever you apply for employment. You are young, and know your business. You will easily procure a place. Farewel, and God be with you. *(The footman quits the room with sorrow in his countenance.)*

Benjamin. Ah! my good dear lady! I would fain believe that my turn is not coming.

Mrs. Torrington. It is with great reluctance I inform you that we must part.

Benjamin.

Benjamin. What, I leave you, madam ! I, that saw you almost as soon as you were born, and followed you, when you were married, from your father's ! I, whom you considered as a part of your dowry, and declared that you did so ; will you send me off, when I have been so many years your servant ? Do you think me less attached to you at present on account of my age, than I was formerly ! Alas ! I have no wife or child. I have no friend but you, my dearest mistress ! what will become of me then, if I must now be parted from you ?

Mrs. Torrington. Benjamin, you may easily believe me, when I tell you that this parting cannot but afflict me. But you see, I have dismissed my maid and footman, and you may judge, I cannot have occasion for a coachman.

Benjamin. Cannot have occasion ! Are my master's affairs in confusion then ? I have wherewithal to feed your horses many years to come, your bounty gave it me. Pray, then, let me die in my seat, and still continue with you.

Mrs. Torrington. Such a proof of your attachment cannot but affect me, and I feel it at my heart ; but be you comforted. Your master manages his fortune as a man of prudence should do ; and his wife is not in want of any thing : in proof of which, I give you my three horses, and a trifle every year for your support.

Benjamin. What, me, so much, my dear mistress ? What use can I make of your bounty ? I should but die the sooner, after I had it, out of grief for having lost the worthy giver of it. Never, therefore, never —

Mrs. Torrington. I insist on your acceptance of it, for my own, though not your satisfaction. I would willingly be happy in the thought of having given you peace and comfort for the rest of your old age. Go then, my friend : you will distress me, should you stay a minute longer.

Benjamin. Let me wish you then, at least, a thousand blessings. I am old ; yet were I younger, should not have sufficient time to weep for having lost you.

Mrs. Villars, Mrs. Torrington, (under the feigned name of Lambert, and in disguise.)

Mrs. Torrington. Pardon me, madam, the liberty of this intrusion. I have been informed that you want a governess for three young ladies. Though I am far from thinking that I have all the necessary qualifications for such an arduous undertaking, yet my situation induces me to beg that you would have so much goodness as to make a trial of me.

Mrs. Villars. May I ask you, madam, who you are, and what your name is?

Mrs. Torrington. Lambert, madam; I am the unhappy widow of a man whom I loved, and still love better than myself. In the affliction that besets me, I should look upon it as a consolation, could I fill my time up with the education of your little ladies; I conjure you, madam, to bestow this favour on me, if you have not yet engaged with any one. I dare persuade myself, you will be satisfied with my solicitude to please you. I desire no salary, I am above the possibility of want. It is only an employment that I request, to drive away the thought of my misfortunes.

Mrs. Villars. So affecting is your motive, that it interests me in your favour. You have then no children, madam?

Mrs. Torrington, (with emotion.) I had three, that constituted all my hope and satisfaction; but, alas! my cruel fortune has deprived me of them.

Mrs. Villars. I sincerely pity you with all my heart! You seem a very tender mother; and deserve that they should have lived to recompense your feeling and affection.

Mrs. Torrington, (with a sigh.) Ah, madam! they are still, still living. But, on that account (however strange my story) not less lost to me. *(She weeps.)*

Mrs. Villars. I cannot comprehend you, madam; either your affliction has impaired your understanding, or you stifle in your heart some very great misfortune. Would you fear to trust me with it? Possibly, I might be able to afford you some degree of consolation.

Mrs.

Mrs. Torrington. Yes, madam; you only can afford me consolation.

Mrs. Villars. What! I only? Let me know then what I can do for you? There is nothing that I would not with cheerfulness perform to comfort you.

Mrs. Torrington. Then make me governess of your young ladies.

Mrs. Villars. Is that all?

Mrs. Torrington. I can have nothing else to ask; but what I ask will make me happy, if you grant it.

Mrs. Villars. I cannot express my astonishment at what you say. All this conversation is in some sort like a vision. Though you do not think me worthy of your confidence, I feel within me a desire to give you mine. I will bring you in the three young ladies. Will you undergo a slight examination of your abilities to discharge the employment that you solicit? If, as I have not a doubt, you justify the idea that I have formed concerning them, I promise to intrust you with their education.

Mrs. Torrington, (in transport.) O my noble benefactress! I cannot contain my joy! then I have your promise?

Mrs. Villars. Yes, madam; but on such conditions as I mentioned.

Mrs. Torrington. Madam, I desire no better; and thank Heaven and you I have again recovered my three children?

Mrs. Villars. Your three children, madam! What three children?

Mrs. Torrington. Those that you have undertaken to protect, the three Miss Torringtons. You see before you their unhappy, but yet guiltless mother, whom her spouse has parted from them. I have left my property behind me, and disguised my name and circumstances, to procure an introduction to my children. I was fearful of discovering who I was, till I had obtained your promise. I am sensible, my spouse has written to you about something which he imagines I have done amiss; but yet, I dare persuade myself, my present conduct has already proved how innocent I must be of his accusation. A good mother cannot surely be a wicked wife!

Mrs. Villars, (embracing her.) O most affectionate, but yet courageous woman! I want words to shew my joy and admiration.

admiration. Could it possibly have come into my head, that Mrs. Torrington was hid beneath this sorrowful disguise.

Mrs. Torrington. The metamorphosis has not been painful to me; and, in future, I am seriously determined to support it. No one in the world, madam, except you, shall ever be acquainted who I am. Confide upon my promise. By whatever you yourself conceive most sacred, will I swear, that not a word shall ever escape me, to reveal the secret.

Mrs. Villars. And on my part too, I promise you the same discretion. But your daughters?

Mrs. Torrington. I shall find it a hard task, indeed, to keep myself a stranger, as it were, to them, and so suppress the workings of my motherly affection: But no other way is left me. Only aid me while I personate my part. As soon as the deception is established once, it will support itself. I should be quite without anxiety on that head, if it were not for my eldest daughter, Harriet. She, I am afraid, will know me. I must persevere, however, in the pious imposition.

Mrs. Villars. I can bear no longer this affecting scene, but will be gone, and bring you in the children. (*She goes out, and almost instantly returns, with Harriet and her sisters; who all make a curtsy to Mrs. Torrington, considering her from head to foot, with great attention and embarrassment.*)

Mrs. Villars. My dear little ladies, it is to let you see this gentlewoman whom I have chosen to be with you, as your governess. I dare engage you will be happy under her. I think, I may assure you of her care and friendship; and expect that you, on your part, will obey and love her, just as if you thought her your mama.

Harriet, (falling into her arms.) It is our mama! it is she herself!

Sophia and Caroline. Mama! mama! You are returned then? (*They all cling to her, with repeated kisses; but she keeps up a reserved and serious countenance.*)

Mrs. Villars. Truly, I was thinking that you would all be much deceived. I had myself the same idea of the lady; I fancied, I know not for what reason, that she was your mama.

Harriet

Harriet. And so she is; my heart informs me so, as truly as my eyes.

Sophia. And have you brought me any thing?

Caroline. Ay, where is the doll that you promised me, mama? Pray let me have it.

Mrs. Torrington. My dear little ladies, I am sorry to see you all in such an error. I am not your mother. You know, she is a great way off.

Harriet. No, no: you are our dear mama. We cannot be deceived. You have not such a charming dress on as she wears, but then you have her face, and her shape, and her sweet voice.

Mrs. Torrington. Is it possible that I should resemble your mama so much? If so, I am very glad, on your account, as well as my own: it will make us so much better friends to one another: will it not, young ladies? I dare say you begin to love me a little already, don't you?

Sophia. O! much, much, mama.

Caroline. And I too? If you did but know—

Harriet, (weeping.) What have we done, mama, that you should grieve us thus? that you should tell us you are not our mother? but, however, we are all of us your children.

Mrs. Villars. Come, good madam, you must be what they would have you; and since they resolve to call you mother, take that name upon you: it will give them pleasure. And, young ladies, if you like it, you may call *me* mother likewise.

Harriet. We do not wish to affront you, but though you love us, you will never be our mother.

Mrs. Torrington. Well, my dear young ladies, if you wish to make me your mama, I wish it likewise; and will have as much affection for you, as if really I were so. My dear Harriet, and my dear Sophia, and my dear, sweet, little Caroline. (*She embraces them with transport.*)

Harriet. How happy we all are, in having our mama again! We thought continually of you, in your absence; and did hardly any thing but cry since you first left us.

Mrs. Torrington, (whispering Mrs. Villars.) I foresaw that Harriet would discover me; and therefore I must make her of my party, by discovering my intention to

her. Then take away her sisters for a moment, if you can.

Mrs. Villars, (whispering Mrs. Torrington) Yes, I understand you.—*(To Sophia and Caroline.)* Come my little angels, I will let you have the play-things that your mama, as you would have her called, has brought you. *(She goes out with Sophia and Caroline.)*

Mrs. Torrington, Harriet.

Mrs. Torrington. We are now alone my dear Harriet; I may indulge the happiness that I feel in pressing you to my heart.

Harriet, (falling into her arms.) Ah, now you are my good mama, indeed. But pray, never for the future, tell us that you are not.

Mrs. Torrington. Be it so, my dearest Harriet; but there is one thing that I insist on, in my turn.

Harriet. Oh! any thing in the world, mama.

Mrs. Torrington. Then if you love me, Harriet, do not tell any one that I am your mother. Call me only Mrs. Lambert; you understand. It is of the greatest consequence to my affairs; and for a reason, which I have not time to tell you now, it is necessary that I should be unknown.

Harriet. How would you have me cease to call you my mama? you that I love so much?

Mrs. Torrington. And do you think that my love considers it less painful, to deny myself the only name, which can at all times make me happy?

Harriet. Well then, I obey; but every time that it comes not from my lips, when I am speaking to you, suppose me to pronounce it in my heart.

L E T T E R IV.

To Mr. Torrington.

Dear papa,

I HAVE so many things to write to you, that I cannot tell with which I should begin my letter. We are now no longer at Mrs. Villars's, but have removed to Mrs. Lambert,

bert, our governess's house; it is in the Circus, and a very pleasant situation. You cannot possibly conceive how happy we are all of us in being with her. She is such a charming woman! quite as kind as our mama! She loves us just as if we were her children, and we love her also just as if she were our mother! There is no need of laying out your money to have masters come and teach us; she herself knows every thing that we ought to learn. You would imagine that she considered it her happiness to teach us; and she does it in so kind a way, that we are all delighted with instruction at her hands. Sophia and little Caroline already read quite charmingly, so much attention Mrs. Lambert has paid them! As for me, I have begun a course of geography and history with her: this, together with a little cyphering, and a few choice pieces both in verse and prose, which I take care to learn by heart, employs our morning. In the afternoon, for recreation sake, I go to drawing, dancing, and the harpsicord; and when the evening comes, sit down and take my needle, at the use of which you cannot imagine how clever Mrs. Lambert is: and lastly, to complete myself in cyphering, and acquire a little knowledge of the expences of a house, she gives me all the bills to overlook, and makes me set down every little sum of money that she lays out. By these means I begin to know the price of many things, and, as she tells me, may become your little stewardess when I return. With so much on my hands to do all day, you will perhaps, imagine that I am tired at night; not at all, papa. I am happy, on the contrary, to think that I have so well filled up my time, and should have reason to complain, if any one deprived me of such charming occupations.

I have put a little trick on Mrs. Lambert, and mean to tell you what it is. She went the other day with Caroline to visit Mrs. Villars, and left me at home to keep Sophia company. I thought it would divert her if I read a little; so I took a book that we have, called the *Theatre of Education*, from the French, and read the *Poor Blind Woman*. I could not refrain from crying very much; but, to my great surprise, Sophia did not. This quite vexed me, as you may easily imagine; upon which I pinched her, that she might cry and keep me company. She cried indeed, and more a great deal than I wanted.

her to do. At last however I appeased her, after many kisses and caresses, but was angry with myself for having hurt her. I suppose, some object took off her attention while I read, and naturally thought that she would be really affected, could she read the piece herself: with this idea in my head, I formed a plan of putting her to con this charming piece in private, till she could read it perfectly; and Mrs. Lambert could not refrain last night from wondering at the progress that she had made. We did not let her know our secret, but propose to catch her so again with Caroline. I am quite rejoiced that we can have these opportunities of pleasing her, for all the trouble that she is every moment taking upon our account.

These, dear papa, are our amusements and our studies here; to which if you add our walks about the place, our visits to a few poor people near us, whom we now and then assist with old clothes and money, and our labours in a little garden, where we tend our flowers, you will have the history of our time at large. We never were so well in health as now, and never in our lives so happy; we want nothing but the pleasure of your company. If you would only take a little journey down to Bath, I would give every thing in the world that you might see this Mrs. Lambert. I am sure, no woman breathing would prove worthier of your friendship. Oh! come, come papa!

But you must know, I have Caroline at present at my elbow, and she asks me if I am writing to you. She is so proud of having scrawled these few days past what she calls letters, in a copy-book that Mrs. Lambert has made her, that she says she too will scribble you a line or two. It will be a charming hodge-podge, I foresee, of great and little letters, and fine spelling, if she sets about it; but no matter, I must please her. She has got a pen, in hand already, and is groping in the standish for ink. She is tugging me this very moment by the apron to leave off, and give her up my seat. Adieu then, dear papa. My governess desires me to present you her respects. Sophia's duty to you, and mine also. I am, &c.

Harriet Torrington.

L E T T E R V.

*To Mr. Torrington.**Sir,*

YOU certainly remember what you have often said you would submit to, if a woman could be found completely fit to undertake the education of a child, except it were her mother. I have met with one, whose qualities are even greater than your wishes, for the education of your children; and with justice I might claim the full performance of your promise, and expect that you should set out for Rome upon your head. However, lay aside your fears; I will not abuse my power, but shew you no less mercy than the confidence that you have reposed in me. I claim one sole condition of you, or request rather, as a friend, and that is, to come down as soon as possibly you can. Do not ask what reason I can have for this abrupt request, as you shall know it when you are here. You have only to set out, and that immediately, unless you wish me to repent that I have taken such concern in your affairs. Yours faithfully,

Hortensia Villars.

P. S. Harriet begs me to enclose my note within her letter, so that you may read hers first.

L E T T E R VI.

*To Mrs. Villars.**My dear and valuable friend,*

I PAY obedience to your letter, and leave town immediately, as you enjoin me; so that this reply will not have reached you half a dozen hours before you see me. In reality, I wish to have it go before-hand, and in some sort spare my tongue the shame and trouble of revealing what it is to tell you. Shall I even have sufficient courage thus to let you know my situation? but the case is urgent; and besides, I merit my humiliation. Well then, know, madam,

madam, I have shewn myself the most unjust and cruel of all husbands! I have dared to disparage the unspotted virtue of my Amelia with my scandalous suspicions; of my Amelia, I repeat, whose very looks I am unworthy now to meet. It was when I most insulted her that she was most studious to preserve my name from ignominy. One of my relations, a young man whom I patronized, was on the point of being utterly disgraced among his brother officers, for certain youthful levities which he durst not communicate to me, acquainted as he was with my impatient temper. It was she who, with the fruits of her œconomy, delivered him from the dishonour that he was going to bring both upon himself and me. She had sufficient strength of mind to bear with my unworthy treatment and aspersions, rather than expose him to my indignation by revealing his delinquency. I have discovered very recently this motive for those secret interviews that so disturbed my mind, and cannot keep from cursing my detested jealousy. But how shall I endure her presence? At her feet, and without daring to look up, I will implore her pardon. I am polling to that quarter where she has fixed her retirement: fortunately I must pass through Bath to reach it. I shall see you by the way, and kiss my almost orphan little ones. Farewel! I dare not sign a name which my jealousy has made so criminal.

Mrs. Villars, Mr. Torrington, Harriet, Sophia, Caroline.

Harriet. Well, papa, so you are pleased with what we have told you?

Sophia. Ah! think us very much improved?

Mr. Torrington. Yes, my children, I am charmed with every thing I have seen!

Caroline. As well as with the little letter of my writing? Was not it quite pretty?

Mr. Torrington. Admirable, like yourself, my little Caroline! But where is your worthy governess? I wish to see and thank her.

Mrs. Villars. I see her coming this way. We will leave you with her. Come, my little dears, come along with me. (*She goes out with Harriet, Sophia and Caroline.*)

Mr.

Mr. Torrington, Mrs. Torrington.

(*Mrs. Torrington comes in, but with a trembling step; and Mr. Torrington advances towards her.*) Madam, let me ask your pardon!—But—whose features do I see?—Who is this?

Mrs. Torrington. Well, sir, what causes this confusion! Are you sorry that I have the care and education of your children?

Mr. Torrington. Sorry! Nothing in you ever should have made me wonder, had I but deserved the happiness of knowing you.—My Amelia!

Mrs. Torrington. Why bestow that name upon me?—I have put it off.

Mr. Torrington. You have, indeed; and therefore, kneeling at your feet, I shall implore you to resume it. (*He falls upon his knees before her.*)

Mrs. Torrington. What, would you do, sir?

Mr. Torrington. If you would not behold me die,—one word!—one single word! one of those sweetly sounding accents that were wont to make me happy!

Mrs. Torrington. Well, then, dearest husband, rise, and come to the embrace of your Amelia, who still loves you.

Mr. Torrington. It is too much!—Too much!—I ask not such a blessing!—Tell me only that you have ceased to hate me.

Mrs. Torrington. It should be my punishment to ask your pardon, could such hatred ever come into my heart. Speak only of *my* happiness: I think of nothing in the world but *yours*. Come, then, and let us both be happy in the conversation of our children.

L E T T E R VII.

To Mrs. Villars.

Dear Madam,

I LEAVE Bath with every sense of gratitude that the services which I have experienced from your friendship cannot but inspire, and fly towards London where I mean to furnish a new house for my Amelia. She designs to follow

follow me some few days hence, and to bring the children with her. I hope your ladyship will also come and take your portion in the happiness that you have restored to, &c.

Arthur Torrington.

L E T T E R VIII.

Dear Spouse,

INSTEAD of seeing me, or any of the children, you will have a letter full of tears and lamentation. On the day after your departure, Harriet and Sophia all at once complained of being feverish, and were attacked with such a head-ache that they could not possibly keep up. We put them, therefore, instantly to bed. Towards evening, Caroline made just the same complaint. All three are now covered quite over with a very thick small-pox of such a sort as I am told is very virulent. I must forget that I never had this dreadful malady myself. All night, as well as day, I keep my situation by their bed, and every moment fear they will be suffocated. I have felt already, in myself, a lassitude and heat in every limb; but my affection makes me stronger than I should be otherwise. Their love and tenderness sustain my courage. I perceive that, in the height of all their sufferings, they refrain, as much as they are able, from complaint, for fear of giving me uneasiness. In the delirium of their fever, they do nothing but pronounce your name and mine, with tones of voice so moving, that one cannot possibly express them; and no earlier than this very morning, Caroline desired to see you. I replied that I could not send to London for you, lest you should catch her illness. "Oh, no, no, mama, said she, do not be afraid; I'll keep it all myself!"—"My child, replied I upon this, you might communicate the infection to him, without losing it yourself."—"So much the worse," said Caroline, and swooned away with weakness; but soon after, coming to herself, she called me, saying, "Dear mama, you have the picture of papa about your neck; pray let me kiss it! There is no fear, I suppose, that it will catch the small-pox from me."—Dearest children! should I lose you! Should myself, perhaps—I see about me the presages of a dreadful separation!

separation!—Arm yourself therefore with resolution, my dear spouse! our life in this world is but as it were a moment. Harriet is afraid lest my letter should afflict you, and requests, with tears, that I would permit her writing something to console you. I am fearful such an effort may exhaust her, but more fearful to afflict her by my refusal; I am, therefore, giving her my letter, and her trembling hand writes this:

“ My dear Papa,

“ We are extremely ill all three; but yet that is nothing, so do not grieve yourself. I hope——”

She cannot write another word. I find my strength forsake me too. I am seized all over with a mortal pain. I hear Sophia groan, and must go to her succour. Farewel, dearest spouse! Take hope; or arm yourself with fortitude of mind in this distress, as possibly it may be needful. But particularly, whether life or death ensue, love always, yours,

Amelia Torrington.

L E T T E R IX.

To Mr. Torrington.

Dear Friend,

HOW shall I express the melancholy news of which you must be, notwithstanding its unwelcomeness, acquainted! Try, if you are able, to divine the matter; for my trembling hand demurs to write it. Caroline still lives; but, as for Harriet and Sophia—they, alas! are in the land of spirits. Your unhappy wife, as you may easily suppose, was overwhelmed beneath this two-fold loss; for grief and watching so depressed her, that the infection which she received soon brought her to the last extremity. Believe me, my dear friend, when I protest that I would have bought her life, could I have done so, with the half of mine! But what avail these empty wishes? I can keep the fatal secret hid no longer. At this moment they are ringing for her funeral. She was not able to survive her children many hours. Though you had flown to see her
once

once again, you would certainly not have known her, so much had the violence of the disorder changed her features! I was with her constantly. I did not leave her bed a moment. I received her parting sighs, and closed her eyelids. It was altogether such a scene as will for ever live in my ideas. I shall find it difficult to represent her fortitude and resignation to God's will. It was not for herself that she sorrowed: her last words were a fervent supplication in behalf of Caroline and you. What consolation could I give you for her loss of which my heart has not as great a need as yours has? Herself alone can soften your affliction. Read the inclosed of which she wrote herself the first eight lines, and with a faltering accent dictated the rest. I join my voice to hers; and in the ardour of my friendship, turn your recollection on the child that is still left you; and to whom you owe now, more than ever, all the love and tenderness that a father can shew. I will send her to you, when she is perfectly recovered. Her endearing manner will console your bosom, and her education occupy your mind, which otherwise might yield to painful recollections. God be with you! I regret that I have nothing to offer you but the melancholy language of condolence. Yours,

Hortensia Villars.

L E T T E R X.

To Mr. Torrington.

Dearest Spouse,

I FIND myself expiring. I am going to my children, who, I imagine to myself, are holding out their arms that I should follow them; and we shall rest together in one tomb. Your life is mine. I give it to my surviving infant. Caroline is left to represent me. Shew her all your tenderness. Be her support; and may *she* prove your consolation! Life is short, and you will both ere long rejoin us, when we shall not fear a further separation. Think not of my loss so much, as of the happy place where I shall wait your coming. What I was in this life, I will still continue in another, namely, your

Amelia.

THE LITTLE PRISONER.

L E T T E R I.

From Dorothea Justamond to Honoria Clancy.

My dear Honoria,

YOU would never guess what has lately happened to my brother, to that upright and respected Daniel, whose good heart and prudent conduct made all his friends that were so happy as to be of his acquaintance! You remember, I suppose, the purse that mama presented him when you were by, with three new guineas in it. Well, those three new guineas with the purse are gone, and to increase your wonder, the poor boy will not or cannot tell which way. As it is supposed that he makes a secret of it from a principle of obstinacy, he was shut up in a little room this morning, where he is not to be visited by any one, and whence he must not hope to be delivered but by making known the whole affair. How sincerely I lament him, suffering this severity of punishment! He has never been hitherto considered of an obstinate or headstrong disposition. On the contrary, he has been always commended for his docility and frankness. I would willingly have pleaded in his favour, but could not obtain a hearing. Nevertheless, I am very sure, he has not to reproach himself with any crime or meanness. Come this afternoon and see me, if you have your liberty. You may, in that case, comfort me in my dejected situation. The misfortune of my brother hurts me no less than it would do, had it happened to myself. Adieu! I am, in expectation of your visit or reply,

Dear Honoria,

Your faithful and sincere

Dorothea.

L E T T E R II.

From Honoria Clancy to Dorothea Justamond.

My dear Dorothea,

I CANNOT but confess that I entertain some pity for your *upright* and *respected* Daniel; but so little, that he need not greatly tax his grateful nature to repay me. I could never pardon him for always finding something or another to advance against me. Not that he has ever gone so far as publicly to tell his notions of me. If he had, I should have known very well how to answer him: but it is an easy matter, by his looks, to be convinced he thinks me trifling, vain, capricious, and I know not what beside. Whenever I have been censuring other people's imperfections in their absence, for the instruction of my friends, to hear his manner of defending them, one would imagine I were only venting slander. Well, at present then, my little judge himself is under condemnation; and indeed he must be highly guilty, since his very parents have forgotten all the silly fondness that they had for him. I am charmed that they have come to know him at last; and would lay a wager that he deserves much greater punishment than he receives. Obstinacy is a very frightful vice alone; but in addition, he is an awkward spendthrift. All the money that he can fish out of his father, he disperses foolishly among a tribe of ragamuffins, and has never had the spirit to employ it in a manner honourable to himself. If he had spent those guineas in silk stockings, fashionable buckles, or the like, one might excuse him. Did I say excuse him? one might certainly applaud his judgment in that case. However, as I said before, I pity him a little, being, as he is, your brother; but Dorothea, you I pity most sincerely, being, as you are, his sister. I cannot possibly wait upon you this evening, it is such charming weather for a walk: and then I have the prettiest dress that ever you saw just come home, which I must certainly put on. Adieu, and think me always,

Your sincerest,

Honoria.

L E T T E R III.

From Dorothea Justamond to Honoria Clancy.

Miss,

I AM as penetrated as I ought to be with the avowal made me in your last, of that sincere friendship which it professes. I should only have been glad, if it had wrought upon you to express yourself a little more respectfully concerning the affection of my parents in behalf of Daniel, and to speak with more consideration of this last, particularly now that he is so unhappy. I admit not your condolence for my misfortune, as you intimate, in being sister to the prisoner: I consider it my pride and glory, and persuade myself, you will acknowledge that I have reason so to do, when you have perused a letter that I received from him this evening, and which I now send you. Though it does not throw a light on the affair, I cannot look upon it as the language of a criminal. I heartily congratulate you on your pretty dress, and wish you a delightful walk.

Dorothea.

L E T T E R IV.

From Daniel Justamond to Dorothea his Sister.

(Enclosed in the preceding.)

My dear Sister,

I CAN easily persuade myself how much you are afflicted at my situation, and sit down to write this letter, that your grief on my account may be in some sort mitigated. Think not that I am a criminal, or at least that I do not believe myself such. The three guineas are at present in good hands, in much better hands than mine. But you will reply, why therefore should I make a secret of the matter to my dearest parents, who must think me either very obstinate or very hypocritical, in thus refusing them the confidence which they have a right to expect. This, indeed, is what embarrasses my resolution, and I
do

do not know how to answer. I must think maturely of it. I have, here in my solitude, all the time that I can wish for that purpose. If I perceive that I am in the wrong, I will tell them so, and frankly own the whole affair. I am sure, they will excuse me, having frequently before excused me, on confession of my faults. I suffer more to think on their uneasiness, than my imprisonment. Adieu, dear sister ! Let a poor recluse preserve his place in your affection ; and believe me, with the like affection,

Yours, &c.

Daniel.

L E T T E R V.

From Dorothea Justamond to Honoria Clancy.

My dearest Honoria,

I MIGHT express myself a little harshly, when I sent you half an hour ago the letter that I had just before received from Daniel. I request you to overlook my fault, ascribing my ill humour to the grief that I felt in finding you so ready to suspect my poor brother ; and at present, as he cannot but be re-established in your good opinion, I hope that you will for his sake overlook it the more readily. However, I must tell you, his affairs take now a very gloomy turn, at least to all appearances. One of our servants has made a discovery of the purse at a confectioner's hard by. It seems he went into the shop for change, and what should the confectioner take out among his gold and silver, but the very purse, which the servant instantly recollected ? Yet he did not speak a word about it there, but came directly home and told my father who is dressing now, that he may go to the confectioner's, and make enquiry how he got the purse. It is no way probable that my brother should have laid out three guineas on sweetmeats, when he deprives himself of every thing by indulging his extreme generosity. Papa himself is of the same opinion : but by what means could the purse be where it is ? He has not lost it, since he knows (as he informed us) where it was ; which certainly he meant to say by this expression, *it is at present in good hands*. Why, therefore, should he make a secret of it ? Truly, I cannot tell what to think upon the subject : be it notwithstanding
what

what it will, I am entirely at my ease on his account, and have a sort of confidence that the affair will only terminate to his advantage. I conclude, and once more beg you to overlook the harshness of my last, believing me,

Your faithful friend,

Dorothea.

L E T T E R VI.

From Honoria Clancy to Dorothea Justamond.

Dear Dorothea,

I AM no less at my ease than you, upon account of Daniel, and as much persuaded that this affair will turn out to his advantage. He has learnt, I make no doubt, already in his solitude, that he himself is far from being quite exempt from such defects as he has frequently ascribed to me; and the severe correction which he will certainly receive, will be revenge enough for me. On these considerations, I am entirely at my ease on his account, because by this means the affair will end to his advantage. It is indeed quite necessary to his growing perfection, that on this occasion he should undergo the severest punishment. How, my sanctimonious Mr. Daniel! you would persuade your parents that you give every thing away in charity, and fish thus cunningly for money, which you afterwards lay out, three guineas at a time, in sweetmeats! Truly, I do not wonder that he should be so backward in revealing the affair. It would be very honourable to him. Obstinate! a cheat! and a glutton! three good qualities indeed, and all at once discoverable in him! Mighty fine! He calls the hands of a confectioner, good hands, because, as I suppose, they make good things. There is charming logic for you! But adieu, my dear Dorothea! I sincerely mourn your blindness to this good-for-nothing brother's faults, and burn with absolute impatience, till you have told me how your hero will get clear of this adventure. After all my criticizing comments, I am so deeply interested in his welfare, as to beg that you would send me the first news possible concerning him. I hope, you will not refuse this mark of friendship to your faithful

Honoria.

L E T T E R VII.

From Dorothea Justamond to Honoria Clancy.

Miss,

I TAKE the earliest opportunity in my power to satisfy your generous curiosity. My hero's grand adventure now is terminated in a way that gives satisfaction to every body—every body indeed, except the wicked. And this last circumstance magnifies the pleasure that I enjoy from this communication.

Here now follow the particulars of the affair at length.—My brother late last night was standing at the door, and saw a poor old man go by him, followed by three children that were crying bitterly. He stopped them, and enquired the reason of their sadness. The old man was so ashamed, he could not answer; but the eldest of the children told him, notwithstanding frequent interruptions caused by sobbing, that they had not had a bit of any thing that day. “Alas! my little master,” added he, “we are greatly to be pitied. We had formerly, as you have, a fine house; but now are left without a shed to cover us. Our parents are both dead of broken hearts, and we have no friend to help us but our grandfather, and he is far too old and weak to work for our support.” The poor old man, while this was saying, hid his face and sighed most lamentably. Daniel, who it seems was very much affected at the scene before him, had not time to take advice, but ran up stairs immediately to fetch his purse, and gave it to the poor old man. He wept afresh with joy and admiration at my little brother's generosity, but would not take the money. Daniel fell into a passion seeing this, and nothing but the old man's acquiescence in the gift could calm him. He did accept the purse; but, as he judged the charity that he had received to be too considerable for a child like my brother to bestow, he resolved to bring it back next day. He went with such a view to leave it at the shop of the confectioner, and asked to have a shilling only to provide his little family a supper. I cannot tell you how he made the money up again, but not a quarter of an hour ago, and just before my father could

could set out to speak with the confectioner, he brought the purse with all the money in it to our house. I could have wished, miss, that you had been present at this scene; you would then have been taught to entertain a different notion of my brother's generous heart. His noble sacrifice, together with the old man's honest scruples, made us all shed tears. The children and himself have had as much as twice the value of the purse, and Daniel too has been paid for what he did, with fifty prayers and blessings. The concealment of this bounteous action, which my brother thought was nothing but his duty, puts a greater value on it in the eyes of my papa, and merits at my hand a measure of additional affection.

As this letter is the last that I ever mean to send you, I have now the honour to subscribe myself, as ceremoniously as pen can do it,

Miss, your most obedient,

And most humble servant,

Dorothea Justamond.

OLD LAWRENCE.

LETTER I.

From George Wallace to Catharine.

Dear Catharine,

I Have dismal news to tell you! Our good old friend Lawrence is no more. You recollect, he had been out of order ever since last autumn. For a fortnight past he had not left his room. Last Monday evening, when I came from school, they told me that he had died that afternoon. I could not, I assure you, refrain from crying bitterly. His long indisposition had before-hand rendered him much dearer to me. I employed the time that I had to spare from school, in doing him whatever service I was able. After all, alas! I owed him more than I had time and means to pay. He was our friend, and, I may add too, benefactor from the cradle. In our earliest childhood,

we

we lived more a great deal in his arms, than on our feet. He was never out of temper, but always kind and chearful. How delighted was he, when he had it in his power to afford us any new pleasure, or to disguise an old one so that we might think it new! I verily believe, that all his pain in dying was, that death prevented him from being any longer useful to us. He had been of older standing in the family than our papa; and though he was no better than a common servant, every body looked upon him with a sort of veneration. During his last illness, no one paid a visit here without enquiring; "and how fares the good old Lawrence?" I could see that the question was agreeable to my papa, who always looked on Lawrence as a very faithful friend. If so, no wonder then that he supported him in his old age, and gave him every sort of comfort that he could require. A gentleman could not have been more comfortably situated, or more attentively treated. Last night, when he was buried, I desired papa's permission to be present at the ceremony. He could not, without some difficulty, grant me such a favour, lest it might have a bad effect upon me: but he saw that I should have suffered more from being absent. I accompanied the body therefore, holding up a corner of the pall. I thought that by this office we were still attached to one another, and that really in some sort I possessed him still. When I was forced to quit my hold, my hand was just as if it had been numbed, and did not open without difficulty; but if this was mournful, it was much more melancholy when they let him down into the grave, and especially when they filled it up. I could not take my eyes off from the spot. Till then I could not be persuaded that Death had wholly separated us. As long as I could see his coffin, there remained still something of him; but when this remainder disappeared, then I felt that I had for ever lost him. All night long I saw him in my dreams: his ghost by no means frightened me: it seemed to smile upon me, and I rushed into its arms. I passed this morning in my chamber all alone, and was employed in writing you this letter. I designed to send you but a line or two, whereas my subject has extended while I spoke of Lawrence.—Our good friend is come to see me; Mr. Hutton, that venerable worthy man, who takes so much delight in giving people pleasure when he cannot do them good; and he
has

has left me an exceedingly pathetic story of a servant woman who worked hard to support her mistress after she was fallen into poverty. Indeed I found it so exceedingly pathetic, that I set immediately about transcribing it, and send you a fair copy, since the reading of it may be a solace to you, as it was to me. At every act of friendship that Elspy performed, I cried out, This Lawrence would have done for us, had we been in the situation of the lady. Ah, poor Lawrence! Ah, my good friend Lawrence!—Fare you well, dear sister! I must here conclude my letter being sent for down by my papa to entertain him, gloomy as I am myself. Assure my aunt and uncle of my best respects, and let each have two sweet kisses, which they will place to my account. We have had a loss in Lawrence, which we cannot possibly make up but by loving one another more sincerely. Farewell then, once more! from him who, with a renewed heart of friend and brother, signs himself yours,

George Wallace.

ELSPY CAMPBELL.

(This piece was inclosed in the preceding letter.)

MRS. Macdowell, a widow lady, of an ancient and respectable family in Scotland, after having enjoyed the advantages of fortune till the age of fifty years, saw herself all at once suddenly deprived of them, and reduced to the most helpless indigence. She never had been blessed with any children, who might now support her by the labour of their industry; and every other individual of the family was equally involved in her misfortunes. Wandering in the Highlands, she was all day long soliciting a shelter for the night, and a morsel of bread for her subsistence.

Elspy Campbell, who had been her faithful servant many years, and was always treated very kindly by her ancient mistress, learns these dismal tidings in her humble cottage, whither she was now retired to pass the remnant

of her days, far distant from her former service. She immediately sets out in search of her respectable mistress. There was a line marked out by her misfortunes, and the grateful Elspy had but to walk in it. After much laborious travel, she at last found the mournful object of her journey, and falling down on the ground before her, began thus: "Oh, my dear good mistress! though I am hardly younger than yourself, I am, notwithstanding that, much stronger and more capable of working. You, on the contrary, are far too feeble to go through with any thing like labour, on account of your former way of life, your troubles, and the several infirmities that are come all at once upon you. Come and take up your abode with me. I have a little cottage: it is well situated, and keeps out the weather. In addition to my cottage, I have a garden also, which produces me more potatoes than both of us can consume. When I have tried all methods to support you if I can, or rather when God's providence has done whatever he thinks proper to support us both, you shall be free to quit me, if you find an inn with better entertainment; or stay with me, if you should not find one. Be of courage, my dear mistress! I was always stout and hearty in your service, and thank God I am still the same. I will find you food, if any will but show itself, when I have sown my little bit of ground; and if it will not show itself, in that case I will dig down till I find it."

"O my generous Elspy!" said the afflicted widow, "I resign myself entirely to your friendship. I will live and die with one of so much gratitude; for I am sure, God's blessing will be always with you."—They set out immediately for Elspy's dwelling. The cottage was indeed extremely little, but possessed a healthful situation: cleanliness and order were the only decorations that it could boast. There was a hole on one side in the wall, through which a little light proceeded, when the wind was not that way: but when it would have incommoded her, the hole was stopped completely by a sod with rose leaves beat into it, and poor Elspy was obliged to be contented with the little light that reached her down the chimney. Elspy's bed, which was invisible when people entered, was defended from the cold that would have reached it through the door-way, by a bank of earth. It had

had a mattress stuf with straw, good sheets, a pair of blankets, and coarse woollen rug. It had no curtains; but when Elspy found that she was in future to be honoured with the friendship and society of so respectable a guest, she bethought herself to hang the walls about it with a bulrush lining, which was warmer than the filkiest damask. In this bed slept Mrs. Macdowell, with her feet both placed against poor Elspy's bosom, who was used to bend herself almost double, round the widow's legs, that she might keep them warm. She never would consent to lie beside her mistress; but the more she saw her fallen from her former splendour, still the more obedience and respect she showed her, to wipe out by that means all idea of the change she had experienced in her fortune. An old Bible, Robinson Crusoe, and a few odd volumes of devotion and morality, which once had covers, furnished ample matter for their evening's conversations. With respect to their repasts, they frequently had eggs, at all times milk, and were never without potatoes. The best baked potatoes, freshest eggs, and largest bowl of milk, were constantly placed before Mrs. Macdowell.

It will doubtless be a matter of some curiosity to know how Elspy could keep up the honours of her cot in such a state of œconomical abundance. To do this, she had her spinning-wheel in winter, and her labours of the field in harvest. It must notwithstanding be acknowledged that she possessed a manifest advantage over every younger woman, not so much for any natural activity, as for an obtuse angle in her line of bodily direction, so that both her hands and eyes were nearer by a great deal to the ground than otherwise they would have been, and readier for her spinning-wheel. Besides, when things were raised in price above her means to purchase them, she had but to go out and beg assistance in the neighbouring towns and villages. For this she had contrived a tolerable efficacious method. She would go among the richest farmers only, and when got before their door, stand still, and lifting up her hands to heaven, cry out, "I come to ask your charity, by no means for myself, for I can live on any thing, but for my mistress, a lady of noble blood, daughter of Lord James, and grandchild of Lord Archibald."—If the farmers gave her any thing, or what sufficed her reasonable expectations, she would add, "May the Almighty's bles-

sing, with my mistress's, and Elspy Campbell's, come upon this house and its inhabitants!"—It is easy to imagine what success this blessing, and the expectation of a different salutation from the lips of Elspy, had she been refused, produced from people naturally hospitable, and exceedingly attached to their nobility. She obtained by this method, victuals, cloaths, and very often money which she carefully put up to buy her mistress shoes and stockings; and these, when half worn out, served afterwards for herself.

Thus they lived, both happy; one in her exertions, and the other in her gratitude. The generous Elspy was extremely rigorous on the subject of her duty. Mrs. Macdowell was a gentlewoman, and though supported by Elspy, was not to forego the privileges of nobility; that is to say, she was not to do any thing like work, no not so much as wash her feet herself. One day, as Elspy was employed in carrying out a basket full of dung to lay on her potatoe beds, her mistress had come out to get a pitcher full of water, and was now returning with it to the cottage. Elspy saw her, put the basket down, and running to her, took away the pitcher, emptied it, and fetched her other water. When she brought it in, she said with much respect, "Pardon me, madam! but you that are daughter of Lord James, and grandchild to Lord Archibald, never shall demean yourself by carrying water while I live, and have my limbs to do it for you."

The report of so much generosity in one so indigent, at last reached me who am the writer of this story, and I sent her, every quarter, such assistance as my fortune would allow. As long as Elspy lived, which was upwards of six years from the time of my first learning these particulars, whenever I sat down to dine or sup in company, and was required to give my toast, it was always Elspy Campbell. My attachment to this name generally made the company eager to know something of the lady who engrossed so great a share of my affection. They would consequently ask me, begging pardon for their freedom; when I told them, Elspy Campbell was an ancient beggar woman.—"What!" they would cry out, "a beggar!"—"Yes, but hear the rest;" and then would follow the whole story, such in substance as I have already told it. Hardly ever could I finish, but half-crowns and half-guineas rained
into

into my hat for Elspy. These small sums, which I was sure to send her pretty often, once occasioned her to ask my servant, "Who is it that sends you? Doubtless, he is a friend of God. He does me good as God does, though I never see him."

Mrs. Macdowell died, and Elspy very quickly after, through affliction for the loss of her good mistress. She remembered nothing but the bounty of her former benefactress; what her gratitude had done in consequence of that remembrance she forgot.

The generous, the heroic servility of Elspy was not, as it might have been, a spark of gratitude that crackled for a moment and went out: it was an ardent flame that blazed for twenty years, till death suppressed it for a season in the grave where she was laid to rest; for it is not utterly put out, since from her ashes it will certainly burst forth again, with renovated brightness, on the morning of that day that never is to finish.

L E T T E R II.

From Catharine Wallace to George her brother.

Dearest Brother,

WHAT sorrowful tidings your letter brings me! Am I never more to see my dear friend Lawrence? Poor good man! he seemed to apprehend as much himself, the day that I left you to come here. "It is very likely, dear Miss Kitty," said he, "you will never see me more, and therefore think of me at least." Alas! I have been thinking of him, and concluded how it would please him when he found that I had, on my return. I thought to knit him a stout pair of stockings for next winter's wear, and was at work upon them at the very moment that I received your letter, with intelligence that he was dead. The work fell from me. After I had picked it up, I shed a flood of tears. "They are not then for him," I cried. "Oh! yes, they shall be; for I will finish both, and put them in my drawers, that they may daily be a token of remembrance for him."—You do not tell

me in your letter if he often spoke about me. I am sure he did, but that you feared to aggravate my grief by saying so. I am greatly grieved that I was not present to attend upon him in his sickness, as I verily believe that the pleasure of our services would have prolonged his days. I think, you acted very properly in going to his burial. I acknowledge, had I been at home, I should not have possessed a heart to do so; but am therefore more affected at your strength of mind and friendship.

In the sorrow caused me by your letter, it was impossible for me to read the history of Elspy Campbell without shedding tears. I thank you for it, and am thoroughly convinced, as you are, that our friend Lawrence would have done the same for us, had we been in the place of Mrs. Macdowell. I imagine it is the fault of masters, if the major part of servants are not Lawrences and Elspies. They address them frequently so roughly, how can they suppose their servants should do any thing but fear them? Since by accidental circumstances they are placed in an inferior rank, is it humanity to tread them under foot? or rather, is it not our duty to afford such tokens of affection as may raise them in their own esteem, and gain us their attachment? People seek to make themselves respected by their countrymen and neighbours: why not then do more, and seek to be respected in their families, by those who are present with them every moment of the day? Why not look upon them as a second class of children? Are there even many masters who would do, to benefit the dearest friend they are possessed of, what the generous Elspy did in favour of her mistress?—When my uncle had perused your letter, he informed me that a society of gentlemen in France had very lately recompensed a conduct just like Elspy's. I am glad to hear that it meets with imitation. It must certainly shew masters the necessity of being kind and courteous to their servants, since it shews them that, in spite of present fortune, they may come to want their succour one day or another; nor can servants hear of such a conduct, and not feel a species of encouragement to serve their masters with fidelity and diligence. I think, if ever we keep house, we shall be able, like papa, to fill it with such people as will serve us with their hearts no less than with their hands.

This

This week has been a very sad one for your poor sister. Yesterday my uncle took me out a walking with him in the country, to divert my sorrow. Suddenly we heard a drum strike up: we hastened to the spot. It was for several new recruits that had been levied and were going then to join their regiments. There were mixed among the soldiers many country-women who no doubt had children, if not husbands too, amongst the party; for they did nothing but embrace and kiss each other, and shed tears. When we had looked a little at this multitude, a woman dressed in mourning, of a very decent and respectable appearance, drew our observation. She was taking leave of a young man who bit his lips to keep from crying. She gave him a bottle, which my uncle said was brandy, and a little piece of canvas that had something wrapped up in it. He accepted one, but would not take the other, though she pressed him very earnestly. My uncle upon this drew near, and said, Is that your son there, my good woman? Yes, says she, my only son, sir, and the world has not a better. My poor husband died ten months ago, and left me with three little girls besides, the eldest not quite five years old. Our last bad harvest made him run five pounds in debt. When he was dead, the creditors came on me, and I thought would take away my little field which is all that we have for our support. This recruiting party then were with us, and a wealthy farmer's son had somehow or another been drawn in to enlist. He made it known about the country, that if any one would take his place, he should receive four pounds. My son applied, and said, that for five guineas he would be his man, which was at last agreed to. Of this I did not know a word until every thing was settled; otherwise I should have begged my son to leave his sisters and myself to want a little for the present, rather than deprive me of his help, he being every thing imaginable to us, and the only friend that we have. I thought I should have swooned when he presented me the guineas which he had just received for enlisting. I applied to the recruiting sergeant to break off the bargain, but he would not lend an ear to any thing that I said. My son endeavoured to console me every way in his power, by saying that my little field was now set free, and therefore would preserve the children and myself from real want. Be comfort-

ed, said he ; I shall be quartered in the neighbourhood a little longer, so that every evening, when our exercise is over, I can come and work a little for you ; and at worst my time of service is not longer than three years, and I shall then have my discharge.—Alas ! cried she, when every thing was going on so well, I did not doubt of being able soon to pay my debts ; and he must leave me now ! Perhaps the war will come again, and I shall never see him more.

My uncle asked her what it was that she would have given him in the piece of canvas. She replied, it was a guinea which had been paid her, not a week before, by a lady for the weaning of her child. It was all the money, added she, that I have on earth, and I designed to keep it for some great emergency. I only wish that he would have taken it, but should have known him better. He would never rob me, as he said, no, not accept of any thing, when he had all day long been labouring for me ; on the contrary, he used to give me what he earned among the farmers for his work. My uncle took down her direction, promising to do whatever he was able for her. She appeared extremely sensible of such a kindness, and her sensibility affected me as much, for twenty times I was in tears while she stood uttering her complaint ; and yet I think, that I pitied the poor young man still much more. It was very easy to discern the violence that he did himself, to hide his sorrow from his mother and companions, notwithstanding there was nothing in that sorrow that he had any need to blush at. His poor mother wished to go a little further with him ; but, as soon as ever the drum struck up, she fell into a swoon. We brought her home, and tried all methods to console her : I, by gentle language, and my uncle by promises of kindness.

Hear me, my good brother, while I tell you an idea that has just now struck me. From the loss of Lawrence, we can tell how wretched they must be who are divided from the object of their love. The mother suffers surely more than we, as having lost much more than we who do but mourn a friend. We cannot bring poor Lawrence back to life, but may restore at least a son to his afflicted mother. I have done some needle-work to please my uncle, which he means to recompense by giving me an
elegant

elegant new gown. I will have the gown in ready money. And do you, on your side, use the greatest expedition to complete the drawing that my papa has ordered. I am sure, he will pay you very generously for it. We will then unite our little stock, and purchase the young soldier his discharge, thus shewing our regard to the memory of old Lawrence : so that, if mankind are to be recompensed in future for the good that they do in this life, this kind action will be put to his account, who was the cause thereof, and he will know that we love him still as much as ever. I shall set out this day se'nnight to come home; when we will settle the affair together, and desire papa to execute it. He will certainly be glad to serve us, and this hope is much the sweetest that I can taste, till I have once again the joy of seeng you. Farewel ! I am rejoiced that I can on my part contribute the renewed friendship of which you speak, and which will last as long as I have breath. Yours,

CATHARINE WALLACE.

F I D E L E.

L E T T E R I :

From Dormer Lennox to Jessica his sister.

Dear Sister,

I Think, I see you put on an air of importance on receiving a letter from me already, when I have hardly got a mile beyond the threshold of the door. However, be not very proud of such an honour, since I write it, in the first place, by command ; as my papa imagines that if I start a correspondence and you second it, we shall acquire some ease in letter-writing, which he says can only be attained by practice, just like other arts ; and in the next place, since I write not so much for your sake, as that of my canary-bird. When I set out, I quite forgot to commend him to your friendship ; and I know of some

young ladies, who would have an object constantly before their eyes, and yet forget it if their memory should not be continually interested by a compliment bestowed, at reasonable intervals, upon their vanity. Know then, that in the fulness of my power, I make you governess of Fidele, and grant you the entire controul of his household in future. Take the greatest care not to forget the duties of your office, if you would not have me take it from you. It is extremely proper that I should make in this place one or two sagacious observations; namely, that the bird can no more live on nothing than yourself; that if he does not eat and drink, he cannot live; that he will be incapable of singing, if he dies; and last of all, that if he ceases singing, neither you nor I can hear him, which would be a pity. I conceive it needful also to remind you of his service the other day, when you were making such sad work as you remember of your minuet, by moving to his music while you disregarded Mr. Dupré's kit. The little creature set up such a pipe, that Mr. Dupré turned his anger all on him, forgetting what your giddy heels deserved. These reasons are, I think, sufficient to engage your friendship in behalf of Fidele: but still, if gratitude and music have no manner of effect upon your marble heart, I have nothing but the thunder of my eloquence to move you.—Tremble therefore! Think him dead already. Yes, Jessica, dead! and then determine how you will be able to support so shocking an idea. Fancy that you behold him lying with his feet uppermost, his wings grown stiff, his eyes and little beak shut fast for ever. See him laid upon his back within the little box that you intend for his coffin, and surrounded on every side with nightshade, vervain, cypress-branches and the weeping-willow. Every body mourns him. They enquire, what cruel hand has plunged him thus into eternal darkness. A lamenting voice makes answer, It was I, unfeeling as I am! and instantly you throw yourself beside him. But I think you weep. If so, let me cry, Victory! for I have nothing now to fear upon account of Fidele, or for the quiet of your shade. Besides his ordinary victuals, do not forget to let him have every day, a bit of biscuit or a lump of sugar. You will also do extremely well to shade his house with something green, as it would soften his affliction in my absence. As I dare persuade myself that you will for my
fake

fake worthily perform the duties of your charge, I purpose sending you, as some encouragement for all your zeal and industry, a faithful narrative of my extended travels. You will see adventures and achievements in it, such as should be handed down to late posterity. Farewel, my dearest sister. I give up the playful stile, at least to tell you, as persuasively as I am able, how I love you, and with what affection I shall always be,

Your gentle brother,

Dormer Lennox.

L E T T E R II.

From Jessica to Dormer.

Dear Brother,

TRULY one must have queer notions to suppose that a sister should be proud of hearing from her brother! I imagine, all the boasting should be rather upon your side in reflecting, that for once at least you have performed your duty, and not had your ears well pulled before-hand; though you lose all merit in the matter, by insinuating that you have written to me by papa's command, and for the sake of little Noisy. But indeed, you needed not have recommended Fidele so strongly to my care, or lavished such a deal of rhetoric in his behalf. He is worthy of all my attention on his own account; so pray do not be uneasy lest I should not use him kindly. It is true, I shall not fill his trough till it runs over, after the example of some little boys that I know, who would not care a farthing should he burst, as certainly he would, were he as fond as they are of his belly. Very likely too they would make one think that they overload him thus with victuals purely through kindness, when they only do it, that they may not have so troublesome a task again upon their hands for ten or fifteen days to come. No, no; I will show myself much more regular in my attention to him, as he certainly shall have fresh victuals every morning. Yesterday when I approached his cage to clean it, the first thing that I saw was feed sufficient to sustain him for a month, without including what was scattered on the bottom. To be sure, I must confess he is such a spendthrift,

that he scatters more about him in an hour, than would suffice him for a day. But how shall I describe the floor of his apartment? Thanks to your attention or your slothful waste, it was exactly like a pond, occasioned by continual overflowings from the fountain, and poor Fidele could not descend for fear of being drowned. How rejoiced he was to see the dry land! At first, he could not think of coming down, without precaution, as he tried it with one foot, while with the other he clung closely to the wire-work. Thus without the least expence have I enlarged his habitation; for he always kept upon the perches, fearing to dirt his feet and tail at least, if not, as I have said just now, to be drowned. I have strewed a layer of fine sand upon the bottom of his mansion, and adorned the sides and top with groundsel, so that now he may suppose himself within a shady grove. In future, brother, you may do as you think proper, but it is I that take upon me to provide for Fidele. I will have his palace serve you as a model of propriety and taste in *your* apartment. I have written now enough I think to quiet the uneasiness that you intimated in your letter; and must tell you that I have also my inquietudes, which I proceed to mention. You are certainly a little giddy-headed, and we have here a sly black cat that comes a prowling daily. Take you care when you return. I have observed that he has conceived a love for Fidele, sufficient to alarm one. Yesterday betimes, when I came in to give him food, I forgot to shut the door, and puss had crept in slyly after me. When I had waited on the bird, and given him what he wanted, I begun to thumb your books, when suddenly I heard a tender *meowing* behind me: I turned instantly about, and saw Grimalkin wriggling his whole body every way upon a sofa, opposite the cage. He was admiring Fidele, he played his tail about, and seemed to say, "My dear, sweet pretty bird, come now and perch close by me; or else stay, I will jump upon your cage, for only see what nice soft paws I have to hug you! (but remark, he carefully concealed his claws.) I will fondle you all day, and press you to my tender heart. Do not let my whiskers frighten you: they are long enough, I must acknowledge, but wont hurt you. I have a little mouth beneath them, Fidele, with which I will kiss your pretty beak." Now what do you imagine Fidele replied to these fine words?—Why nothing; but with ease one might discern that he

was not likely to become Grimalkin's dupe; and I suppose in pussie's place he would have been as great a rogue. Have you been his instructor, brother, after all?—He stooped and raised his head, he shook his feathers, and cast many a look of diffidence upon the orator, and of confidence on me, as if he would have said, "I know you very well. Your sugared words, your nice soft paws, and little mouth concealed beneath your whiskers, are no less perfidious than your tender heart. You may deceive perhaps a poor mouse: but me—Oh! no: I laugh at all your cunning, and defy your malice. I have here a friend to save me." Upon which he set a crying *queek, queek, queek*, with all his might. I understood him perfectly well; and without pretending that I heard any thing, I ran instantly to that part of the chamber, where there stood a cistern full of water, and besprinkled our young gentleman so finely, as to put out all at once the fervour of his friendship. For he needed but one jump to be upon the floor, and as he ran away, he shook his coat as if he had the ague. Recollect this observation, should he come incognito upon a visit, after you have returned.

This mealy-mouthed, good-natured animal, whom many in the world resemble, made me recollect an Ode our friend wrote, and which was lying in the paper-case. I send it you, that if you know of any good composer in your neighbourhood, you may prevail upon him for my sake to set it, as they say, to music.

O D E.

OF those folks with the sly hypocritical air;
 With manners so nice,
 And looks so precise,
 The sight I was never yet able to bear.

When I see them, I think of a cat on the watch:
 Near some high-season'd dish,
 Whether flesh, fowl or fish,
 Where the scent is so sweet,
 He would venture his feet,
 And longs to be making a snatch.

With

With an innocent look, quite gentle and free,
 He'll jump on your knee,
 There waving his tail, he'll mew, and all that;
 And so fondly he'll pat,
 And appear so demure,
 That you'll think, to be sure
 No mischief can lurk in the heart of our cat.

At the savoury bit which already in fancy
 He has eaten up quite,
 You'll hardly perceive him to cast a fly glance;
 Yet look but askance,
 And at once to your tit-bit good night:
 For taking a spring at the morsel so nice,
 He makes sure of his prey, and then off in a trice,
 Heigh-presto! you'd swear it was all necromancy.

I wait with great impatience to receive the narrative that you promise of your travels, which must needs be very curious. I shall go and dine to-morrow in the country with mama. If any thing should happen of an interesting nature on the road, I pledge myself to give you a relation of it. Since you mean a visit to posterity, I shall be charmed to share with you in the praise of our descendants. In the interval, I wish to have it known that you never will possess a truer friend in any one than in your sister,

Jessica Lennox.

L E T T E R III.

From Dormer to Jessica.

Dear Sister,

I return you my sincerest thanks for the delightful letter that you have sent me to dispel my fears. The scene between my Fidele and your black cat, with their imaginary conversation, could not but amuse me greatly. I allow Grimalkin's eloquent harangue to be very clever; but the other's *quack, quack, quack*, much more so, since it ended in the secretary's absolute defeat, through your incomparable courage; and for which you ought to have a cistern
 full

full of water in your escutcheon, when the herald makes you out your arms.

I have been hard at work these three days on the journal of my travels, which I promised to send you, as a recompence for your care of Fidele. Papa approves the thought of our communicating our adventures thus to one another. His opinion, as I have already told you, is that by this sort of correspondence we shall acquire a habit of inditing with facility, and properly reflecting on such objects as may strike our sight. As much as I have written, he informs me, seems to have been done with accuracy, and desires to read the account that you have promised of your dinner in the country with mama. Frederic and Louisa certainly were of the party: Oh, how much impertinence must of necessity have passed between you! but indeed, though you should tell me only of your own, I know, you have a stock in hand sufficient to supply a chapter, and that chapter not the shortest that was ever written. To encourage you in sending me this chapter with the greatest expedition, I shall be myself as quick as possible in the collation of the several parcels of my narrative, inscribed on more than twenty scraps of paper. You will have it in a week or thereabouts. Adieu: I clasp you in the mean time to my heart, and am as long as I have life,

Your brother, and your friend,

Dormer Lennox.

L E T T E R IV.

From Jessica to Dormer.

Dear Brother,

WHAT can you be thinking of, to let me wait so long before I see the journal of your expedition? Are you gone, like Gulliver, to some unknown strange island, for the sake of having such atchievements to record, as no one will be authorized to contradict? I cannot but admire the great exactitude and order on which you pride yourself so much, in the mention of your twenty scraps of paper,

scattered

scattered up and down, no doubt in every corner of your chamber. It will be fortunate however, if the little cat belonging to your habitation does not please herself by playing with the best part of your narrative. I should not be astonished, were I to discover many chasms in it, or perceive that you had begun with the conclusion, and affixed the sag-end, as we say, where the commencement should be, which would prove at least as entertaining as the chapter stuffed with my impertinences. I cannot tell at present, if the cistern-full of water would look well in my escutcheon; but suppose that your sybill's leaves would make a special coat of arms for you. Since my papa desires to see my narrative, I shall make haste to send it in a day or two; but hope that the intervening time will bring me yours; for I should really be sorry to postpone my great adventures till the Grecian Calends, which, as I have somewhere read, means just the same as if I should omit relating them for ever. Pray embrace papa on my account, as tenderly as you are able, and desire him to return you as affectionately as he is able, all the kisses that you have given him for

Your sister and your friend,

Jessica Lennox.

P. S. Inclosed you have my Journal.

Journal of my Travels.

ONE has no occasion to go over so much ground as you have travelled, to be able to supply the reader with adventures. We had hardly passed the second turnpike on the Clapham road, before we fell in with a drover, who was bringing up about a hundred sheep to London. As our coachman thought his honour concerned in not permitting such a scrubby drove of cattle to usurp the road and make him quit his track, he drove the carriage through them. The poor sheep, who are accounted to have honest hearts, but weak intellects, not knowing whither they should run, in their confusion got between the horses legs; and some were even entangled in the spokes. The drover bid the coachman stop, as loud as he could

could roar; but the coachman, deaf to his vociferations, would not in the least relax his speed, and still continued on the trot. The wind was rather fresh, and therefore we had all the glassies up. My brother Frederic wished to know by what means the poor sheep would free themselves from their embarrassment. Unfortunately, he forgot that if he wished to look about him, it was necessary first of all to let the glass down, and of course he thrust his head quite through and through the brittle crystal, which that moment broke into a thousand pieces. You may judge with what alacrity he drew his head in once again; but in so doing, he was slightly wounded in his forehead by a piece of the broken glass. He put his hand directly on the part, and so contrived, as with the little blood proceeding from the scratch, to smear his face all over completely, and looked exactly like the Jolly Bacchus, at the alehouse opposite our door. Louisa, at this sight, was sure that her brother must have had his nose cut off, and did not doubt but it had dropped among the sheep; on which the tender-hearted little thing began to cry, Frederic! ah my poor dear brother! till mama had, with a little scented water which she poured upon her handkerchief, wiped his face clean, and given it once more that sly look which you know it possesses. Well, dear brother, what are your ideas? I, for my part, fancy that you do not engross all the giddiness belonging to our family, and already little Frederic gives full proof that he is not a jot less giddy than his elder brother.

Nothing worth mention happened after this event, till we arrived at Margaret's, our dear nurse, with whom we were to dine and stay till evening. After having all of us received her kind embraces, we went through the house, and into the fields, where we proposed to take a walk. By accident, I was a little distant from the rest; and as I passed along a hedge, observed three little birds that had been taken by the leg in a perfidious springe. The pretty creatures flapped their wings most lamentably, and implored me, or at least I thought so, to set them free. You may suppose, I did not show myself insensible to their petition. Instantly I broke their bonds, and had the pleasure to behold how grateful they appeared; for I could fancy gratitude in all their motions, as they flew away. This pity that I had shown them did not please a
little

little country boy who lived hard by, and had established very greedy hopes upon the sale of these three prisoners; so that their deliverance, as I mean to let you see, and shortly, but for accidental circumstances, might have cost us dear.

The sun towards noon had dissipated all the mists. The day was so delightful, that mama desired we might enjoy the pleasure of a rural meal, and therefore requested Margaret to let us have our dinner in the garden. After dinner, we had strawberries and cream; and at the very moment when poor Frederic with the freedom which country manners allow, happened to be lifting up the platter to his mouth, that he might save himself the trouble of dispatching matters with the spoon, a stone (behold ye) struck it right upon the rim, and overset its whole contents upon the table, not without first plentifully besprinkling several of us round about. You should have seen us in the height of our confusion, palpitating as we sat with fright, as if we had imagined that Jupiter was flinging down his thunderbolts among us. Margaret's husband, who is not a man to swoon away at every noise, that moment poised towards the garden door, to catch this thundering deity, who was certainly the little peasant that had set the springes. But the deity, like those mentioned in Homer, who amused themselves at the expence of mortals, had already made himself invisible. It was all lost labour that our host stood sentry at the door. He only saved us from the danger of another thunderbolt, which might have otherwise been pointed at us.

Dinner was now over, and I thought of paying one more visit to the neighbouring hedges, and delivering, if I could, some other prisoners, when mama informed us that we must think of setting out on our return. We entered the coach once more with some reluctance, after having made dear Margaret our little presents each. There never sure had been a finer evening. From a hill, upon the top of which our coachman stopped to give his horses breath, we had the pleasure to behold a spacious horizon adorned with clouds of every colour, and set off with gold. The sun, that as I thought rejoiced in having access to us given him by Frederic, coloured, out of gratitude, Louisa's face and his with all the purple of his rays. Our cousin, who you know has been abroad, at such a sight
turned

turned round, and told mama that they looked exactly like the cherubims that Roman Catholics are used to place for ornament about the altars in their churches.

The poor sheep that we met in the morning, certainly must have alarmed their comrades, and gone off, as we encountered none on our return. We met no sort of company but half a dozen asses who had certainly a very reverend figure, and a mule or two. Our horses, who, I fancy, thought they could discern a family resemblance in these last, were giving up the right-hand side of the road, and complimenting them with fifty gambols and curvets; but our proud coachman would preserve the honour of his seat, and feelingly convinced them with his whip, that they were creatures of much more importance; and that ranking as they did above them in all books of natural history, it was but just they should preserve it on the road. They were obliged to yield assent to arguments so striking, and got home in perfect order, and without another misadventure.

L E T T E R V.

IT is not in the least degree astonishing, my dear sister, that you should come off so easily in the recital of a journey, which has brought you into company with none but short horned, or long eared animals; a giddy boy that breaks window glasses; or a little raggamuffin that pelts you with stones. If such affairs you call adventures, I can hardly guess what name you can find out magnificent enough for mine. And after having told you what has happened to me in the compass of a single parish, you may easily imagine what surprising matters I should have to tell you in a longer journey. I begin to think that at the period of Knight Errantry, I should have made a pretty figure, and particularly if I myself sung the great achievements that I should perform; which trust me I would do, lest any one, who might be tempted to record them, should not do it to my liking.

Inclosed therefore, I send you a small specimen of my abilities as a journalist. I submit it to your censure, or to mend the expression, recommend you to peruse it with your greatest possible attention; otherwise 'tis not unlikely but you will miss of some among its singular and striking beauties.

Yours

Dormer.

Journal.

Journal of my Travels.

WE rolled along in silence for the space of twenty minutes in our carriage, with no less velocity than the clouds above our heads. I blessed the memory of him who first of all invented this delightful way of travelling without pain or trouble; and shall always think it charming, till some other person brings the project to perfection of transporting us still more delightfully, by means of a balloon, with eagles to direct it.

I was meditating on this subject, when of a sudden I perceived the coachman violently exercised at something or another. His great coat had slipped from off his seat on one of the front wheels, which carried it about the center. After many revolutions, he had made shift to fasten on a sleeve, which he was pulling to him, and ejaculating as he tugged, My coat! my coat! I thrust my head out hastily to see what ailed him, when my hat blew off; so I joined in concert with the coachman, and cried out as lustily, My hat! my hat! Poor Jeffry, from his station in the rear, stood witness to my lamentations, and leaned over towards me, when, behold ye! the furred cap that he wears, fell off. He did not imitate us, crying out, My cap! my cap! but aiming to recover it when falling, somehow or another lost his footing, and came down the nearest way head-foremost. Happily for Jeffry we were going through a very soft quagmire, otherwise I cannot pretend to tell you what misfortune would have befallen his limbs; at least, I am sure, his nose and chin would have been both demolished, as he fell into the quagmire belly downwards. All this happened in a minute. My papa, in this confusion, was the only person who retained his senses. He let down the glass in front, and seizing on the coachman's reins, which now were fallen from him, stopped the horses. Upon this, the coachman getting down, made shift to free his coat. But what long faces did he make, when he saw in the middle of the back a monstrous rent, through which a judge might easily have thrust his head, and not disordered his huge wig. On his side, Jeffry, as I saw, had got his mouth so filled with mud, that he could not for a time bring out a single syllable. O sister! had you seen him
thus

thus beplastered as he was, affect a grin, in order to show papa that his fall had broke no bones, I am sure, you would have laughed for a month to come, at recollecting his appearance. He did nothing in the world but sneeze, and sputter, shake himself, and rub his knees and elbows with both hands: his coat, which had been green, no longer now preserved that colour any where, except behind. In short, he looked as if he was drest for a masquerade.

He went a little back to seek his fox-skin cap. By great good luck, the maker had not taken off the creature's tail, but left it on to serve by way of plume. By that, it was discovered in the quagmire, and by that fished up. When he had got it out, he was obliged to wring it twenty times, before it was in a state for travelling, even under Jeffry's arm. He also picked up my hat, but not before the wind had made it cut a hundred capers this and that way in the air. It lost however nothing by so many somersets; on the contrary, it got a comfortable coat, which, though all the brushes of the house have frequently been exercised upon it, nevertheless it still retains, and seems determined to retain, in spite of their beards.

After we were once again prepared for motion forward, and affairs about us in their former order, we proceeded to philosophize upon these accidents: but after having tried to do so in a very serious strain, we fancied the best method was to take the affair more gaily. My papa drew consolation from his purse to give the coachman; and on my side, as I observed Jeffry in pain about his fur-cap only, since the livery was his master's property, I tipped him such a wink as restored him to a better temper. After which, we all went forward, just as if no accident had happened.

We were now come near a village, when papa discerned an ancient soldier seated on a stone beside the road. One leg was under him, bent backward, and the other, a wooden one, stuck out stiff before him. A long crutch lay quietly upon his left, and on his right-hand sat a great black dog. Papa, who loves a soldier, and particularly when that soldier is a cripple, courteously saluted him, and bade me sling a shilling to him, which he gave me. I fulfilled so honourable a commission in a very dexterous manner, I may say without the least degree of ostentation,

ostentation, as I did not miss the hat. The soldier's gratitude was uttered in so high a pitch, that it sufficed to wake a sorry beggar-woman, who lay sleeping not far off upon a little straw. She trotted after us, and reached the carriage just as we were ready to alight and put up at an inn. "Ah, sir!" said she to my papa, "how you bestow your charity! and if you give it to an old drunken fellow, what assistance will you afford an honest woman, as I am, who have not swallowed these ten years a glass of any liquor stronger than small beer?"—Papa, whose mind was occupied on many subjects at that instant, was not thinking of the invalid, and viewed her with a visible astonishment. "Yes, yes, sir," continued she, "it is of that drunken soldier I am speaking. Oh! I heard how much he thanked you for the shilling which, it seems, you threw him by this little gentleman. I would lay a wager, that, before night comes, he will have spent it all in gin. And then, sir, did not you remark the great black dog beside him as he sat? A beggar keep a dog! What is that but robbing other people who deserve assistance?"—"Hold your tongue!" said my papa, and seemed quite angry. "Why abuse a man at this rate, who has no less need than you of my compassion? If he drinks a little gin, I can forgive an ancient soldier such a fault. While we are seated at our ease before a good fire, and even you are not without so great a comfort, soldiers must endure the wind, snow, rain, and every rigour of cold winter. Where can be the wonder then, if they should have recourse to what is sure to warm them, and in time become accustomed to it? And respecting his great dog, perhaps that animal may be the only friend that he has, his tried associate, and the single creature who partakes of his bad days."—When he had said these words, he held out two-pence, without looking at her. She received them with a kind of scorn, and went off grumbling all the way, as long as we could hear her speak. The ill-natured wretch had made me angry. "I am very sorry, sir," said I, "that you gave her any thing. She must be sure a very horrid creature to abuse a poor old soldier, and be envious of the alms that you gave him."—"You are in the right," replied my father. "He who wishes to excite my pity, to another's detriment, deserves my indignation only. Yet I saw that she was in want, and only upon that ac-

count forgot her evil disposition. It is punishment enough that she is reduced to beg. Had she but kept her tongue in bounds, I would have given her what the soldier had."

While we were thus discoursing with each other, our host had shown us up into a room, of which one window opened towards the road that we had been travelling, and another towards a yard behind the house. While they were getting dinner ready, I stood looking out, to mark the carriages that were continually going by; and what can you imagine, sister, I beheld, when I had hardly been a minute there?—the beggar-woman, who was now come back, and had by this time set herself upon a block beside the gate-way. She pulled out a little flasket full of brandy from her pocket, and began to give a hearty pull. I called out to papa, and bade him come and see. He told me not to speak, lest we should be overheard. We both looked at her, and soon saw the soldier likewise coming down the road, supported by his crutch, and followed by the great black dog. As soon as the old woman saw him hastening towards her, she put up her flasket with the greatest haste into her pocket. We were both of us curious to overhear their conversation. "Mother," said the soldier, who was now come pretty near her, "do you mean to take a lodging here, and have no dinner? You are not hungry, I suppose."—"Heaven help me!" said the hypocrite, and made as if she wept. "I assure you, my good friend, I do not want for an appetite: if I could but come at something good to eat, I should not much mind what it was."—"If that be all," replied the generous soldier, "I have sufficient for us both." On this he sat down by her, slipped a knapsack from his shoulder, and took out a lump of coarse brown bread, together with a slice of cheese wrapt up in paper, which he held out to the woman, saying, "There, good woman, help yourself." She did, and pretty plentifully. He put up with what was left, though but a trifle; and of this, for every bit that he ate himself, the large black dog had likewise his share, who had assumed his place behind, and all the while was resting in a very friendly way his head upon his master's shoulder.

During their repast, the hypocritical old woman turned her conversation on the unfeelingness of travellers; adding that the gentleman, who had but just before alighted from his

his carriage and put up for dinner at the inn before them, gave her only a poor halfpenny. "That cannot be true," replied the honest-hearted soldier. "He must be a noble gentleman; or certainly he had no money in his purse but gold, which could not easily be changed. See, what he threw me by the little gentleman his son—a shilling! It is not always that pieces of this weight of metal tumble into my hat. But do not you fret yourself, for you shall be the better for my luck. I cannot be happy by myself. A good repast requires good liquor, and I have not had a drop within my lips to-day, although it is very late. The truth is, my poor money bag was so consumptive, that I could easily have passed it through a needle's eye this morning; but thank heaven, at present it is quite plump and jolly, so that I can well afford to lay out sixpence for us both. Come, good mother, let me have your hand."

Saying thus, he rose much in spirits, and quite jovial. The old woman took upon her the attendant's part, and officiously held him out his crutch, caressing now and then the dog. I could have found it in my heart to beat the wretch for this dissembled friendship. They walked up together to the house, and entered at the gate-way; while on our part, we above stairs shifted ground, and hastened towards the other window which looked out into the yard. We heard the soldier call for a gill of brandy with two little glasses, one of which he filled and gave the woman, who made haste and swallowed it immediately. Papa could not restrain his indignation any longer. "Out on such a hateful creature!" cried he.—They both lifted up their heads. The woman recollecting us, that moment gave a shriek; but, on the contrary, the soldier was not disconcerted. "See," said he, "good sir, how we are making merry through your bounty. Let me drink your health," continued he, and took his hat off, "with the gentleman your son's. I never forget any one, however little, that is but generously disposed."—"Much good may the liquor do you, my worthy fellow," answered my papa. "I like your spirit. However poor you are, you can oblige; so here is a trifle more to strengthen your remembrance of us," throwing him a half-crown piece. "But as for all those wretches that can first abuse an honest fellow, and then drink his liquor just as if it were their own"—

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The wretch would hear no more, hung down her head, and in confusion sneaked away.

While we were both at dinner, the landlord informed us that the honest soldier, whose name was Trim, had been a long while in the service; that he had not quitted it before he lost his leg, and had the friendship and esteem of all his officers. "It is he," continued the host, "who keeps up peace and order in the village, since his soldier-like appearance awes the vagabonds about us. Every body would be glad to give him victuals, if he would but take their bounty; but he never will accept of any thing that he has not earned by some good service or another, as by going upon errands, which he does with no less expedition than fidelity. I should have put him in a passion, had I even refused to take his money for the gill of brandy. He asserts that I ought to live by what I get in trade, whoever are my customers; and says that, if I gave him any thing, I should be then obliged to charge it elsewhere, which would be unjust. As regularly as the morning comes, he goes out loaded with a basket full of flints upon his shoulder, and fills up the holes that have been made the day before along the road. You must have noticed in what admirable order it appeared. He never asks for any thing; but there is scarce a traveller accustomed to the road who does not throw him something as he passes by. He takes it without any hesitation, as he thinks that he has deserved it. This is his employ all summer; and in winter, when the weather is at the coldest, he fills up his time in making children's wooden clogs, for which he takes up his seat in my kitchen chimney. He generously gives these clogs to those whose parents are so poor that they cannot pay his price, lest they should happen to catch cold. The only recompense that he asks of them for this trouble, is to see them dance before him."

Well, sister, what are your thoughts of this good-hearted Trim? This last particular in his story gave me so much pleasure, that I ordered a pair immediately for you, which I shall take when I return. As you are far too generous, and besides too distant to discharge the value of the clogs in capers, I have engaged myself, as you would do, to pay him for them in hard money. I design to give him half-a-crown, and then the clogs will

be much worthier of you. They will not be useless, if you mean to run about at any time next winter in the garden.

If I did not apprehend that my journal had already tired your patience, I should have a great deal more to mention. I would tell you how, as we were going on, I terminated an important matter in a way which Don Quixote, celebrated as he was for bravery, would never have thought of. You will suppose, perhaps, that after such a preface, there was an inchanter, or at least a giant in the case, or some illustrious princess to deliver, or some great kingdom to be recovered by conquest. It was nothing of all this. It was no other than a little girl who was tending a cow, and a boy engaged in the same office with an ass, who were struggling with each other for an apple which the former had found. After having very gravely taken all the necessary information of their quarrel, I took up, as you may guess, the weaker party, and defended her, but not in more than words, since fortunately for the stronger, I had neither lance nor shield; or rather, to confess a truth, because, even though I had, he was of a size to thrash my knighthood soundly. I perceived immediately that the moderation of a Solomon or a Titus suited much better with my inferiority of size, and therefore I adjusted the affair in contest to the satisfaction of both combatants, by sharing equally between them the remainder of that tart which you know the cook had made me, that I might not faint with hunger by the way.

I might go on, and tell you of the pitiable fortune of a hare that we saw running across the country, followed by a pack of hounds and huntmen. The poor creature, after having often thrown them out, as is the phrase with sportsmen, by her doublings on the open plain, had climbed a pointed rock. A furious dog perceived her in this last retreat, and had the audacity to force her. I beheld them both roll down the precipice together, miserably mangled.—But this picture is much too cruel: is it not Jessica?—Let me therefore touch on themes more pleasing, and inform you of the joy that our unexpected coming here gave every one belonging to the house. If your dry jokes had not for ever undeceived me on the subject of my own exclusive merit, I should think myself a cleverer fellow, from the hearty welcome that we received. It is much more modest in me to suppose myself indebted

indebted for that welcome to the recollection of your visit here, which they have cherished ever since last year. I do suppose it, and place all my boast in thanking you for having laid the ground-work of the entertainment that I am now experiencing.

And thus, dear sister, I have sent you a recital of my wonderful adventures, which perhaps you will think too tedious. The most perilous of every circumstance attending them was, when, to give you some amusement, I engaged to put them down in black and white. I thought that I never should have come to the conclusion of my task. I will not boast of any merit in the execution of my great undertaking, and yet I please myself with thinking that you will owe my kindness something, when you come to be acquainted that at present they have been ringing for me these ten minutes to come down and eat some fritters which are growing cold, while I myself am hard at work in winding up my letter. I can hardly fancy that the heroism of fraternal love ever yet went much farther than I have pushed it in this single instance for your sake.

Adieu, dear sister! I will divert myself as much as possible for your sake rather than my own, that at the time of my return I may present myself before you so much the more merry-hearted. I cannot tell what you may think of this; but I, for my part, think that you should look upon it as a proof of the tenderness of that attachment with which I am, dear sister, yours, *Dormer Lennox.*

L E T T E R VI.

From Jessica to Dormer.

Dear brother,

I HAVE often heard that nothing forms the understanding so effectually as travelling, and your narrative supplies me with a proof of the assertion which I did not in the least expect; for who would ever think that such a little animal as you should think of being a philosopher for having travelled eighteen miles? You told me, in your first epistle, that you designed the Journal of your Travels for posterity. Whenever, therefore, you think fit to send it as directed, I will take upon me to complete such sketches as are fit to bear it company, which I will get corrected by my drawing-master. For example, our solemn coachman, who, without once changing place, gets hold of his

great coat, and lugs it by the sleeve; poor Jeffry rising solemnly and slowly from his quagmire; and my giddy-headed brother quite uncovered at the chariot-door, and with his eyes pursuing the poor hat in all its evolutions. Here are three droll figures; while papa, still faithful to his character for prudence, shall be represented as in contrast, seizing on the coachman's reins to stop his horses. You do not think that I shall forget the ancient soldier and old woman dining on the block. Oh! how I shall strive to set off to the best advantage honest Trim, together with his great black dog that ate so amicably, leaning on his shoulder. Finally, I will terminate my gallery with the scene betwixt your girl with the cow and your boy tending the ass, not forgetting to describe you as you represent yourself, considering gravely of their quarrel, and accommodating matters with the fragments of an apple-tart. It is true, I shall not write at the top the name of either Solomon or Titus, which your usual modesty, without the least demur, lays claim to. I have thought of one more proper, namely, Sancho Panca, as I hardly ever knew, in all my life, a person of more understanding.

I suppose, you will not wish to be behind-hand with me; therefore I give up the account of my adventures to you, in perusing which you will with ease suggest sufficient subjects to your own imagination for a set of pictures no less interesting, I believe, than those which, from perusing your achievements, I have suggested, as you see, to mine.

I had nearly forgot to return you my thanks for ordering me the pair of clogs. My purse will not allow me to repay you the immense expence of so magnificent a present; therefore you will let me satisfy you for it as the little children pay Trim. I am learning a new caper for that purpose.—I am infinitely touched at your superior generosity, in letting pass no opportunities of recreation, for my sake; and beg you to believe that my sensibility will naturally bid me do the like.

Adieu, my dear Dormer! As I take it, we are a match for one another in joking. I only wish to go beyond you in the boast of tender friendship, as becomes

Your sister and your friend,

Jessica Lennox.



